



November, 1932

Single copy, 25c



1932



10 NOVEMBER, 1932

ON this date the Marine Corps celebrates the one hundred and fifty-seventh anniversary of its birth. It is fitting that we pause to recall the glorious traditions of the Corps, and to reverence the men who fashioned them.

B. H. Fuller

Major General Commandant.



ATM



1775

RINGING THE BELL!

The Corps-wide (might as well say World-wide, huh?) drive for subscriptions is on!

Early returns indicate Old Man Depression is going to be knocked flatter than soup on a saucer, and that THE LEATHERNECK will be bigger and *better* in 1933!

Below are listed the outfits that have rung the bell by subscribing 50% of their strength, *or better!*

Do your bit to see that your's joins the list!!!

The Bell Ringers

Marine Detachment, RS., Boston, Mass.

Marine Barracks, NAS., Lakehurst, N. J.

Marine Barracks, NAD., St. Julien's Creek, Va.

A-17, Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C.

A-20, " " " " " "

B-15, " " " " " "

B-18, " " " " " "

B-21, " " " " " "

C-16, " " " " " "

C-19, " " " " " "

20th Recruit Platoon, MCB, San Diego, Cal.



Step right this way gentlemen! Here we have a little machine which shows just how good a Marine you are. The Gyrene shown here, a composite action drawing of all those listed above, has knocked Old Man Depression flatter than a sailor's feet. Don't say you can't ring that bell, too. Why man, you haven't even tried!

THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on August 31.....	16,407
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—August 31.....	1,189
Separations during August.....	2
Appointments during September.....	1,187
Total strength on September 30.....	1,187
ENLISTED—Total strength August 31.....	15,218
Separations during September.....	378
Joinings during September.....	14,840
Total strength September.....	523
Total strength Marine Corps, September 30.....	15,363
Total strength Marine Corps, September 30.....	16,550



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Major General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Wm. P. Upshur.

1st Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell.

Maj. Charles I. Murray.

Capt. Francis I. Fenton.

1st Lt. Charles E. Chapel.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Wm. P. Upshur.

1st Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell.

Capt. Percy D. Cornell.

1st Lt. Francis I. Fenton.

1st Lt. Charles E. Chapel.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

SEPTEMBER 9, 1932.

1st Lt. William C. Lomly, on or about 1 Nov., detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. August Larson, on or about 28 Sept., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 4 Oct.

2nd Lt. Clifton R. Moss, on or about 28 Sept., detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 4 Oct.

ChfMarGnr. Charles B. Loring, retired as of 1 October.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1932.

1st Lt. Edgar G. Kirkpatrick, orders to MB, Parris Island, S.C., modified to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. Francis B. Loomis, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the Army transport scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 21 Sept.

1st Lt. James A. Stuart, on or about 20 Sept., detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to Dept. of the Pacific via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Chinwangtao, China, on or about 19 Sept.:

Capt. David R. Nimmer, AL, Peiping, China.

Capt. John T. Selden, MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Capt. Norman E. True, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Ralph C. Alburger, do.

1st Lt. Charles C. Brown, AL, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. Augustus W. Cockrell, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. James P. S. Devereux, MD, AL, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. Tilgham H. Saunders, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

ChfMarGnr. Daniel Loomis, MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

MarGnr. John H. Murphy, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1932.

Capt. Joseph C. Grayson, detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

(Continued on page 3)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

SEPTEMBER 12, 1932.

Sergeant James H. Regan—MD, USS "New Mexico" to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal William J. Hamilton—West Coast to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1932.

Quartermaster Sergeant Leonard A. Haakenstad—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Master Technical Sergeant Hoarace D. Geer—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Gunnery Sergeant Allen J. Porter—Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va.

Staff Sergeant Julius Papas—MB, NS, Guam to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Sergeant Leonard K. Atkins—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Peter Samborski—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.

Sergeant Charles N. Schave—MD, RR, Ft. Eustis, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Forest S. Baugh—MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Willie B. Clanton—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

Corporal Thomas Harris—MD, RR, Ft. Eustis, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1932.

First Sergeant Joseph K. Roberts—Nicaragua to Haiti.

Gunnery Sergeant Chester A. Davis—Nicaragua to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Arling T. King—Nicaragua to East Coast.

Sergeant Merl S. Smith—Nicaragua to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Wilfred S. LeFrancisco—Nicaragua to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant R. L. Jennings—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

Sergeant George B. Case—Department of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Michael C. Knitt—MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to MD, USS "Indianapolis."

Corporal Dayton S. Ritchie—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1932.

Quartermaster Sergeant F. X. Caspers—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Paymaster Sergeant V. S. Calbert—APM, Philadelphia, Pa., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal A. W. McNickle—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MCB, NOB, AS, San Diego, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1932.

Quartermaster Sergeant George J. Hyland—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, AL, Peiping, China.

Supply Sergeant George W. Hislop—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Supply Sergeant Michael F. Wejta—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Joseph Gullino—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal William R. Hopkins—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Richard M. Statte—MD, USS "Arkansas" to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1932.

Paymaster Sergeant Robert H. McKay—MB, Quantico, Va., to APM, Philadelphia, Pa.

Paymaster Sergeant Monty I. Schneider—Nicaragua to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Paymaster Sergeant John H. Rath—Nicaragua to MB, Quantico, Va.

(Continued on page 3)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

RAVENSCRAFT, George E., at Washington, 9-29-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

SHERMAN, Horace A., at Boston, 9-29-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

HOLMAN, Edward G., at Vallejo, 9-24-32, for MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

KURSETH, Oscar, at San Francisco, 9-24-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

MARTY, Mathias W., at San Diego, 9-23-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

McFARLAND, Carl M., at Vallejo, 9-24-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

STEELMAN, Earl E., at Vallejo, 9-24-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

TICHACEK, James T., Jr., at San Diego, 9-23-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

HUTCHINSON, William W., at Washington, 9-29-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

TOHETVEROFF, Jacob, at New York, 9-27-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

CAMERON, Harold W., at Philadelphia, Pa., 9-27-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

KECHMER, John, at Washington, 9-29-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

RICE, Diller B., at Portsmouth, Va., 9-28-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

SAMBORSKI, Peter, at Quantico, 9-28-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

STERNER, Ralph E., at Norfolk, 9-28-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

TEGNER, Laurence L., at Quantico, 9-28-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

YORK, Joseph, at Charleston, S. C., 9-28-32, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

WARNER, William, at New York, 9-26-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

BLACK, Joseph W., at Chicago, 9-24-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

FERGUSON, Howard M., at San Francisco, 9-23-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

CONNELL, James E., at Parris Island, 9-26-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

GRUNDER, Vernard, at Parris Island, 9-26-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

MERWIN, Herbert L., at Norfolk, Va., 9-27-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

OSBORNE, Warren H., at Bremerton, 9-21-32, for MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.

PULLIAM, Maurice C., at Parris Island, 9-26-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

COONEY, Clarence F., at Long Beach, 9-21-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

KARYNASKE, Joseph J., at San Diego, 9-16-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MAY, Harold V., at San Diego, 9-21-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

RAINS, Raymond E., at San Diego, 9-19-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

RECTOR, Floyd, at San Diego, 9-19-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ADAMCZYK, Philip V., at Quantico, 9-25-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

BROWN, Jesse A., at Nicaragua, 9-21-32, for Nicaragua.

COOKE, William C., at Portsmouth, Va., 9-26-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

EADY, Vasker W., at New York, 9-26-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

FREDERICK, Glen, at Portsmouth, Va., 9-26-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

THOMAS, Adam, at Quantico, 9-26-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

CHAMPAGNE, William P., at Boston, 9-24-32, for MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.

CONNOLLY, John H., at Philadelphia, 9-23-32, for MB, NOP, Charleston, W. Va.

LAUGHBRIDGE, George C., at Vallejo, 9-21-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

(Continued on page 3)

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U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 1)

Capt. Cyril W. Martyr, promoted a captain on 12 Sept. to rank from 27 July, 1932.

1st Lt. Harry E. Darr, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.
2nd Lt. William P. Battell, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

2nd Lt. Paul Drake, on 26 Sept., detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1932.

Col. Frank E. Evans, on 26 Sept., detached office of Naval Operations, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Charles F. Kienast, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 1 November.

1st Lt. Elmer H. Salzman, on or about 12 Oct., ordered from First Brigade, Haiti, to proceed by air to the Naval Aircraft Factory, Phila., Pa., for temporary duty on completion of which detached First Brigade, to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Donald G. Willis, died in an airplane crash on 20 Sept.

2nd Lt. John S. Holmberg, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Scouting Squadron 15M, Fleet Air Detachment, USS "Lexington."

SEPTEMBER 26, 1932.

Capt. William T. Clement, assigned to duty at MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Washington.

Capt. Harry E. Leland, on or about 1 Oct., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 Oct.

1st Lt. William C. Lemly, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C.

2nd Lt. William F. Parks, detached MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

ChfPayCk. Timothy E. Murphy, promoted to chief pay clerk to rank from 2 August.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1932.

Capt. Campbell H. Brown, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Guantanamo Bay on or about 1 Nov.

Capt. George E. Monson, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Det., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Austin G. Rome, detached MD, RR, Et. Eustis, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Richard O. Sanderson, on or about 2 Oct., detached MB, Wash., D. C., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 Oct.

1st Lt. Charles E. Chapel, promoted a first lieutenant to rank from 21 Sept.

2nd Lt. Zebulon C. Hopkins, on or about 10 Oct., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Ob. Sq. 9M, First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 Oct.

ChfMarGnr. William H. Tyerman, on or about 26 Oct., detached Depot of Supplies, Phila., Pa., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 Oct.

The following named officers have been assigned to duty at the stations indicated:

Capt. Curtis T. Beecher, MD, RS, San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. Ray A. Robinson, MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Washington.

1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel, do.

2nd Lt. Bernard H. Kirk, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Louis C. Plain, do.

OCTOBER 4, 1932.

Capt. Ramond J. Bartholomew, detached MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. James D. Colony, detached MD, RS, San Francisco, Calif., to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. Lucian W. Burnham, assigned to duty at MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada.

1st Lt. Andrew J. Mathiesen, assigned to duty at MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Washington.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

Gunnery Sergeant Lawrence R. Darnier—MB, AS, Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

Gunnery Sergeant Raymond H. Leeper—MB, AS, Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

Gunnery Sergeant Willie A. White—MB, AS, Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

Staff Sergeant Swanner J. Hines—Nicaragua to APM, San Francisco, Calif.

Sergeant Frank E. Fox—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Sergeant William L. Roy—Nicaragua to APM, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Arnold C. Morton—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.

Corporal Roy J. Toohey—West Coast to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1932.

First Sergeant Oliver A. Cote—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

First Sergeant William H. Woods—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Kenneth E. Hark—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal William E. Garner—MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Henry S. Griffin—West Coast to Nicaragua.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1932.

Sergeant Benjamin K. Rider—MD, USS "Arkansas" to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1932.

Supply Sergeant August W. Carlson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Supply Sergeant Gordon L. Rea—MD, RR, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1932.

Corporal Joseph W. Cook—MB, Quantico, Va., to Haiti.

Corporal Arthur C. Davison—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Phillip Rosenberg—Nicaragua to Haiti.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1932.

Sergeant Andrew Humza—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, SB, New London, Conn.

Sergeant Joseph Kramer—MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Walter J. Wallraf—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

OCTOBER 4, 1932.

Sergeant Arthur J. Richardson—MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Wilson P. Ashley—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Edward R. Brown—MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

OCTOBER 5, 1932.

Corporal George M. Crider—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

OCTOBER 6, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant Sam W. Wither—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant McKinley McGarey—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal John Dvorak—Haiti to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Jarome Gore—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

OCTOBER 7, 1932.

First Sergeant Lester D. Cox—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

First Sergeant William L. Waldrop—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

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RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 1)

HULSE, Thomas M., at Bremerton, 9-18-32, for MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

SMITH, Rlynn E., at Hawthorne, 9-19-32, for MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

GASS, Edward, at Washington, 9-23-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

CARTER, Glenn J., at Chicago, 9-23-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

OWSLEY, Hubbert E., at Ft. Eustis, Va., 9-23-32, for MD, RR, Ft. Eustis, Va.

WATTS, John B., at Indian Head, 9-23-32, for MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

BODNAR, Andrew G., at Washington, 9-22-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

HOUSEND, Ben J., at Maco, 9-20-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

WOODS, Arnold M., at San Diego, 9-13-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ILCHAK, Michael R., at Bremerton, 9-15-32, for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

SCHAVE, Charles N., at Quantico, 9-21-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

SZCZEPINSKI, Frank J., at Bremerton, 9-14-32, for MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.

McDERMOTT, Francis L., at Boston, 9-21-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

PIECHOTA, Stanley F., at Chicago, 9-21-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

CADENHEAD, Frank C., Jr., at Savannah, 9-20-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

HERRON, Joseph P., at Quantico, 9-21-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

SOWELL, Jacob H., at Quantico, 9-20-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

FURMINGER, Carlos P., at Washington, 9-20-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

FOLEY, Edward, at San Francisco, 9-14-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

O'SULLIVAN, Francis W., at Portsmouth, Va., 9-19-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

DICKERSON, Maxwell P., at New York, 9-18-32, for RD, New York, N. Y.

NEFF, Paul A., at Washington, 9-19-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

BENNIER, William A., at Long Beach, 9-15-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

DURR, Bernard J., at Haiti, 9-12-32, for Haiti.

GLOBIS, Joseph, at Iona Island, N. Y., 9-19-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

CHILDBRESS, Lloyd G., at Chicago, 9-16-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

DARWELL, James H., at San Diego, 9-12-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARTIN, Carroll H., at San Diego, 9-12-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

NITSCHKE, Gustav, at San Diego, 9-12-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

WALLACE, Emery, at Portland, 9-12-32, for RS, DH, Portland, Ore.

BEALL, Francis, at Baltimore, 9-16-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

FOERSTER, Alvin J., at Philadelphia, 9-16-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRYAN, Lamar A., at Savannah, 9-14-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

NETTLE, Owen B., at San Francisco, 9-13-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

BLAKESLEY, Albert L., at Chicago, 9-14-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

CANFIELD, Guss W., at New Orleans, 9-13-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

LEE, Wallace W., at New Orleans, 9-13-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

CLARK, Dennis E., at Portland, 9-10-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

FALLS, George, at San Diego, 9-8-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

BACHMAN, Howard K., at Lakehurst, 9-15-32, for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

BALLINGER, Vaughn G., at Bremerton, 9-5-32, for MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.

HARRIS, Claude N., at Parris Island, 9-14-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

KING, Alfred D., at New Orleans, 9-12-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

ENDRESS, Clifford C., at Pittsburgh, 9-13-32, for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

SANDERER, William A., at Chicago, 9-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

ASKEW, Edwin E., at Savannah, 9-10-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

BREWER, William S., at Macon, 9-11-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

OWENS, Quitman M., at San Diego, 9-7-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

WILSON, William F., at Nicaragua, 8-13-32, for Nicaragua.

REIM, Clarence C., at Pittsburgh, 9-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

BARCLAY, Arol J., at San Diego, 9-6-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

WARD, Seymour E., at Savannah, 9-9-32, for China.

BARFELL, James R., at Los Angeles, 9-6-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

JENSEN, Herman, at San Diego, 9-2-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MANEY, Edward, at Vallejo, 9-6-32, for MCB, NOB, Mare Island, Calif.

WRIGHT, Floyd, at Vallejo, 9-6-32, for MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

MILAN, Fred D., at China, 8-18-32, for China.

NIELSEN, William, at Quantico, 9-10-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

WATSON, Edgar J., at Quantico, 9-10-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

MACEY, Loyal A., at New York, 9-9-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

GREEN, George L., at Savannah, 9-8-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

REIM, Conrad H., at New York, 9-9-32, for MB, Key Port, Wash.

HENDERSON, John L., at Bremerton, 9-2-32, for MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash.

JENSEN, Hilmar A., at Quantico, 9-9-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

PULLIAM, Herman J., at Bremerton, 9-3-32, for MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va.

MEETZE, Robert E., at Savannah, 9-6-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

MILNER, James, at Savannah, 9-6-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

SANTROCK, Cecil H., at Norfolk, 9-7-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

HOOPER, Roy E., on U. S. S. *Arkansas*, 9-3-32, for U. S. S. *Arkansas*.

WITEN, Olen D., at Washington, 9-9-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

STRICKALDN, Earl F., at Pittsburgh, 9-7-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

MILLER, Morris E., at Haiti, 8-30-32, for Haiti.

TAYLOR, Isaac N., at Parris Island, 9-4-32, for China.

BELJ, F. M., at Washington, 9-7-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

FLACK, Charles B., Jr., at Quantico, 9-5-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

GIFFT, Louis E., at Boston, 9-5-32, for China.

MOOR, Harry A., at Portsmouth, Va., 9-3-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

MURPHY, Aloysius W., at Boston, 9-6-32, for MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

O'BRIEN, John P., Jr., at Portsmouth, N. H., 9-5-32, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

WADDELL, Robert R., at Norfolk, 9-5-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

WOOLF, Gerald E., at Portsmouth, Va., 9-3-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

DUBOIS, William L., at San Francisco, 8-29-32, for San Francisco, Calif.

FITZGERALD, Vernet R., at San Francisco, 8-31-32, for San Francisco, Calif.

GORE, Frank R., at Los Angeles, 9-1-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

JACOBSEN, Norman A., at San Francisco, 9-2-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

NAZARETIAN, Nicholas, at San Francisco, 9-1-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

GILBERT, Jack C., at Portsmouth, Va., 9-2-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

MOWER, George H., at San Francisco, 8-22-32, for MD, USRS, San Francisco, Calif.

TOTTEN, Charles R., at Washington, 9-22-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

RAGOZZINO, Alphonsus, at Washington, 9-1-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

CONYERS, Nathan, at Parris Island, 9-1-32, for MB, Parris Island, Calif.

MADDEN, Edward A., at Quantico, 9-2-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

AUSMUS, Raymond L., at Baltimore, 9-1-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

WHOLEERY, Wallace J., at Pittsburgh, 9-1-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

DORSEY, William, at Macon, 8-30-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

BUDZICK, Edward T., at New York, 9-1-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

WEAVER, Oscar B., at Boston, 9-1-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

CHURCHILL, Irvin W., at New York, 8-31-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

THOMAS, George K., at Washington, 8-30-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

ALLEN, Jack, at Norfolk, 8-30-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

BANASHEK, Stephen, at Lakehurst, 8-31-32, for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

KERR, Waller W., at Washington, 8-30-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

ROBINSON, Marcus, at Parris Island, 8-30-32, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

DEATHS

Officers

WILLIS, Donald Goss, First Lieutenant, was killed in an airplane crash September 20, 1932, at sea, off Point Loma, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Ida Willis, wife, 447 "G" Avenue, Coronado, Calif.

OWENS, Arthur Burnstone, Major, retired, died September 8, 1932, at Greenock, Maryland. Next of kin: Mrs. Emilie E. Owens, wife, "The Hill," Greenock, Md.

NORRIS, James Edward, Second Lieutenant, MCR, inactive, died August 7, 1932, as the result of an airplane crash near Tucson, Arizona. Next of kin: Mrs. E. W. Norris, grandmother, 100 Monroe Street, Anna, Ill.

Enlisted Men

BAN, Mate, Private first class, died September 27, 1932, of disease at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Ban, mother, Selo Klarici No. 20, Zagrad, Driveniski, Yugoslavia.

GOLDSMITH, William, Staff Sergeant, died September 9, 1932, of disease at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Blanche Goldsmith, wife, 651 Washington Street, Bremerton, Wash.

HAAR, Herman Runge, Private, died September 26, 1932, of fractured skull at Puget Sound, Washington. Next of kin: Mr. Leon L. Motte, former guardian, c/o Motte Business College, Wilmington, N. C.

LAMB, James Harold, Private, died September 4, 1932, of disease at Norfolk, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Gladys Lamb, mother, Durants Neck, N. C.

MURPHY, Boyd Wales, Private, died September 7, 1932, of disease on board the U. S. S. *Relief* at San Pedro, California. Next of kin: Mr. Hugh W. Murphy, father, Enoree, S. C.

REYNOLDS, Frank Henry, Sergeant, was killed September 20, 1932, in an airplane crash at sea, off Point Loma, California. Next of kin: Mrs. E. F. Perkins, mother, R F D No. 2, Greene, Maine.

SELBICKY, Vincent, First Class Musician, died September 16, 1932, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Beula Selbicky, wife, 7 Eighteenth Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

SNYDER, Ezra Allen, Sergeant, died September 27, 1932, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Marguerite M. Snyder, wife, 116 North Carolina Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Enlisted Men (Inactive)

FERGUSON, Owen Bernard, Private, Class III, M. C. R., inactive, died April 9, 1932, at Des Moines, Iowa. Next of kin: Mr. William F. Howell, uncle, 975 Twenty-fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

SCATENA, Nicholas James, Private, Class IV, M. C. R., inactive, died September 8, 1932, at Hammond, Indiana. Next of kin: Mrs. Lela E. Scatena, wife, 7308 Calumet Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

SHEPPARD, Charles Wilkinson, Private first class, Class VI, M. C. R., inactive, died October 7, 1929, at Waterbury, Connecticut. Next of kin: Mrs. Adelaide Sheppard, mother, 227 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PROMOTIONS

STAFF SERGEANT George C. Richardson—to Paymaster Sergeant.

SERGEANTS Lester D. Cox—to First Sergeant. Charles R. Totten—to Gunnery Sergeant. Frederick E. Wathen—to Staff Sergeant.

CORPORALS Marion A. Adams—to Sergeant. Sol Bergman—to Sergeant. Edward Conwill—to Sergeant. Steve Frydrych—to Sergeant. Joseph Graborg—to Sergeant. Henry A. Jacoby—to Sergeant. Curtis P. King—to Sergeant. George H. Simmons—to Sergeant. Lester D. Smith—to Sergeant. Raymond H. Stafford—to Sergeant.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS Romulus S. Ange—to Corporal. Cecil R. Brendlinger—to Corporal. Frank T. Carollo—to Corporal. John S. Cassel—to Corporal. Luther T. Dewbre—to Corporal. James W. Edmondson—to Corporal. Eric W. Edwards—to Corporal. Walter Ferrin—to Corporal. Charlie W. Fell—to Corporal. Leo A. Francis—to Corporal. John R. Fyfe—to Corporal. Gordon E. Gleim—to Sergeant. Ira H. Hansen—to Corporal. Ollie C. Hanson—to Corporal. Lund F. Hood—to Corporal. Amos S. Johnson—to Corporal. John T. King—to Corporal. George W. Kirby—to Corporal. James L. Lindsey—to Corporal. Fred McBride—to Corporal. John E. McInnish—to Corporal. Clarence R. Maurer—to Corporal. Denver C. Perkins—to Corporal. Harold E. Quinn—to Staff Sergeant. Edward F. Romine—to Corporal. Charles I. Rough—to Corporal. Armos J. Stierna—to Corporal. William B. Webb—to Corporal. John H. Welch—to Corporal. Frank White—to Corporal. William M. Wilken—to Corporal. James A. Williams—to Corporal. Eugene G. Wood—to Sergeant. Louis L. Wooten—to Corporal. Lyman S. Wriston—to Corporal.

PRIVATES Philip V. Adamczuk—to Corporal. Dean C. Barnum—to Corporal. Claud N. Borwera—to Corporal. Broward T. Corbett—to Corporal. Garold L. Davis—to Corporal. Lewis J. Fields—to Corporal. Lionel J. Gelinas—to Corporal. Willie S. Harrison—to Corporal. Virgil Hays—to Corporal. Matthew R. Kenney—to Corporal. Malcolm K. Ross—to Corporal. Thomas Swift—to Corporal. Walter Tarr, Jr.—to Corporal. August H. Vanderhook—to Corporal. Andrew A. Walker—to Corporal. William L. White—to Corporal. Charles W. Wynne, Jr.—to Corporal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the dates set opposite their names:

Quartermaster Sergeant Howard L. Gage, USMC, October 1, 1932.

First Sergeant Harry A. Geissinger, FMCR, October 1, 1932.

Supply Sergeant Joseph Nelson, USMC, October 1, 1932.

Sergeant Daniel J. Bramer, FMCR, October 1, 1932.

Sergeant Kirt H. Williamson, FMCR, October 1, 1932.

TRANSFERS TO THE FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The following named men, pursuant to their voluntary applications, were transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on the dates set opposite their names.

Paymaster Sergeant Arthur Brown, USMC, September 20, 1932.

Master Technical Sergeant Plant H. Smith, USMC, November 30, 1932. Future address: 3127 South 68th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

First Sergeant Theodore B. Crawley, USMC, October 5, 1932. Future address: 3102 North Cleveland, Little Rock, Ark.

First Sergeant David W. Wallace, USMC, November 7, 1932. Future address: Navy Y. M. C. A., Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Joseph B. Lewis, USMC, February 28, 1933. Future address: Route 1, Covington, Ga.

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HEADQUARTERS CIRCULAR LETTERS

From: The Major Commandant.

To: All General and Field Officers, Commanding Officers, and Officers in Command of Companies and Detachments.

Subject: Advancement of worthy noncommissioned officers.

1. Reference is made to Article 2-1, Marine Corps Manual, and the opportunity to recommend worthy noncommissioned officers for commission. In making recommendations officers will be guided by the following requirements for the candidate:

- He must be of such an age that he will be more than 21 but less than 27 when commissioned—about February, 1934.
- He must be single, a citizen of the United States, and a noncommissioned officer, corporal or higher.
- He must have completed at least two years of enlisted service in the military or naval force by 1 July, 1933, one year of which must have been in the regular Marine Corps. Not more than one year of time spent on active duty with pay as an enlisted man in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps Reserve, will be credited in computing the length of service.
- The candidate must be in the Marine Corps at the time the recommendation is submitted.

2. The preliminary and final mental examinations include the following subjects and no exemptions will be granted:

- United States history, English grammar and composition, general history, geography, algebra, higher (quadratics and beyond) geometry, plane and solid, trigonometry, plane and spherical, physics, elementary.
- Also, two subjects to be chosen by the candidate from: calculus (differential and integral), electricity, English and American literature.

3. A board of officers at this Headquarters will recommend the candidates to be examined after a complete review of their military records and will prepare questions for the preliminary examination to be held about 1 May, 1933, at the various stations. The men selected by the Major General Commandant after the preliminary examination will be transferred to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., about 1 July, 1933, and afforded

every opportunity to prepare for the final examinations to be held in January, 1934.

4. The application, together with all papers required should reach Headquarters Marine Corps not later than 1 February, 1933. The immediate commanding officer of the applicant will be held responsible that all papers required are forwarded with the application and also that all requirements of this letter and Article 2-1, Marine Corps Manual, are complied with. Any paper required that is not available at the time the application is forwarded should be mailed direct to the headquarters at a later date, with a notation thereon that it is to be attached to the original letter. In this case, the candidate's immediate commanding officer should state in his endorsement the papers that are missing and what steps are being taken to obtain them. The failure of the officer to comply strictly with these requirements may jeopardize the man's chances of being favorably recommended for selection by the board.

5. Officers recommending worthy noncommissioned officers will carefully and personally investigate the candidate's record and will assure themselves that the applicant is fully qualified and eligible in every way for commission, and will state: "In my opinion is qualified morally, mentally, and physically for appointment to the grade of second lieutenant in the Marine Corps."

6. The following papers are required:

- Birth certificate.
- Certificate of Naval Medical Officer (BuMed Form Y).
- At least 3 letters from citizens of the United States who are representative in their community and who are familiar with the formative period of the candidate's life prior to his enlistment.
- At least 3 letters from officers of the Marine Corps or Navy who are personally acquainted with the candidate and who believe he meets the requirements for advancement from the ranks.
- If the candidate states that he graduated from high school or college, evidence to that effect should be forwarded. If the candidate attended but did not graduate from high school or college, a transcript of record showing credits received and the reasons for leaving before completing the course should be forwarded.
- A letter from the candidate to the Major General Commandant in his own handwriting,

requesting consideration for commission and outlining briefly his life prior to enlistment. He should name the schools attended and the time spent as a student in each instance. If he worked prior to enlisting he should give the name and address of firm, individual, or corporation by whom he may have been employed. He should state that he is single and specify the two subjects in which he elects to be examined from among the three listed in paragraph 2 (B) of this circular.

7. Where candidates are on foreign station or on board vessels in foreign waters, officers may make recommendations by radio not later than 1 February, 1933, and confirm immediately by mail, stating that all papers required are being mailed direct to the Major General Commandant.

B. H. FULLER.

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

The following are extracts from Headquarters Bulletin No. 84, dated September 15, 1932:

DECORATIONS AND INSIGNIA

Foreign Decorations: Inasmuch as the bill H. R. 8970 "To authorize certain officers of the United States Navy and Marine Corps to accept such decorations, orders and medals as have been tendered them by foreign governments in appreciation of services rendered," did not become a law during the last session of Congress, such decorations, orders, medals, etc., will be held in the custody of the State Department pending future action of Congress.

Yangtze Service Medal: The Secretary of the Navy approved the recommendation made by the Board of Awards in its report dated July 18, 1932, that any officer or enlisted man of the Navy or Marine Corps who was attached to and serving on board the U. S. S. "Henderson" during the periods May 2, 1927, to June 2, 1927, and June 23, 1927, to June 29, 1927, is entitled to the award of the Yangtze Service Medal.

The Yangtze Service Medal is not yet ready for issuance.

Victory Medal: The Secretary of the Navy approved the recommendation made by the Board of Awards in its report dated February 26, 1932, that the date for the issuance of the Victory Medal be extended to include all officers and men of the

(Continued on page 54)

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THE AMERICAN MARINE 1740-1932

EPISODES

IN presenting these episodes of the United States Marine Corps, its great scope and wealth of exploits necessarily constrain me to offer merely compendiums from, which I believe to be, the best historical and authoritative sources available, in order not to consume too much space in this issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

History is not replete with the work of the Marines in the Revolutionary War, because the accounts do not particularize between the Marine and the sailor. There is much written about our naval operations at that time, and when you read of them you should remember that Marines were part and parcel.

As evidence of this, Lieutenant Wallingford, of the Marines, appeared as a casualty from the *Ranger* when John Paul Jones captured the British Man-of-War *Drake* off the coast of Ireland in May, 1779. And again, there were 149 Marines on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, commanded by Jones, when that ship closed with the *Serapis*. It was a Marine who went out on the yard arm and dropped a grenade down the open hatch of the *Serapis*, which forced her to surrender.

Marines were part of the naval expedition in 1779 that set out to reduce the fort the British had established at Castine, Maine. Some three hundred of them, with the militia of Massachusetts, under cover of cannonade of the American ships met an equal force of Scotch regulars, and by their impetuous dash routed the enemy and destroyed the fort. Hence the name of the gunboat *Castine*, which older naval officers will remember as a doughty little scrapper.

I shall discontinue these excerpts for the while in order to explain the origin of the Marine; the reason for him:

In the days of the trireme, when the ancients would sally forth, capture prisoners and make them the media of propulsion of the victors' ships, the Marine was the fighting man who fought from the decks and also landed on foreign shores. I would almost assume that Triton, the

By CHARLES B. TAYLOR
Colonel, U.S.M.C.

son of Neptune and Venus, was a creditable Marine.

It is said that the Greeks had in very early history a most valiant Marine. He was so determined to conquer when he put his foot ashore to engage the enemy, that he always carried an anchor attached to his waist; and when he entered upon an engagement he would throw the anchor in front of him, and thus with its aid, stand his ground. Hence, facetiously, I suppose the reason for the anchor on the device of the U. S. Marine Corps, because our traditions say, "He always stood his ground!"

The sailor navigated and handled the ships of early periods while the Marine did the fighting. In our present day, of course, with modern equipment to despatch one another in battle, the Marines now are one of the many cogs in the fighting machine of a modern ship, and they form the nucleus of a landing party. Nevertheless, they are just as much meat to the slaughter as of old.

In addition to his duties afloat, he is now organized for expeditionary work to enemy's shores, where he lands and seizes a base under cover of ships' fire. It is termed Advance Base Work, and if the Army is called upon to follow in order to further prosecute a war, the Marine would be the man to establish a protected landing place.

In the law of nations, known as International Law, it is recognized as not a transgression of perfect right for Marines to enter another state's territory to protect our nationals, or the citizens of other nations in time of grave disorder. Yet, if the army of a State should set out to do the same thing it would be considered an act of war. This understanding by nations, if for no other reason, should require at all times, particularly the United States, to have a force of Marines handy and ready to protect life and property in the turbulent neighboring nations so constantly disrupted by political strife.

The American Marine came into existence in 1740, when three regiments were organized for service with the British Navy on this side of the Atlantic. Their commander was

Colonel Spottiswood of Virginia. At this period the Colonies had not acquired any desire to be separated from British citizenship or allegiance.

The present United States Marine Corps had its beginning when Continental Congress, on November 10, 1775, at Philadelphia provided the National Defense should include two battalions of Marines to be designated the first and second battalions. And on November 28, 1775, Samuel Nicholas was commissioned Captain of Marines, and Isaac Craig, First Lieutenant; they being the first officers appointed.

This was nine months before the Declaration of Independence. Therefore, the Marine Corps has the proud distinction of having been in existence over one hundred and fifty-seven years, and passed through the vicissitudes of our National existence.

The first recruiting for the Marine Corps was undertaken in Philadelphia at Tun Tavern by Captain Nicholas. This tavern, a coffee house, once a prominent hostelry, was located in King (now Water) Street, and owned by Peg Mullin. Later it became the property of her son, Robert Mullin, and was a celebrated public house in those days. Mullin became a Captain of Marines and his recruiters often marched around the city, drumming up recruits. Benjamin Franklin acted as the Marines' first publicity agent; and he wrote that he had observed on the drums of the Marine recruiters a coiled rattlesnake with the motto: "Don't tread on me." This is the origin of one of our Revolutionary emblems, and it is claimed by many that this device of the Marines was the first flag that flew from the mastsheads of our first ships of war.

There were fifers, or whiffers, as they were called, and drummers of Spottiswood's and Gooch's Marines of 1740, but the Marine musicians date their beginning as of November 10, 1775.

And in "drumming up" patriots to join the Marines, they played such airs as "Yankee Doodle," "Rural Felicity," "Come Out, Ye Continentals," "My Dog and Gun," "On the Road to Boston," "Roselyn Castle," "Pioneers' March," "Funeral Thoughts," and "Washington's March," and right nobly did they perform, for their recruits helped to win the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

In addition to these Continental or Federal Marines, the States of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Virginia had established navies in 1775, and manned with Marines. Besides these, privateers were given letters of Marque and Reprisal, and they were manned by Marines, called "Gentlemen Sailors," "Gentlemen Seamen," "Gentlemen Volunteers," but generally by their designation of Marines.

Incidentally, these volunteers were a very high type of man, and fighting was their only duty. He went to sea as an "Adventurer," and was not assigned ordinary work of seamen, but "formed a sort of Marine guard standing between the officers and the regular crew."

When the United States schooner *Revenge* was captured by the British Privateer *Belle Poole*, the American prisoners were ordered to Portsmouth Prison in England, and one of the "Gentlemen Sailors" of that vessel was discovered to be a woman who faced powder than face powdered.

There were about 15,000 Marines of all classes serving in the Revolution. One historian seems to think there were not more than 3,000 Marines and seamen in the Continental Navy.

The Marine Corps served courageously through the Revolutionary War, and with the navy was disbanded for at least one reason I will assume: because what good are ships of war, battling sailors and fighting Marines in time of peace?

As this kind of reasoning is indulged in too thoughtlessly even this day by the misguided men and women, as though ruthlessness in the World War has not enlightened them, nor brought them face to face with their false and foolish position about national defense and preparedness; I think apropos a bit of dialogue where the "Arkansas Traveler" asked the backwoods resident:

"Say, my friend, why don't you shingle your cabin?"

"Kase it's rainin'."

"Well, why don't you fix it when it isn't raining?"

"Shuks, stranger, it don't need no fixin' when 'tain't rainin'."

In addition to the sentiment of that day, Continental Congress, however, under the Confederation, had no taxing power to raise revenue to pay for ships and men, so the Pacifists went their way rejoicing.

Marines are sea soldiers and have been agents in International Wars and international adjustments since long before the Christian era. From the original organization of our Marine Corps, 1775, the American Marines have demonstrated their intense patriotism and devotion to our flag by their unequalled promptness in being on the spot when needed, thus earning the characterization of their famous slogan, "First to Fight," as well as their official motto, "Semper Fidelis," because of their faithfulness, history will testify, have never been found wanting.

An example of sublime duty, the nobleness of which many of you will recall, is the conduct of Pvt. Bill Anthony, who was orderly for Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. Navy, on the ill-fated Man of War *Maine*, when she blew up in the harbor of Havana at 9.40 P. M., February 15, 1898. In that inferno, with all lights extinguished by



Marines Breaching the Palisades of Fort Fisher

the catastrophe; amidst flames, smoke and gas, and a sinking ship under him; not knowing what moment another explosion might send him into eternity, this fearless and heroic Marine, exemplar of faithfulness to his trust, with the spirit of *Semper Fidelis* actuating him in that moment of horror to seek out his commanding officer, when an ordinary man's instinct would lead him to seek safety outside of the pitch darkness of the cabin passageway, went in and reported:

"Sir, I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

And when Bill was complimented afterwards and confronted with his fame, spoke volumes when he blurted out: "Any Yankee Marine would have done the same thing."

Poor old Bill is dead and gone, and happy I hope, because he died before prohibition.

From this example of devotion to duty of his day to the spirit of the Marine sergeant in the World War, who jumped up to lead his company over the top after his officers had given their all, and gone West, yelling, "Follow me! Do you want to live forever?" you will find a peculiar regard to duty and an unusual *esprit de corps* among Marines. I believe General Robert E. Lee had in mind the Marines' vocabulary when he said, "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language."

The Marine Corps' fidelity and unshaken adherence to duty and its conduct in the face of our country's foes has been thanked twenty-three times, officially, by the United States Congress; and once by the State of South Carolina, which was the first resolution of thanks voted the Marines; and that came about on account of engagements with the enemy in the State of South Carolina after Continental Congress authorized raising the Continental Marines. Its performance has been in the highest degree honorable to our country and for a century and a half the United States Marine Corps has set a wonderful example of faithfulness and noble deeds; and every young American should be taught its history, because its contributions have created the bright spots in the life of our nation from its early struggles to this day of magnificent position among the countries of the world.

Some of the units of the American Army in the late World War, though newly organized, performed deeds of valor that have added luster to the pages of American history, but to the Marine Corps, the World War was just another chapter, and constitutes only a part of the long story that could be told about them.

One historian says: "No year in the history of the Marine Corps, not even 1918, surpasses the year of 1814 for

gallant battle achievement afloat and ashore, and for general activities."

Though history is full of incidents honoring their name, it is only dimly known to a great majority of our people.

No emblem would be broad enough to carry the names of the campaigns in which they have participated. Inscriptions on their colors would include Tripoli; the War of 1812; Florida; Mexico, in one war and several interventions; Egypt; Africa; Japan; Formosa; China; the Civil War; Korea; Samoa; Uruguay; Sumatra; Hawaii; Cuba; Nicaragua; Haiti; Santo Domingo; Philippines, and France in the World War.

Those students of the history of the United States from the struggles of our settlers to the success of the present generation, are not surprised, I am sure, when they learn of the exploits of the Marines in the World War; and neither were they of the high morale and efficiency exhibited when the Marines in Chateau Thierry Sector not only stopped the German's rush toward Paris, but drove them back, and by their heroic conduct and sacrifice cleared Belleau Wood of the Germans, a stronghold they had held from the beginning of the war.

The late Marshal Foch said, "France can never forget the Marines. Their deeds have made one of the most illustrious pages of our history."

The French people and the late M. Clemenceau credited the Marines with having saved Paris, and I will quote a French Army order which will give some idea of how much at least the French people appreciated the sacrifices of the Marines in their behalf:

"With the Army Staff
6930-2 ORDER
ARMY HEADQUARTERS
June 30, 1918

"In view of the brilliant conduct of the Fourth Brigade (Marines) of the

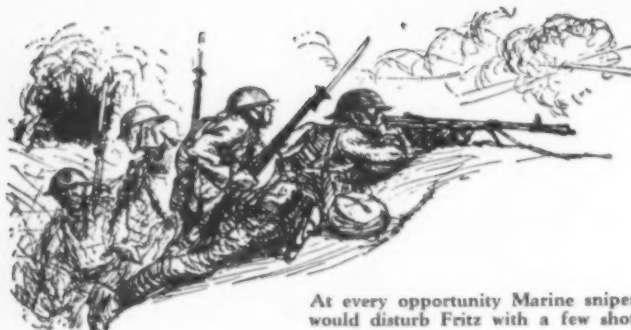
Second United States Division, which in a spirited fight took Bouresches and the important stronghold of Belleau Woods, stubbornly defended by a large enemy force, the General commanding the Sixth Army orders that henceforth, in all official papers, the Bois de Belleau shall be named Bois de la Brigade de Marine.

DIVISION GENERAL DEGOUTTE,
Commanding Sixth Army,
(Signed) DEGOUTTE."

This I have mentioned because it is unique. The Marines were the only force composing the great American Army in France to be so signally honored, and today these woods are now an American shrine, our Valhalla, having been purchased by the Belleau Woods Association through public subscription, and forever will (Continued on page 50)



On the Cuzco Hills, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba



At every opportunity Marine snipers would disturb Fritz with a few shots

The Last Night Of The War

By THERON G. CADY

THE MARINE unit, under cover of darkness, advanced toward the Meuse river. Marching in column of two's and knowing they were nearing the front, the line moved slowly and silently.

Having just passed the town of Sedan, they took to a side path, leading toward the river. As they advanced, they climbed the hill which hid the river from view.

The night was very dark and cloudy and it was difficult for the Marines to move forward. Topping the hill and by looking carefully the river, a pale ribbon, could be seen running through the valley.

As they descended the hill much trouble was experienced. The hill was very steep and the ground broken. Stumbling and falling amid curses from the men the descent was finally made.

As the Marines came down the hill Fritz opened fire and hell broke loose in general. Machine guns and rifle fire came pouring into the Marines as they slowly made the foot of the hill. Fritz was determined that they should not reach the river. Hidden in the woods across the river they shot fast and often without taking aim. They knew the lay of the land and were using their knowledge to good advantage. Marines were falling like flies on the side of the hill. It was useless to stop and return the fire. The hill was too steep for that. They were lucky to remain on their feet.

As the Marines came down the hill the Second engineers in the face of a deadly barrage laid two pontoon bridges across the Meuse river. As the first bridge was laid Fritz destroyed it with shell fire. Leaving the one bridge about two and one-half feet wide as the only means of crossing the river.

Major Geo. W. Hamilton, commanding the Marines urged his men forward. Walking backward leading his men he made a misstep and tumbled into the river. Encumbered with a fifty pound musette bag, he made his way to the far shore with difficulty but successfully. Here he continued leading his men.

The Marines, one at a time began crossing the remaining pontoon bridge. Feeling with their feet to locate the bridge they would step on to a section at a time. As one man disappeared into the darkness he was followed by another. Splashing and sloshing their way across the bridge, many fell into the cold water, while a few made the opposite bank. Fritz was raking the bank with machine guns. As the Marines started up the bank Fritz would mow them down and they rolled back into the river.

Suddenly the word came along the line to keep below the bank and spread toward the left. The Marines reaching the opposite bank would follow the edge of the water and spread to the left.

Above the noise of the guns the next command could be heard. The order was, "Halt." The Marines stopped, taking up a position facing the woods. Several minutes passed before the next order came. As it was passed

along from man to man you could guess what it was before it reached you. Then, "Stand by, prepare to advance." When you heard the man next to you repeat the command your knees began to shake and you trembled all over. When the command "Forward" reaches you, you become steady and as you advance you have no thoughts of trembling. You are going forward and expect anything.

As the Marines climbed the bank of the river in their advance many were shot and fell backward into the river.

Above the noise they could be heard splashing about in an effort to get out. Many were able to climb back to the bank only to be thrown back into the water by another wounded comrade rolling down the bank. The river was running red with blood and a dam was soon formed of dead and wounded. The pontoon bridge was slimy and slippery from blood of the wounded.

Without aim and firing point blank into the line of Marines, Fritz kept up the deadly fire. The Marines now nearly all new men held their line and steadily advanced. The line was broken and ragged but on they went. Major Hamilton in his wet clothes was still commanding.

About two hundred feet from the river the Marines came to a paved road that ran along the edge of a woods. From these woods Fritz kept up a steady pour of fire. The Marines fired very little in return. They couldn't see anything to fire at and as a rule they don't fire unless they can see a chance of making their shots count.

Still advancing the Marines entered the woods. The firing had somewhat died down and the Marines expected some hand to hand fighting. However, this wasn't to be the case because as the line entered the woods the order, "Dig in for the night" was passed along the line.

The line halted and the Marines began looking for suitable places to dig their fox-holes. Outposts were sent out and established. Soon all was quiet. One could hardly imagine that just a few minutes ago fighting was going on and men were being killed on the spot where men now slept. Rifle and machine gun fire had ceased entirely. Occasionally a large shell would go screaming through the air, landing somewhere in the rear with a dull thud and then the reflection on the sky.

Only once during the night did the gas sentry cry out his alarm. A shell passed overhead and struck the earth close by. From the explosion the sentry recognized the gas shell. Crying at the top of his voice he gave the warning. "Gas!—Gas!"—he cried. The Marines dove into their masks and laid down to resume their sleep. A little gas didn't cause much disturbance among the leathernecks. This job of fighting was their trade and they took things as they came. From the minute they joined the Corps they were drilled and redrilled in the traditions of the Marine Corps. "Semper Fidelis" (Always Faithful) is the motto of the Marine Corps and they are proud of it. There has never been a Marine unit that didn't live up to this motto. Many have died defending it. With "Semper

Fidelis" as a guiding star and the spirit of the Corps to back them they are a hard lot to deal with. Fritz found this out and then called them "Devil Dogs."

Darkness was breaking into dawn. When the runner from the outpost reported to Major Hamilton that all was quiet in his sector it pleased him greatly.

At daybreak the Marines were ready for more action although hungry. Chow hadn't been brought up as yet and men were sent out to search for the field kitchens. They were found across the river, back of the hill which the Marines had come down during the night. The hill was so steep that it was impossible for a wagon or cart of any kind to come down. The cook taking shelter on the lee side of the hill set up his kitchen and prepared breakfast. The men soon returned with the G. I. cans loaded with food. With them came the report of last night's battle.

Standing on the bank of the Meuse river, looking toward the hill a sight met your eyes that you won't forget. The side of the hill toward the river was covered with thousands of dead and wounded. No provisions had been made for the removal of the wounded. The hill presented a problem which required some thought. First-aid men had attempted to remove the wounded on litters, but when starting to climb the hill their patient would slide from the litter. As a last resort blankets were made into slings and the wounded were carried off in that manner.

The one pontoon bridge was still standing but about three inches under water. After breakfast a few Marines went back across the river to view the dead. As high as forty men were counted lying around small shell holes. The shell holes were just large enough to hold a small sized wash pan. None of the men showed any signs of wounds. They were killed by concussion and lay as if in peaceful slumber.

A few shells went over at regular intervals. They ended up in the rear with a terrific crash. Elsewhere along the front things were very quiet. The outpost reported that Fritz was in a small town beyond the woods and that they were taking things easy. They were doing very little firing. At every opportunity Marine snipers would disturb Fritz with a few shots.

At 11:35 A. M., November 11th, 1918, Major Hamilton received the following order from Col. Logan Feland, commanding the Fifth Regiment of Marines.

November 11, 1918
9:10 A. M.

To: Major Hamilton:

All firing will cease at 11 A. M. to-day; hold every inch of ground including that gained by patrols; send in as soon as possible sketch showing location of all units at 11 A. M.

Signed,
FELAND.

The last shell the Marines heard passed overhead at 11:05 A. M. The outposts were surprised to see Fritz in the town beyond the woods come out in the open. They



A page from Captain Thomason's Sketch Book

ran from the buildings like mad. Throwing their helmets, arms and anything handy into the air they broke out singing. The Marines on outpost were too surprised to fire. They stood watching and listening. Fritz was singing the "Lorelei" at the top of his voice.

By the time the outpost had notified Major Hamilton of what Fritz was doing, he received Colonel Feland's order to cease firing. Major Hamilton promptly notified all outposts to cease firing. The Armistice had been signed.

Thirty minutes later Marines were found down in the town drinking beer with the Germans. The war was over and what was a few drinks among friends.

That night camp fires were lighted along the front. It was a novelty for the Marines to sit around a camp fire and smoke without being shelled. Their rifles were stacked and gas masks were laid aside. All was quiet. The war was over.

When you visit Washington, (Continued on page 50)



JUNGLE PAY-OFF

By

ROBERT A. McLEAN

DOWN the center of the dark tortuous alley they call—fittingly enough—"The Street of Weeping Angels," Sergeant "Brick" Munson of the Philippine Insular Police, strode warily, one hand hovering close to the ready automatic at his hip. Around him the hot Mindanao night seemed to swirl in vague whispering menace, and ahead a dim rectangle of light marked his goal: the brothel of "Python" Perez the half-caste. And in Perez' place—so Munson had good reason to believe—lay his quarry, Slade the renegade murderer with a price of ten thousand pesos on his head.

Above, a slim horn of silver in the sky bathed Tabonga in a treacherous light. From the far end of the ancient walled town, a cur howled dismally at the moon. Behind the blank faces of stolid doors and shuttered windows on either hand, were furtive rustlings and a drone of talk like the hum of angry bees. For Munson's presence and errand were known. And in Tabonga the outlaw town, every man feared and hated the island police.

A defiant jangle of music from a battered piano greeted Brick as he opened the cantina door, then kicked it shut behind him. From a number of small tables scattered about the low spacious room, a dozen or more men looked up as he entered. They met the policeman's keen glance with every degree of expression from open hostility to cringing fear. Several of the men were debased-looking whites, the rest mestizos or full-blooded natives. There were women in the place too—yellow half-castes and dark-skinned Visayans. But after the first curious glance, these latter turned their attention back to their escorts.

Brick stood with his back to the door and swept his eyes about the room. His gaze riveted on a big swarthy half-caste who had just emerged from a door behind the bar. At sight of the policeman's khaki uniform, the man seowled viciously. Munson strode across the room, still holding the other's eyes.

"You 'Python' Perez?" he asked curtly.

"Si. And you, Senor?"

"Munson, patrol sergeant. Anyone up from the coast recently?"

"No."

The policeman laughed harshly.

"Let's talk it over in your office."



The two men stood there facing each other, both unafraid

Perez started to remonstrate, then changed his mind and indicated the door behind him. Munson went around the end of the bar and entered. Perez following, looked over his shoulder, caught the eye of a vicious-looking native in the room they were leaving, and gave a slight signal with his hand.

Brick sat down, crossed one putteed leg over the other, and rolled a cigarette. When it was going smoothly he leaned back and slowly exhaled the smoke.

"Come on, Perez; I'm looking for a bird named Slade. Where is he?"

The half-caste was setting out a square-face bottle of gin and glasses. He answered without looking up.

"Slade? I never heard of him, Senor."

Munson regarded the glowing tip of his cigarette.

"That's a lie," he said quietly.

"By God, Sergeant! This is too much!" The half-breed clenched his fists and stood over Brick threateningly. "You come into my own place and call me a liar? Damn you, I'll—"

The policeman looked up lazily through the smoke of his cigarette.

"Yeah? What'll you do, Perez?"

For a moment the glances of the two locked. The half-breed's eyes mirrored hate and fury, Munson's only a lazy inquiry. But somehow Perez could not complete his threat. His gaze faltered and fell away before the other's.

Then, suddenly throwing off his attitude of indifference, Brick sprang to his feet. He banged his fist on the table.

"Sit down!" he lashed out.

Muttering sullenly, Perez sank into a chair behind him. He sat there, clenching and unclenching his sinewy hands, his eyes shooting about the room evasively trying to avoid Munson's boring glance.

Brick leaned tensely forward across the table; his fighting jaw outthrust, blue eyes cold as ice.

"Now, listen to me, amigo! I'm not up here for a pleasure trip. I've been ordered to get Slade and bring him in to headquarters. You know why he's wanted, all right. For the murder of Cartwright, a hardwood timber cruiser from the Manila Lumber Company. Knew Cartwright, didn't you?"



Then Slade began to move. A short step backward, then another

Perez' hands twitched nervously.

"Never heard of him."

"Bunk! Cartwright knew you, and you knew him. Slade thought he'd killed him outright, but he managed to crawl into the constabulary post at Malabang before he passed out. And he sure spilled plenty too, old timer."

"He lied!"

"About what?" Munson grinned.

"About—Oh nothing, Sergeant. I don't know what you're talking about."

"No, I guess not. But you gave yourself away that time. Now Perez, let's cut the comedy. Where is Slade hiding?"

"I tell you Sergeant, I don't know."

"Like hell you don't! But I'll tell you why you don't want to know. Because if we get hold of Slade, he'll spill something a whole lot worse than Cartwright did. We know plenty about you, old timer. And we're going to learn a good deal more. We know they call you 'Python' Perez because you go out into the jungle with a bunch of

your men and catch snakes—mostly pythons—for zoos all over the world.

"Now it comes out, that besides your snake-catching activities you also smuggle in opium, silks, or anything else that pays a profit, from the coast and then distribute them all over the islands. Cartwright got wise to you when he was up here looking for mahogany and was making for Malabang when Slade overtook and shot him. Probably under your orders. It isn't going to take much effort to get you a term in Bilibid, and it'll be a lot healthier for you to come clean. Where is Slade?"

"The whole thing's a damned lie! And I don't know anything about Slade."

"Still stubborn, eh? All right, Perez." With the words, Brick reached back with his left hand. Drew a pair of handcuffs out of his hip pocket. Banged them on the table.

"Hold out your hands!"

"Like hell I will!" A vicious snarl twisted Perez' sallow features, and his hand made a lightning-swift motion toward his left arm-pit.

"Steady, hombre! I've had you covered ever since I sat down." The muzzle of Brick's big automatic came up above the table-edge. Perez' hand dropped to his side, but his black eyes glittered balefully.

"Well, how about it, Perez?" Munson's tone was impatient. "Are you going to tell me where Slade is, or do I put the cuffs on you?"

Muttering sullenly, the half-breed reached down a broad-brimmed native straw hat from a hook on the wall, jammed it on his head, and turned toward the door.

"Aw hell! Come on, I'll show you where he is."

"Wait a second, amigo." Brick stepped in back of Perez, reached deftly around under the man's shoulder and extracted a wicked-looking knife from a sheath under his arm-pit. This he thrust into the top of his own leather puttee.

"All right now, let's go."

The two men passed out into the main room, Perez in the lead. There was a stir amongst the loungers—rasping whispers. A hard-eyed painted, mestiza woman laughed shrilly. A drunken native struck her heavily across the mouth. Munson stared the men down one after another, his jaw

outthrust, right hand resting easily on the butt of his gun.

Outside the cantina, a sudden tropical rainstorm had blown up; pounding and crashing on the corrugated iron roofs, churning the muddy streets into a mass of liquid filth. Perez hunched his shoulders against the rain, led the way to a squat stone building some distance apart from the rest.

"The old Spanish cuartel, Sergeant. He's in there;" he shouted above the storm.

"Armed too, I suppose."

Perez showed his teeth in a wolfish grin. "Si. And he's a desperate fighter, Senor."

"Yeh; I'll bet." Munson's tone was slightly sarcastic, but he drew his auto-

(Continued on page 47)



The Fourth Chair

By FRANK H. RENTFROW

THE man hesitated in front of the door, then suddenly pushed his way past the uniformed negro and entered the dining room. An immaculate head waiter evolved mysteriously and stood bowing with subservient dignity.

"One?" he said, holding up a single finger.

The man shook his head.

"I have a sort of appointment here with three gentlemen. Has anyone asked for Mr. Walton?"

"No, sir; but it is quite early. Perhaps your friends will arrive later."

Walton glanced down at his watch.

"I hardly think so; yet they might. Let me have a table for four; I'll wait."

Walton was led through a maze of white-clad tables, past the blaring orchestra and the tiny dance floor.

"If anyone calls, Mr. Walton, I'll direct them here. Is there anything you wish now?"

"No. I'll wait awhile first."

The waiter floated away like some unobtrusive wraith and Walton settled in his chair. He reproached himself for keeping such an absurd appointment.

"Ten years is a long time," he muttered. "I'll wager I am the only one who remembers it."

Ten years! How preposterous it sounded! It seemed little more than a few weeks since the four fliers proposed this outlandish reunion. In his mind Walton could see Larry West swaying back and forth, waving a glass and pledging eternal affection for the indissoluble quartet.

Walton leaned back and smiled. It seemed ridiculously theatrical now, but how like the founding of some holy alliance it had been when the four, with all the seriousness of a religious rite, had vowed that only death could keep them from meeting again—ten years from then.

Kelly cracked-up and spent the remaining days of the war in a hospital but the others came through unscathed. Before they finally separated each renewed the vow that death alone should prevent the rendezvous.

The sobbing of a saxophone startled Walton out of his reverie. He looked at his watch and sighed. After all, he thought, he was a fool to suppose the others would remember.

Suddenly he caught sight of the head waiter guiding someone through the labyrinth of tables. He was withered looking, with salt-and-pepper hair and leathery brown face.

"By George," Walton exploded, "it's Kelly."

He arose and the two men gripped hands.

"Have you heard from West?" asked Kelly, sinking into the chair opposite Walton.

"No, nor from Dudley either."

For a moment there was silence.

"Well," Kelly broke in at last, "you look prosperous. What have you been doing all these years?"

"Stocks and bonds. And you—?"

"Oh, everything. I went back to flying a year or so ago."

"Well, well. Mail pilot?"

"No, a private ship."

For a moment Kelly's tired eyes wandered, then he continued: "I happened to be working for a fruit company down in Honduras. A revolution was going on as usual. Somehow it got noised around that I used to fly during the war. The first thing I knew I was being besieged with offers to pilot an old Jenny rigged up by the revolutionists. At first I laughed, but the old desire came back. I was like some race horse smelling the track again."

Walton nodded his head in sympathy.

"I wanted the thrill of flying," said Kelly. "Not ordinary

commercial flying, but combat, dog-fights, and all the excitement that goes with it. The Federals had a ship operating against the revolutionists, a scarlet Waco. It flew over us while General Alvarez was expatiating on the glorious existence of an aviator.

"Ten thousand dollars in gold, Amigo," he said, 'if you down that red hawk who preys upon our soldiers of liberty.'

"I hesitated and watched the red hawk bank gracefully. The general observed my incertitude. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'Senor Kelly doubts his own ability.'

"That challenge was the thing that settled me. In a way he was right. I had been a little afraid of myself ever since I cracked-up in France. I needed his intimation of fear to make me respond. There was nothing to do but accept."

"For a week I flew about, until one day I saw the scarlet Waco diving from a cloud. I began climbing and so did he. He banked suddenly, went into a spin and came up on my blind side. For a moment I thought I was lost. It took a lot of stunting to get away that time. He had an uncanny ability to keep me at a disadvantage. You know how those crates have to be maneuvered. His bullets were ripping through my wings. I was at the ceiling so I dropped below him and zoomed. For once he was off guard and I let him have the works. He seemed to skid, then burst in flames. He couldn't have had a chute or he'd have gone over the side. As it was, he dropped into a power dive, then zoomed and dove again. He tried every kind of twist and spin to wipe out those flames, but the smoke around him grew thicker and thicker. Then one wing collapsed—that was all."

"I was cured. The general wanted me to stay on for ground strafing, but I'd had enough. I took what money was coming to me and went on a vacation. . . ."

A shadow, a black, sepulchral shadow, fell across the white cloth that separated Walton and Kelly. They both looked up.

"By all the gods," ejaculated Walton, "here's old Keith Dudley."

Dudley, tall, stately and still youthful, advanced with outstretched hands.

"I just got in from Texas, fellows. How's tricks?"

Then he noticed the fourth chair at the table. His mouth tightened.

"In West's memory?" he asked.

"What do you mean—memory?" Kelly



"Perhaps," he said, "Senor Kelly doubts his own ability."

faltered.

"Why, haven't you heard? West was flying his scarlet Waco for a Central American Republic. He was shot down during one of their revolutions."



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157th Birthday of the Marine Corps

A glorious nation this United States: from vast uninhabited plains, thousands of miles of barren areas; menaced with thousands of savages, and a desert whose sands are as hot as the fires of hell to one of the leading countries on the earth.

During this conversion no country's people ever suffered any more hardships, nor was there any more bloodshed in the building of any country on the face of this globe than endured by the forefathers of this glorious country.

From the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock to the present day, residents of this country have fought. The new blood, the will to be free, the possibility of building a nation free from aristocracy and establishing a homesite for democracy. It was these that served as an incentive for young America to succeed.

During every year since 1775 the United States Marines have played an important part. They have helped to animate the pages of American history and played an important part in the building of this country's fighting forces to its present standard.

Ever has the Eagle, Globe and Anchor been at the service of its country. Quenching rebellions in the United States possessions, fighting first with the army, aviation and then the navy. No matter where there is fighting to be done, Marines have always managed to get into it up to their necks.

One hundred and fifty-seven years is no short time. Within that period empires have tottered; and the kingdom of France has fallen. This nation fought no fewer than six wars and participated in countless campaigns. And through all this strife and bloodshed the Marines have maintained not only each valorous tradition already established, but have, each year, added to the long list. We bid happy birthday to the oldest of Uncle Sam's nephews, The United States Marine.

Sportsmanship

Webster doesn't offer a very satisfactory definition for the word "sportsmanship." About the closest he comes to it is: "A good loser and a graceful winner." Perhaps that is all the academic definition required, but we all know the word means something deeper, some intangible quality that defies entire definition.

Perhaps we shall not be entirely agreed with when we laud the boxer who carries his battered opponent through the last rounds, content with winning on points rather than scoring a knockout. He takes a chance that a desperate punch might land against his own jaw; but that is sportsmanship.

A few years ago we saw Tony Canzoneri knock the protector out of his adversary's mouth, and Tony walked into a neutral corner to give the man time to replace it. It was a simple gesture of sportsmanship; and we joined the rest of the fans in the wild cheer of recognition.

Bobby Jones, taking his stance to address the ball, called a shot on himself when the ball, displaced by the wind, rolled a few inches down an incline.

Sportsmanship seems to be refusing to take undue advantage gained by twists of fate, known as the "breaks of the game." When Bridges of Detroit pitched eight and two-thirds innings of air-tight ball, allowing no hits, Dave Harris came up as a pinch hitter and slammed out a single, spoiling a perfect record. Some sports writers contend that Harris should have made no effort to hit; that he demonstrated poor sportsmanship. But there, we can't agree. Harris was sent up to do his level best. It would have been less sporting of him to deliberately fail, and we believe Bridges is too good a sportsman to have wanted him to.

There are many classic examples of sportsmanship: The duelist who withheld his fire after his opponent had missed; General Grant's refusal to humiliate General Lee; the football coach who jerked his star for slugging that had been unseen by officials; the well-known magnanimity of Saladin when he opposed the Crusades; the track star who refused to permit the starter to penalize the other contestants for false starts—but of all the classics, we pass on to you the one we recently read in the *Tennessee Tar*. It may be true, or it may not, but it certainly contains a moral that is difficult to overlook:

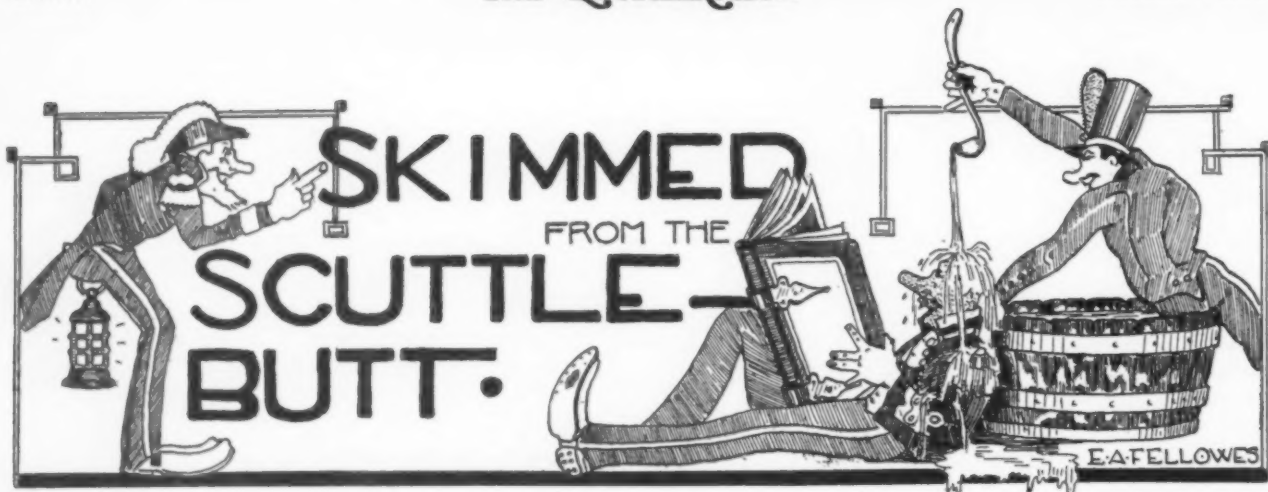
"The British bluejackets were conquering the Maori Indians in New Zealand along about the time Custer made his last charge on the Sioux Indians in Dakota. There is a story told of this New Zealand fracas which is truly indicative of sportsmanship.

"As you all know New Zealand had some very high types of aborigines. They were civilized and their organization and industrialization are still mentioned by men who strive for a perfect democracy.

"It happened that one day the British made an attack on a rather large Maori coastal village. The fray, after a few hours' fighting, looked like a victory for the Maoris—the British were running low on powder and their men, who equalled in numbers the Indians, were getting doubtful and rather shaken as to the outcome.

"All of a sudden the British fire ceased—they were placed on the defensive—orders to 'cease firing' had come reluctantly from the Commander but only enough powder was left to cover their retreat—they must conserve it! Naturally the Indians noticed the abrupt cession of fire and almost immediately they sent two runners to determine the cause. The British were rather surprised—in fact they were so surprised that they told the runners they were out of powder. The runners revealed this piece of news to their leader. Instead of attacking the British, the Maori leader sent over enough powder to resume the fighting—the battle ended in victory for the British bluejackets.

"Would we be as sporting as that nowadays? That is a question no one can answer off-hand. Sportsmanship is something that springs from a stout heart and it applies to everything we do—in our work—in our games and even in war. Sportsmanship is the thing that makes you play the game right—with your shipmates—with your enemies, friendly or otherwise. It is the thing that makes you stand up and cheer when an individual—a team—a ship's crew has done its best. It is the thing that chokes undeserved criticism and lends voice only to praise."



PROHIBITION IN THE HOME

I have twelve bottles of beer in my cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, so I proceeded to do so, as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle, except a glass which I devoured.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the rest down the sink.

I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but one sink which I drank.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles which were twenty-four so counted them again when they came around again and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came around I counted them and finally had all the houses and the bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles, but couldn't get the brush in the bottles so I turned them inside out and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did, and, Oh! Boy!! I've got the wifest little nice in the world.—*The Cub.*

Hardboiled Sergeant (in hospital): "If I didn't have a broken neck I'd take pleasure in licking the daylights out of you!"

Buck Private (orderly): "If you didn't have a broken neck I'd take pleasure in breaking it for you!"—*Foreign Service.*

She (dreamily): "A penny for your thoughts."

"Cy" Young: "I was thinking of returning to the barracks."

Voice (from other room): "Give him a dollar, sis, it's worth it."—*Legation Guard News.*

"It doesn't matter whether I wear velvet or chiffon. You'll love me just the same, won't you?"

"I'll love you through thick or thin, darling."—*Jokes.*

TIME TO CHANGE

A. E. S. submits the story of a horrified Marine general, of the old school, about to explode over the careless disrespect of a former Chicago business man who had just received his war-time commission as a colonel. Unable to contain himself any longer, he suddenly barked:

"Young man, how long have you worn that uniform?"

"Oh, just a few weeks. How long have you worn yours?"

"Thirty-five years!"

"That's a hell of a while to wear a uniform, isn't it?"—*Foreign Service.*



He: A man's no good unless he's got something tender about him.

Blonde: Yeah, legal tender.

"Well, I see the stylists say that men will wear gray this fall."

"Sure they will—if they did last fall."—*The Cub.*

He: Your daughter would be quite entertaining if she had better voice control. She: What do you suggest?

He: A gag.—*Jokes.*

Hank: "Im forgetting women."

Pete: "So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible."—*Legation Guard News.*

NO TICKEE, NO CLEANEE

There is the old Fifteenth United States Infantry that I bumped into in the town of Tientsin and they have been left there for the last twenty-eight years, the old Fifteenth Infantry. Every Doughboy in the regiment has a Chinaboy to keep his billets in order and to clean things.

One of the officers was making an inspection. He took the rifle of one of these Fifteenth Infantry Doughboys, and he held it up and looked through the barrel and there were cob-webs in it. He turned to this Doughboy and said, "That weapon is in a filthy condition." The Doughboy couldn't believe it. He took his own gun back and looked down the barrel and said, "By golly, Lieutenant, you are right. Wait till I lay my hands on that China boy of mine."—*Floyd Gibbons, in addressing American Legion.*

Tommy surveyed the new baby with a decidedly critical eye.

"Well, dad," he said at last "how much a month do we have to pay on that?"—*Pa. Guardsman.*

Ugly Girl: If a man says I'm beautiful is it sinful to enjoy his praise?

Candid Chaplain: Not at all. He's the sinner, miss.—*Jokes.*

Teacher: "Why Jimmy, I'm surprised at you. Do you know any more jokes like that?"

Jimmy: "Yes, mam."

Teacher: "Well, you stay after school."—*Rope Yarn.*

The Irishman had had a serious accident, and had been hustled off to the hospital to be operated upon. As he lay on the bed he beckoned to the nurse and said, weakly.

"I'll not be operated upon by that doctor. Ye must find another one."

"Why?" remonstrated the nurse, "He's one of the cleverest surgeons living."

"Maybe," was the reply, "but he has an unlucky name. I heard them say his name was Doctor Kilpatrick, and, ye see, me name is Patrick."—*Newport Recruit.*

"Hello," said the absent-minded professor, "how's your wife?"

"Oh," replied the man, "I'm not married yet, you know."

"To be sure," nodded the professor.

"Then your wife is still single, too."—*Am. Motorist.*

ON THE HALF-SHELL

The newly-married couple were having turkey for the first time.

"I don't know how it is," remarked the husband, "but this bird's got bones all over it. Just listen to the knife on them."

"Oh, how silly of you, darling! Those aren't bones—those are shells."

"Shells?"

"Yes. Don't you remember you said you liked turkey with oyster stuffing?"

—Pa. Guardsman.

School Ma'am: "This essay on 'Our Dog,' is word for word the same as your brother's."

Buster: "Yes, ma'am, it's the same dog."—F. G. Builder.

Sy: "What did your boss say when you told him it was triplets?"

Skee: "He promoted me to the head of my department."

Sy: "What department are you in?"

Skee: "Production."—Newport Recruit.

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald, who was hopelessly in love, "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the wildest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips. As always your Oswald."

"P. S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."—Pennsylvania Guardsman.

Mrs. O'Connor, having dropped behind the column to adjust the cinch of her saddle, rejoined her platoon.

"Where have you been?" inquired one of the other ladies.

"I had to stop to tighten the—the—I can never remember what they call it—but it's the horse's brassiere," explained Mrs. O'Connor.—Benning Herald.

Master—"What is the feminine of bachelor, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Please, sir—er—a lady-in-waiting."—Tit-Bits.

"Dear God," prayed little golden-haired Willie, "please watch over my mamma."

And then he added as an afterthought, "And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on the old man, too."

—Rope Yarn.

"William," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me what we must do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "We must sin."—A. & N. Journal.

"I had to let my stenographer go because she wasn't experienced."

"What was the trouble?"

"She didn't know anything except shorthand and typing."—Jokes.

Foster: "Do you always look under the bed?"

Old Maid: "Always."

Foster: "Ever find anything there?"

O. M.: "Only in old-fashioned hotels."

—Legation Guard News.

Little Tommy (fascinated by bishop): "Is you blown up or just stuffed wiv feathers?"

Horrified Mother: "Darling! you must not say . . ."

Little Tommy: "Well, you said yesterday he was one of the pillows of the church!"—Newport Recruit.



"If y' ask me, it's a helluva time for 'em to sound colors"

Teacher: Little boys and girls, what kind of children go to heaven?

Pupil: I know, teacher. Dead ones.

—Jokes.

Bus driver—"Madam, that child will have to pay full fare. He is over five years old."

Madam—"But he can't be. I have only been married four years."

Bus driver—"Never mind the true confessions; let's have the money."—Bamboo Breezes.

When you meet a pretty girl and you like her—that's an impression.

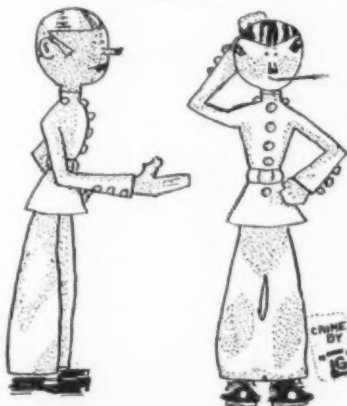
When you like her so much you break liberty to be by her side a little longer—that's an obsession.

When you resist the impulse to jump ship to remain with her indefinitely—that's repression.

When you tell the skipper the reason that you got back overtime—that's a confession.

And when you are sitting in the brig bemoaning your fate—that's depression.

—Our Navy.



"Did you hear about Bilker?"

"No."

"He went into marriage with both eyes shut. His girl's brother shut one and her father shut the other."

When the circus arrived in Hickville, the strong man began to hear stories about the strength of a farmer in the neighborhood. He decided to call on the farmer and early next morning rode out to his farm on one of the big dapple grays of the circus. He accosted the farmer who was busy with his morning chores. "Hey," he called out, "I've heard a lot about you, and have come away out here to find out which of us is the better man."

Without answering the farmer seized him by the scruff of the neck and heaved him over the fence into the road.

When the strong man recovered he felt himself all over for breaks, dents or abrasions.

"Anything else I can do for you?" asked the farmer.

"N-o-o-o-o, guess not," replied the strong man, "I'll be going back now—if you'll kindly throw me my horse."

—Bamboo Breezes.

Son: Dad, what are ancestors?

Dad: Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another.

Son: Then why do people brag about them?—The Cub.

The star police reporter of the *Daily Sentinel*, riding in a police emergency, met with a serious accident. He lay for some time in a hospital while doctors worked to repair the damage.

At last he was able to receive visitors, and his editor lost no time about calling.

"Well, how is my boy getting along?" he asked as he chatted with the doctor before entering the patient's room.

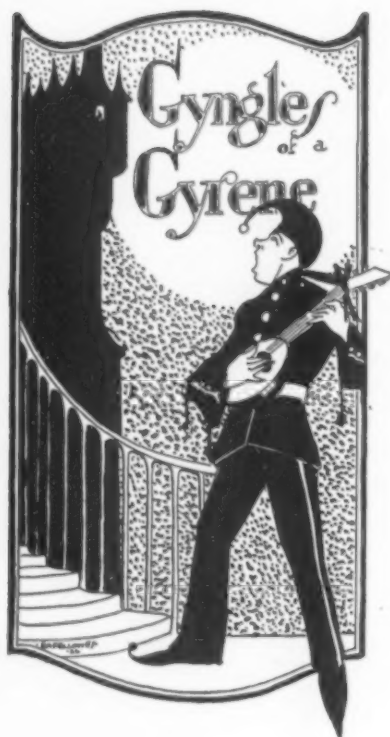
"Physically," replied the doctor, "he is doing splendidly. In a few weeks he will be as good as new. Mentally, however, there is no improvement. I am afraid that his mind is gone forever. He takes no intelligent interest in anything, but prattles all day with the harmless innocence of a child."

The editor sighed. "I guess there is nothing left but to make him our Washington correspondent."—Judge.

Officer: "What are the two-fold duties of a Marine officer?"

Candidate: "Sea duty and shore duty."

—Newport Recruit.



THE OLD-TIMER REMEMBERS

By Charles White

As I sit by my table of rude mountain pine,
Looking absently into the past,
With the gale screaming madly through
cracks in my wall,
My memories rush with the blast.

And my eye strikes down on a tattered sheet
From a paper now ten months old,
A line rushes upward my gaze to arrest,
And gone is the sting of the cold.

"Expedition to China; A Thousand Em-
bark"—

The candle flames high in its rack,
And now through my memory thoughts of
dead days
Come trooping relentlessly back.

I see once again the muddy brown plain
Where we formed ragged lines for advance,
And feel the fierce rays of a hot tropic sun,
Picking light, as the bayonets glance.

Once more the loud ring of the steel-shod
butts,
As they crash with the order to ground
Mingles sweet with the snick of a bolt drawn
back,
And the drummer's unceasing pound.

Once more I stand in the blue-clad ranks,
As they form for the morning parade,
And hear the roar of the Top, "Count off!"
'Ere the picture is ready to fade.

Once more I stand under the roaring skies
In a steel-tipped trench in France,
And I hear in my ears the skipper's shout
As he urges on our advance.

And I press, with the wave of that captain's
hand
To dash—my chair legs are out!
And I find I have crippled its off hind leg
At the ghost of that skipper's shout.

And I'm back from a march in the land of
the past,
With the comrades who wore the blue,
And I'm feeling homesick, and glum, and
now
I'm writing this line to you.

So write me a letter, whenever you're time,
To bring back the old days once more,
For I'm hungry to tread the trails that are
dead,
With the blue-clad men of the Corps.

FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD
MAN'S CHEST

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The mate was fixed by the Bos'n pike,
The Bos'n brained with a marlinspike,
And cookey's throat was marked, belike
It had been gripped
By fingers ten.
And there they lay,
All good dear men,
Like break o' day in a boozing den—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
All of 'em down from the devil's own fist—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore,
Where the scullion's ax his cheek had shore,
And the scullion he was stabbed times four,
And there they lay
And the soggy skies
Dripped all day long
In up-staring eyes
At muck sunset and foul sunrise,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em, still and stark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the murder mark!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawning hole in a battered head,
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red,
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!
All lookouts clapped on paradise—
All souls bound just contrariwise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of the hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight
With a Yo-heave-Ho!
And a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge
In a sullen swell,
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Apologies.

THE GAME'S DECREE

Author Unknown

Ruling the game like the graven stone
That was handed down through the hilltop's
gleam,
This edict stands in a place alone—
The luck will break for the fighting team.

When the play is tight and the victor's lead
Is thin as a wreath in a walking dream;
When the turn must come with a flash of
speed
The break will go to the fighting team.

On the field of play, or the walks of life,

When the clouded skies in their blackness
seem
As dark as death, through the bitter strife
A rift will clear for the fighting team.

The heart that holds in the tightest fray
Will stand at last in the spotlight's beam,
For this still rules—as the wise ones say—
The luck will break for the fighting team.

THE CYNIC'S WALTZ

By Frank H. Rentfrow

Like woman is a lovely tree,
So pleasing to the eye.
Seductively her arms are stretched
To clasp the azure sky.

With each caressing breeze she sways
And murmurs Love's sweet tune;
She bids the sun a warm farewell,
And then awaits the moon.

She mourns through naked branches
While the summer wanes and dies;
But soon the languid, clinging snows
Are stifling all her sighs.

The Love Birds seek her cooling shade
And softly croon and twitter,
A woman is a lovely tree,
But, God, the fruit, how bitter!

GIVING THANKS

For the hay and the corn and wheat that is
reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that
are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey
comb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest
brought home,
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth
in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the work-
ingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have
taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection
have brought,
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are
blessed,
For the season of plenty and well deserved
rest,
For our country extending from sea to sea,
The land that is known as "Land of the
Free,"
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

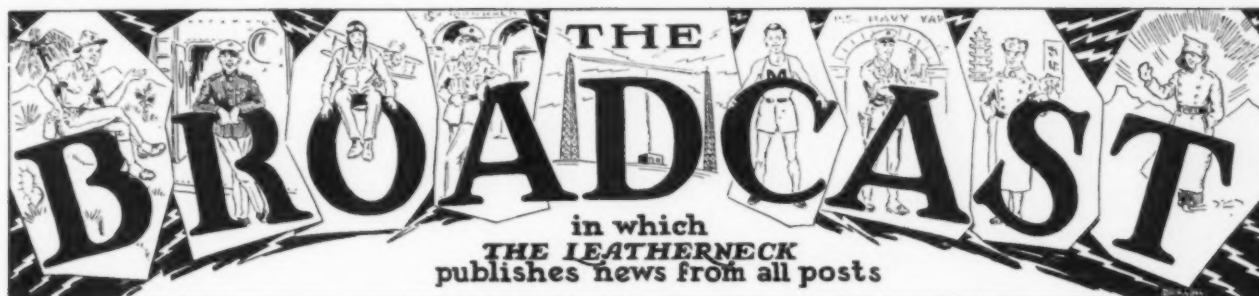
TO A CERTAIN LADY

By Hair-Trigger Hop

If I had a foe whom I hated so much
That dreams of his torture were sweet,
I could mock him his plight as he writhed
on the rack,
Or as fagots were piled at his feet.

Torquemada would lend me the thumb-
screw and wheel,
Old Satan would furnish the flame.
When every device was exhausted, at
length,
I would use them all over again.

I would spend all my energy, time, and
my thought
To conjure some ordeal far worse.
I can think of just one, but I'd spare
him the pain
Of being a lover of yours.



THE SPEILER SPEAKS FROM HAITI

By W. J. Strong

A few of my old friends will probably be surprised to learn that I am now broadcasting from Brigade Headquarters at Port au Prince. Having arrived quite recently, I was immediately assigned to the commissary for duty and am now in position to speak from a "tropical angle."

My first impression of Haiti was nothing more than a continuous range of hills, surrounded by bar-rooms and what have you? After leaving Hampton Roads, I can fully realize the meaning of heaven.

To those who are interested in the welfare and whereabouts of our old friend (and athletic trainer), "Mitch" Mitchell, I can truthfully say that he is now taking them "on the chin" right here in Brigade headquarters.

Our loyal friend, Wegley, recently remarked that the "girl of his dreams" favored him with a sweet smile. Perhaps she was too polite to laugh.

Bates declares that the best cure for hysterics is a kiss. The only problem now is how to give a girl hysterics.

Did you ever know:

That the hard-boiled non-com who will run a bunch of boots ragged, will wilt like a daisy when he gets an order from his wife?

That the guy who never had anything more than mush and milk on the outside, will kick because the chicken in the Marine Corps is tough?

That the guy who has "left forever," will always be back for seconds before the ink has dried on his discharge papers?

Before closing this column, I wish to say a few words concerning our Privates' Club.

The U. S. Service Club offers our privates a variety of beverages, together with good fellowship, chicken and turkey dinners, ritzy sandwiches and other tempting delicacies.

N.C.O. CLUB, HAITI

By Royal Leonard

The fortnightly dance of the Non-Commissioned Officers' Club was held at the club house on Saturday evening, September 24, 1932.

Your reporter invaded the mystic (?) realms of the portals of this club and to his delight found a most sociable gathering present for the evening's entertainment.

Q.M. Sgt. Harold L. Flynn, the president of the club, was the perfect host, and he was ably assisted by his better half, the Missus. Non-coms and their wives were there galore. We shall try to give some of their names. If your reporter omits some, blame it on poor memory, for, after all, this is written from memory.

Oh, yes, here we find Sergeant Major and Mrs. Pince doing a dance step all their

own. Must have imported it from the states. Cute, so we'll try it next time we have a dance with Mrs. Pince. Q.M. Sgt. "Jimmie" Dugan is here with bells on, and, of course, that's the missus whom he is guiding along the floor.

A new comer, M.T. Sgt. Sammy Rhine-smith and his missus try out the latest steps in Port au Prince. Q.M. Sergeant and Mrs. Backus help along with the Quarter-master Strut.

Gunnery Sergeant and Mrs. Paul occupy a table with a gob friend of theirs. First Sergeant Quinn, better known as "Paddy," is among the present, and, of course, Mrs. Quinn lends her gracious charms to the occasion. Now your reporter is dancing with a real beauty, Mrs. Lindbergh, wife of First Sergeant Lindbergh, who is conversing with the waiter for the moment.

And now in come Sgt. "Dutch" Hoffman, vice-president of the club. Without



N.C.O. Club, Port au Prince

much ado, we find him swinging around with a fair damsel. Sorry, but we do not know the lady's name. Gosh, who spilt that stuff over the dance floor? "Heavy" Jackson will just have to stand around until it dries up for fear some fair damsel will slip, and then, well, it will be too late.

Who is that school teacher and her friend? Why that's Mrs. Steele and a newly arrived friend, a Miss Sutton, if my memory serves me right. Oh, we could go on naming you many others, but, are they going to have sufficient space in the magazine? We are not quite sure. Hence, we'll let it go at that, and we promised you folks, that if you like your name in print, we'll do our da—dest to accommodate you, at some other time.

In closing, a word in praise of the orchestra. They really put out, and that is a novelty down in Port au Prince. We're not slamming the musicians, we're giving them words of encouragement, we know their task is no easy one.

SERVICE CLUB, HAITI

By Royal Leonard

The United States Service Club celebrated its six months of existence by holding its yearly election of officers on Sunday, September 18, 1932.

A large gathering of members was present at this general meeting. A stirring address was made by Corporal Schneider, the retiring president, who, by the way, was ineligible to run for office again by virtue of having been promoted to non-commissioned rank. A short history of the club from the time of its conception until the present was given.

At the close of the speech, nominations were opened for president. Poseley, of Brigade, DiPinto and Barron of the Regiment, were nominees. On counting the ballots, Poseley was officially elected president by a large majority.

Nominations for vice-president were next in order. Ankrom, of Brigade; Leonard, of Aviation, and Holmes and Spencer, of the Regiment, were nominees for this office. Leonard won the coveted prize.

In order to avoid delay, and because he had an inkling that it was the consensus of opinion, the president called for a unanimous vote for the reelection of N. P. Lengyel for secretary-treasurer.

He was elected without a dissenting vote. With the close of elections, Private Sheehan, of the band, made a short talk, telling the men how good a president they had, etc., and he asked for a rising vote on electing the retiring president to an Honorary Presidency of the United States Service Club for life. Corporal Schneider accepted the honor with thanks. He told the boys he'll be with them always and wished them all the success in the world.

And then the good old beer flowed freely and the boys all had a good time on the club. It was free, gratis.

DOTS AND DASHES FROM "NSC"

By Altman and King

After reading one of the back numbers of THE LEATHERNECK, I find that someone of the Brigade Signal Company screwed up enough courage to write an article to this mag. Not being of pioneer stock it took quite a while before nerve enough was found to follow in his footsteps.

A passer-by that saw this place two years ago would hardly recognize it now. Crozier has enmouflaged it pretty well in paint. Yep! he made corporal. That reminds me a few more of the boys advanced in the general direction of the first pay-grade. Backus and McSweeney (the correspondence hound) made private first class. Altman crashed through with a specialist fourth class and Aleshire was a close second with a fifth class. You haven't heard? I thought everyone had. Honestly, Burgess made staff sergeant.

We had quite a bit of success with our baseball team this year. I shall try and make you realize the possibilities of the Signal Company. In 1930, we won one game, in '31, two, and this season three. Each year we advance one. In seventeen years we will win the cup. Bet that will make the Hospital sit up and take notice.

We have a new Company Clerk, and radio material man with us now. Our company clerk is Corporal Barefoot, Ralph, lately of Key West and New Orleans. Wolford, Donald E., our radio material man, is a graduate of Bellevue, and seems to know his "pestache."

We have been hearing things about A. P.

Muddle, our ex-assistant (gold-brick) in the communication office. Well, Muddle, old top, our thoughts are with you and we are glad to know that marriage life isn't so bad after all.

The last Kittery extracted a few of our personnel and also dropped a contingent of five new ones on us. Gy-Sgt. James Bondi, Cpls. Guy J. Moyer, Jack Bulick; Pfc. George M. McSweeney; Pvts. Wm. A. Bermeel, Elden A. Bartz, Ervan L. Isanhart, K. W. Littleton and O. V. Burton were the lucky stiffes who caught the homebound liner.

Egstein (pronounced "Iggy") and Travis have been talking of extending for

China. So long, boys, see you in Shanghai.

We have just received notice that Sgt. (pulling for staff) J. H. Clemmer has just been promoted to official screw tightener and log checker to take the place of Gunnery Sergeant Bondi, who was NCO-in-charge of the station. Three hi's, J. H., we are pulling for you. Do you still think you will make that November boat?

Well, folks, would give you some more dope about the comings and goings of this station, but liberty call has sounded and we have an important engagement at the Privates' Club. If you ever come to Haiti pay us a visit or give us a ring and we will meet you at "Ba Ta Tian."



THE ROAMING WYOMING

By Lee Scuppers

It is hardly news these days to hear of some charitable organization spring into being overnight to dispense the necessities of life to the deserving needy, however, we take much pleasure and pride in announcing the birth of the Hash Mark Relief Commission, sponsored by certain members of this detachment. As a preliminary move to set the charitable machinery in motion, the Commission met the other day and voted the expenditure of a few slices of baloney and cheese with the necessary bread, one cigarette and one match for the relief of a stranded Hash Marker, one Private First Class McCoogly, who is taking a well earned vacation in the Smokey City. The gentleman at the port hole informs us that McCoogly reported in at Philly about a year ago with a brand new four-year contract, wearing an old rubber boot on one foot and a raincoat sleeve on the other and asked the sentry for directions to the mess hall.

The last report from this detachment was written from Halifax, while we were on our second Midshipmen's Practice Cruise of 1932. Now Halifax is a rather sore subject to a certain Marine, but it must be reported as a Grade A liberty port for a Marine. It is a tourist town and naturally has all the necessary and usual tourist's bait, one of which is a certain well known brew in large quantities and of a rare potency, at a reasonable price, in fact a twenty-eighty man buy far too much for one man to drink. This strange substance stands unblushing under the name of Royal Canadian Ale.

Our ship is making a long stay at Annapolis since we finished the cruise and Corporal Comerinsky, the well-known steel wool magnate of Galveston, is telling the gobs how to hold 'em and squeeze 'em, with the assistance of Private Arthur, of the West Virginia Arthurs. These two attained the highest scores on record day, "Skee" making 327, and Arthur making 318. Twenty-seven Marines fired, twenty-five qualified. Recap, says: three experts, five sharpshooters and seventeen marksmen. Not so worse.

The gentleman at the port hole says that:

Johnson ought to eat dill pickles.

Corporals with wavy hair should buy their own mirrors.

The Marines who had certain pictures

made while in Puerto Rico should destroy the negatives as well as the prints.

Sloppy Joe has made some improvements in his place on Eutaw Street. Page Garrett and Ford.

McCloskey walks only from his locker to the mess table, yet he has athlete's foot.

Marines who keep a diary should not leave it lying around in the Captain's passageway.

It is a well known fact that one's feet were made to run and the nose to smell, but some of these fellows are so contrary that their feet smell and their noses run.

One of our Marines wrote his mother that he was doing police work. Wrote his maw: "Well, son, don't lock anyone up unless you have to do it, and be careful and don't get shot."

He is wondering what has become of Lou Wylie. Is she IN or OUT OF THE BRIG? (Editor's note, just A.W.O.L.)

He wants to meet this gal, Sadie Green when the Wyoming goes to New Orleans for the next Mardi Gras.

Some of these Navy coxswains are not ladies' men. One of them coming back from the dock yesterday couldn't even "make" the gangway.

He is wondering who will furnish the coffee and — on those 12 by 4's at 12th and Market this winter.

The next report will come from the City of Brotherly Love and Sisterly Affection.

NORTHAMPTON NEWS

By Bradley

Well, we are still here in sunny California. We have been here so long that we are beginning to call it home. We will be strangers to the East Coast if we ever get back there. There are eighteen over-timers aboard; of course, they all want to remain as is. Or do they??? Anyway, the latest scuttle-butt is that the good ship Northampton will maneuver with the Battle Force in Honolulu this winter and return to New York next June.

A certain private first class, who answers to the name of "Five" Iverson, is all packed and ready, and now wants someone to tell him when and where he is going. He's just one of them. There are several more who (voluntarily??) extended their sea duty until the ship sails East.

Our new Gy-Sgt., J. B. Hill, came aboard in time to get up to his neck in the annual AA practice. He has started things humming getting a Marine whaleboat crew or-

ganized. We have several husky brutes who need to give their muscles a work out. Private First Class Holland, the Samson of the outfit, who scales the scales at one hundred and twenty-five (yes, pounds) soaking wet, is going out for the position of stroke oarsman. Don't break the oars, Samson, they cost the Navy money. Private Harlee wants to be the rudder, whatever that is.

We all hated to see Gunnery Sergeant Blalock go, but he seemed to desire a little duty on the terra firma. We'll all ship over and see you in China, Gunny.

Private Brynt usually took all the honors for showing up next morning with black eyes and various other facial disfigurements, but now Corporal Lewis is going around looking like somebody stepped on his face with both feet.

"Tangle-foot" Oldham is a footballer who got in the wrong place at the right time; a busted knee was the casualty he suffered. Happened just about the time his girl flew back to the parental fireside, too. Too bad to have a busted knee and heart at the same time.

Among the recent promotions are: Corporal Davis to sergeant; Private First Class Wooten to corporal, and Privates Horne and Lofblad to privates first class. Pvt. "Schnozzle" MacMahon says he has enough drag to make private first class, but the drag isn't with the right people.

Private First Class Wylie has joined the rubber-rifle squad; he dropped his shooting iron all over the quarter-deck one morning.

The buddies-in-crime who are constantly seen together are Private First Class Rankin and Private McDearmon, 6 feet 5 and 5 feet 4, respectively. Some pair they make strolling up and down the deck. That's what you would call the long and short of it.

Shoning (senior private first class, less Chester) says he has been on this tub over two years and was just beginning to think that he was getting somewhere. All sudden-like he finds himself in the rear rank. There ain't no justice.

A visitor came aboard the other day inquiring for a tall, red-headed sergeant by the name of "Dickie." The O.D. told him there was no sergeant aboard by that name, when our own Sergeant Jorgenson came rushing up. Evidently, they were one and the same person. Didn't know you had a cute nickname like that, Jorgy.

And with that crack we'll sign off 'till next month. Adios.

IDAHO SPUDS

By W. C. E.

Just one year ago the Idaho entered the Norfolk Navy Yard for a thorough modernization job. After a year's work the navy yard workmen, as well as the sailors, seem to have taken themselves double government furloughs, however, the Marines will not take over completely until approximately January 1st, 1933, as the station tailor is very slow in making suitable dungarees. This work, believe it or not, is highly desirable, as fully fifty per cent of the Marines will, no doubt, use the gained knowledge in civil life after they have completed their military service.

The depression seems to have bothered the automobile industry as far as the civilians are concerned, but not where this detachment is concerned. Slug and Hoot have both bought cars recently, they're not new, but they certainly can run. These cars are necessary in order that the boys may visit Suffolk and other ports nightly. I haven't quite figured out just what the attraction is in Suffolk, but most of the fellows are going there frequently and some can hardly wait for liberty call to go so that they may be on their way (maybe its the peanuts).

They tell me that "Hoss" Stevenson has a girl friend in Suffolk that is fast making a wreck of him. They say he goes down there and just sits on the sofa and looks at her with the eyes of a dying calf. Now, Hoss, don't take it like that, just sit down and write Dorothy Dix and your difficulties will be forever ended.

The first sergeant suddenly took off on leave not so long ago. He went down to visit "deah old Georgia"—near where Moses made the moonshine. The first sergeant was gone approximately thirty days and if we take his word for it he certainly had a good time.

At the present writing our able and efficient commanding officer is hying himself to the rifle range for a vacation on small arms practice. We wish him one hundred per cent over every course.

Our heavy-weight is now enjoying a short stay at a certain colonel's "rest joint." The captain said, "Ten days," and believe me he certainly took it. Better luck next time, old man!

Private Gable may be seen each night, when he is off watch, hurrying off in the direction of the Norfolk Naval Hospital. Now I wonder what he goes over there for; can it be that he just likes the smell of medicine?

The entire detachment seems to be very much at home on board, though would quickly exchange for a ship with more guns and prize money and less modernization.

It will be quite some time before the Idaho joins the fleet again, but when we do you will find the Marines still going strong. So until then remember, "We are still the hell-cats of the fleet."

SACRAMENTO NEWS

By H. F. Kinsella

Amoy, China, Aug. 30.—Like Maher Baba, the God man, we have not spoken for so long that at last we decided to break our silence. We are just a motley bunch of thirty sea-going Marines, seeing the world through a port hole, on board the Gunboat U.S.S. Sacramento.

We have our quota of tall ones, Skis and Kellys, lonesome hearts and nitwits, but still we're one big happy family. We are newcomers to China, having only been here a matter of six months, but already the boys have made down payments on sampans.

Like an orange tie on Saint Patrick's Day, we don't stay long in one place. Upon arrival in China, we were assigned to the Yangtze River Patrol and were disappointed in not being able to take over a few



towns along the river. We had so much dope on landing force that anyone of us felt he could take over the Capital single handed. After spending most of our time between Nanking and Hankow and using our Mex appeal to its best advantage, we were sent to Amoy, where we turned our talents toward big things; liberty and amusements were scarce. We developed a crack Marine whaleboat crew of the battle force, scouting force and police force, but due to lack of competition we gave it up.

A week's recreation awaited us at Hong Kong after a short stay at Amoy. Here our big tattooed men were in paradise, but we weaker ones were content with the foaming cup. It was there that we were initiated into our first typhoon drill and they have continued ever since we returned to Amoy. We think nothing of it when they break us out at 4 A. M. to furl canvas, such is the life of a seagoing Marine.

We have been taking our books and skipping (ever so lightly) to school for the past month. Our dear Corporal James, instructor without a peer, teaches us what to do for a bent toenail or how to best kill two birds with one stone. We're uncommonly smart.

In a few days we will return to Shanghai

and our Commanding Officer, 1st Lt. Howard R. Huff, contemplates, if the opportunity permits, to produce thirty experts.

Our next destination will be Cheefoo, where we will have short range battle practice, manning the second battery. It's an "E" battery now and Top Kick Halsey, formerly of Quantico, intends to keep it so. That's just as good as putting a hash mark on it. From Cheefoo to Tientsin for the winter. Just saw the paymaster changing a twenty dollar bill so will have to knock off and get my share. So long.

LEXINGTON BIRDMEN

By P. J. C.

Staff Sergeant Taylor, H. W. jdfr. WCEF., and was assigned as Crew Chief of 15-S-2. Private Ashby, D. H. jdfr. WCEF., and was added to Corporal Walker's gang of radiomen.

We have had a few changes in rank since our organization on November 2, 1931. Privates Dawdy and Long to Pfc., and Pfc. Edmondson and Grando to Corporals.

The barracks are rather crowded now. All the men who formerly lived in town are now back in the barracks. The fleet is in, you know.

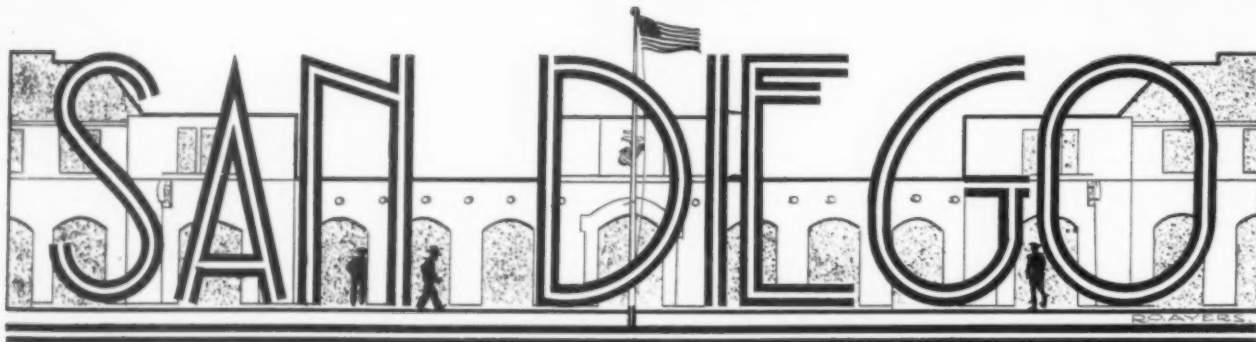
Three of the four men who joined from Quantico are now on the range at La Jolla, trying to earn at least their monthly laundry bill.

The boys are getting to be quite athletic. At first it was hand ball. Then they turned to indoor base ball. Now that the tennis racquets are becoming shop-worn the boys are forming a basket ball team. From the claims put forth by some of the candidates our team will not occupy the cellar position in the service league.

The gymnasium on North Island is not equipped, as yet, so the basket ballers, coached by Lieutenant Roberts, will practice in the Navy Y.M.C.A., San Diego, after working hours. Note that, gentlemen, after working hours. And "Canon-ball" Watson is out for the team. My! My! My! What this world is coming to! But that's news, gents. When "Senator" Watson gets athletic, there's something in the wind.

The word "unusual," when used to describe the weather, is a somewhat over used word in this part of California. We have had fog all the mornings and the later part of the afternoons for a month. Of course, that is unusual! First time in twenty years. I have not been around this vicinity for quite twenty years, but I'm getting rather tired of this "unusual" weather. As a result of this said unusual weather the practice runs for bombing have been curtailed so much that it is rumored that bombing will be delayed until the Spring. I'd like to call your attention to the fact that our fixed gun firing has been set back to the Spring on account of the "unusual" weather.





SAN DIEGO TID-BITS

By Glenn A. Bollinger

Carrying on in what the old-timers call "true Marine Corps Spirit," this initial effort of mine is meant to take the place of the sterling "Red" Griffen, in spreading the dirt of San Diego. First, be it known, that the base can no longer be called an old soldiers' home, due to G. O. No. 41. The base has lost close to 200 enlisted men in the last four months, and everyone is drilling from morning till night. And are the pencil-pushers growling? It was probably some incident such as this that inspired "Rusty" Ayres' cartoon of the old-timer who fell out for his first parade in forty years in an old 1898 uniform.

However, we were afforded some consolation when we saw the rigid regime of the "Lost Battalion" from the *Arkansas*. Yes, they stopped here for two weeks, and they said that they would be plenty glad to leave the sunny clime of California to go back aboard the "Arky."

"Charlie" Cram was a civilian for forty-eight hours, but he decided to keep the wolf away for another four years and shipped over—was it weakness, or good sense? We wondered why he did not take a furlough, but we wondered no longer when we learned that he spent his week-end in Hollywood and Los Angeles. These movie celebs, etc., were too much. He brought back a new suit, a car, and a headache. Speaking of cars, the guiding spirit of Headquarters and Headquarters Company, "Charlie" Maxey, is no longer using his canary colored Kissel as a means of locomotion. He has raised himself to the level of a big Buick. We are curious as to the reason for the change.

Of course, we cannot forget that sterling

pair of first sergeants in Hq. & Hq. Co., First Sergeants Borak and Fine. Borak, being the top-kick of the company, was given a number of football tickets to sell. And he did sell them—he secured the able assistance of "Jakey" Fine, and they waylaid the unsuspecting members of the company, as they stepped out of the office on pay day. When Borak stopped for breath, Fine began, and they could have kept it up all day, if necessary. But it wasn't necessary. We listened for a couple of minutes, spell-bound, and then bought the tickets as a means of protection from their verbal barrage.

Graham and Turner, trumpeters par excellence, were both transferred to Headquarters Company last month, but their training as musics does no good at reveille—they are as hard to awaken as the next private. "Obe" Graham, clerk to Sergeant Major Swift, has a decided penchant for red-heads. He works with one, lives with one, and sleeps with another. Yes, it's true, and not one of them is jealous of the others. Maybe that is why the guard list is haywire. "Willie" Turner got himself his new job, and is right up in the world now. He smokes a \$3.50 Dunhill pipe and everything.

Tommy Fallin, the storeroom keeper at the Post Exchange, is going to be a great help to some sweet young thing, we are quite sure. According to "Jughead," Tommy shines his buttons with such a domestic, and reverent touch, that provides an air to the Post Exchange that has been missing for a long time. Since Jimmy Palmer quit throwing sundaes and went to throwing the pigskin, "Jug" is seriously thinking of serving tea in the Post Exchange every afternoon, and have Fallin pour for him.

The turnover in the Post Exchange has been terrible lately. Just about the time we get a drag with a new clerk, he goes some other place. Now they are taking in football players, and we can't speak out of turn. Brooks, Ovid to Charlie Maxey, is now heaving sundaes after two years of the great collegiate sport. I wonder what the football team had to do with that. You know a dish of ice cream goes mighty well after a strenuous practice.

"Jimmie" La Rue has certainly started off this cruise in fine style. Jimmy is one of our most able exponents of the terpsichorean art, and makes the Silverado Ballroom his third home. One night the lighting system went haywire. While playing the part of Moses, Jimmy bumped into a girl who has managed to keep him in the dark ever since.

We all know that the depression is bad everywhere, but we wish to take this opportunity to recognize the efforts of a certain sergeant major in the Base, who took an opportunity to make a very unselfish effort to relieve some of the discomforts caused by the depression. He probably does not wish to become known through this deed, but the spirit is the thing that counts—it is in keeping with the best of Marine Corps spirit. We are all proud to serve with anyone who possesses such a spirit.

SAN DIEGO BAND BLARES

By Frederick L. Peoples

The band is having a very busy season at present, largely due to the added preparation for football games. Letters have to be formed, and of course, practiced. So far these special formations have been very successful, as have the games where they were used. Concerts are numerous, and orchestra jobs plentiful.

1st Sgt. Raymond G. Jones has returned from China, and has taken charge of the band. His hard work is beginning to show results in the rendition of better music. The band as a whole is responding very favorably under his leadership.

First Sergeant Francis is busy arranging. He recently arranged a number written by Corporal Shea, General Bradman's orderly, entitled "Devil's Blues." The result is gratifying. Sometime ago, someone took Grady Miller's marimba (about the size of a small piano) out of the lyceum. Whoever took it has not, as yet, troubled to return it.

Gunnery Sergeant Olf relieved Jones for a week while the latter was on the range, recently. However, things are once again back to normal. Sergeant Cayer has returned after a three-month reenlistment furlough, and brought a new Ford with him.



Reserve Officers Attached for Training, San Diego, California

Rupe is property man. He is kept busy locking up instruments (Since a certain ex-handsman went East [?] with "Mickey" Hanlin's trumpet). Yes, the trumpet was recovered in a hockshop.

George Werner has shipped over after an absence of eight years. He is our bass drummer and orchestra leader (piano). During his spare time he is "on the air."

Kenneth J. Nicola and Charles D. Welch were run over and seriously injured on October first. According to reports, they were putting gas in their car when an intoxicated (police report) driver drove his car into them. Their car was driven ninety feet by the impact.

The band is still producing, in spite of our cut of fifty per cent in ratings. Guess that's all, except yours truly is very busy.

THE 20TH PLATOON

By Kenneth E. Gunnde

Alarm—a distant roar—enter the twentieth, the good old twentieth platoon, fighting to take its place among the ranking

platoons of the recruit depot (by the way—we are the ranking platoon, too).

September eighth, 1932—brought to the notice of Sgt. H. Wilkinson, very late of the Mounted Detachment in Pekin, thirty-five nondescript gadgets including a few Republicans.

In order to mould this array into Uncle Sam's "chosen few" two more Pekinites were drafted. Trooper Gunnoe and Instructor Overland of the 38th CO, gravel agitators. With these three men at the helm our course was charted for clear and rough weather.

The first two weeks many were in a fog but with heavy marching orders breaking forth they soon sighted land. By the end of the third week there seemed hopes of calling us Marines.

"Slim" Travis took only two days to convince the non-coms of the mess that it was far cheaper for the government to give him a double clothing allowance each month than to pay his mess bill for one week. "Fat" Richards' chief topic of conversation through mouthfuls is "survey it."

Mura and Lusardi carried the spirit of

the 20th to the training table. As to athletics "We fear no man—we fear no beast—among us is no prune." We are known as the fighting 20th platoon.

During those few moments that we are not on the drill field—that is during the ZERO hour we are given lectures on the Marine Corps bible, commonly known as the I. D. R. It is during these few minutes that Trooper Gunnoes' antics break forth. They instil in us the desire to eat rice and cultivate the taste for almond eyes. Overland convinced us that the semaphore was not obsolete and those who did not rate their first liberty believe him.

Sergeant Raynes, one of the Corps' most able bayonet instructors, put us through our paces. Those with the greatest dramatic ability plus mind were qualified. The rest of the "Ham Actors" retired, calling it a stage-fright.

With all the 20th is endowed with those men whose spirit, if carried throughout the four years as it has been the last eight weeks, will carve a worthy nick, not only for themselves, but those who surround them.



LEST WE FORGET—A-17

By Pvt. Roy Robinton

The reaction to a period of depression has set in. Marine recruiting stations all over the country are open. Mothers are crying; fathers are turning gray; but youth must have its fling. From the south, from the north, from the east, boys arrived at Parris Island, the eastern training base for the Marine Corps. At the particular period about which I am writing, that is August tenth, all those coming in were led to a large squad-room, and told that they were henceforth to be Platoon A-17. Several dopes from South Carolina looked around in anticipation of a hurricane; for no sooner had we become settled than a rumbling noise began to fill our ears; and behold, there stood Corporal Barton—our acting Platoon Sergeant—before us. It was not long before we were visited by both Corporals Tarr and White—our acting sections leaders. A few days of preliminary instruction and procurement of equipment passed. By this time Privates Jones and Jenkinson were showing up in their true colors. Just imagine Corporal

Tarr, with a complexion bronzed by a sun upon the seven seas, throwing up his hands in despair after trying in vain to get Private Jenkinson to do "left shoulder, arms," correctly. Subsequently Corporal Tarr left us to assume more strenuous duties with Platoon B-15.

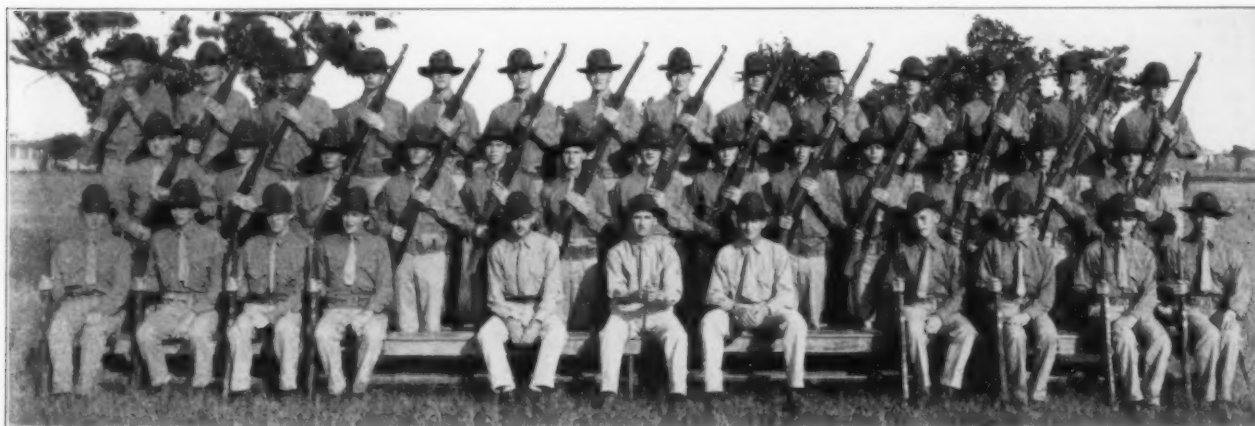
Schedule started bright and early on a Monday morning, and most of the raw recruits were thankful if only for the change of scenery. Then for three long weeks we had squads right, squads left, stacking arms, climbing walls, and rolling heavies. Some lost weight; others became footsore; and Private McMichael nearly lost a leg in climbing the wall, to say nothing of Private Langham's thrilling twenty-foot fall.

Finally came our last day on the drill field. Sergeant Barton was bursting with pride; Corporal White's hair was redder than ever; and the Platoon Leader had a smile playing around the corners of his mouth. Consequently Sergeant Barton took a week-end leave and Corporal White went to a dance Saturday night. Sunday gave us plenty of rest, and Monday morning found us lolling around on the bayonet

course. By nine o'clock we were on the drill field—primed to show our merits to the inspector (my low rank and insignificance causes me to refrain from mentioning names).

Then began a spectacular performance of how *not* to execute movements and answer questions. Private Harrison, the white-haired wrestler of the outfit, who joined the Marines in order to take the correspondence courses offered by them, forgot all about the M.C.I. Privates Craft and Supina forgot that "squads left" wasn't meant for "left turn, march."

The torture ended, however, and the inspector left the field still able to pat himself on the back for being an excellent drill-master—never giving the command of execution on the wrong foot, nor trying to mix the boys up. While out on the field still stood the remnants of their performance. Around the outfit Sergeant Barton and Corporal White fussed and fumed 'till all their store of expletives were exhausted. Somehow or other the Platoon reached the squad-room. After a day of rain most of us were convinced that our faults were washed away; especially since Private Hill-



Company B-18, Instructed by Sergeant Wilson, Corporal Rollen, and Corporal Schneidau



Company A-17, Instructed by Sergeant Barton and Corporal White

burn, while paying strict attention to Sergeant Sanford lecturing on the Browning Automatic Rifle, saw a Lieutenant enter the squad-room—watched what he did and still did not sound attention.

Incessant showers shortened our hours of practice with the bayonet. Nevertheless, we were ready to run the course for record at the usual time. Ninety-five per cent of the Platoon qualified, with Private Harrison setting the Platoon record of thirty-two seconds.

Snapping in week was followed by drill in shooting the twenty-two, and pistol. We were all surprised when four out of the Platoon made expert pistolmen, with Private Cherico hitting ninety-two per cent.

Immediately we set about getting dope for our rifles, and on the following Wednesday, we shot a preliminary over the course. Inclement weather forced us to postpone the time for record shooting. Friday, we shot for record, and Private Bagwell raised the prestige of our Platoon by winning a sharpshooter's medal.

The efforts of Sergeant Barton and Corporal White to make us Marines have not been in vain. For no matter where the boys of Platoon A-17 go, they carry with them the thought that "When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, he writes, not that you won or lost, but how you played the game."

PLATOON C-16

By E. R. McAlister and W. C. Moore

For a week the clan gathered, from the North, South and West; Pennsylvanians, North and South Carolinians, lanky slow spoken young men from the plains of Texas, the red old hills of Georgia and the swamps of Louisiana. Kansas and Oklahoma contributed their quota; while Virginia sent a lone representative. Men of all ages and previous conditions of servitude were present; our youngest only sixteen, the oldest thirty-one. There were ex-Marines and military geniuses fresh from the National Guard and C.M.T.C. Some were lured by the opportunities for education the Corps affords, some by the promise of a job with no lay-offs, and others, frankly, by the natty blue uniform which adorns the handsome Leatherneck on the recruiting posters. Imagine the delight of the uniform lovers when the very first thing we did was to draw "blues."

One week later, Sergeant Carey shook his head sadly, muttering something about "Still no Arkansans"; barked "Squads Left—HOARCH," and the process of making Marines out of civilians had com-

menced. Gradually, but surely, the change took place, chests filled out, muscles hardened, cheeks tanned, regulation steps replaced the swinging plow stride of some, and the city stroll of others, and appetites increased to unbelievable proportions. Having successfully completed our first three weeks of training, we were ready to undertake one of the more intricate arts of soldiering, namely, bayonet work. Despite the disadvantage of having to divide our time between the old bayonet course and the new one, under the able tutelage of Corporal Carlson and Pvt. Kayler, ninety-two per cent of the Platoon qualified. Next came the rifle range, where we encountered the type of hard boiled Marine Sergeant that the movies made famous. A week of rather painful "snapping-in" was followed by five days of small bore and pistol work; then a final week was spent in what to some of us seemed to be a rough and tumble fight with that famous weapon, the "Marines best friend." Firing for record the last day concluded our seven weeks of training. A creditable showing was made, the major part of the platoon qualifying, and some men even winning sharpshooter medals.

We were indeed fortunate in having, in our opinion, the best corps of instructors in the Recruit Area. Sgt. John C. Carey, who has the reputation for turning out well

trained platoons, as well as being the unchallenged champion "Teller of Tall Tales," was our teacher, guide and friend. His diligent instruction and careful watching developed a platoon morale that is hard to beat. Had any one entered into a disagreement with our sergeant, he would have found he had twenty-five men to settle with. Sergeant Carey was ably seconded by Cpls. C. E. Smith, Jr., and W. C. Mikell. Both were strict disciplinarians, but not the petty tyrant type of Non-Com sometimes encountered. Due to the hard work of these three men, we have had an excellent start on our career in the Marine Corps. Every man in the platoon feels his heartiest gratitude, upon looking back and perceiving how much harder the strenuous days of "Boot Camp" might have been had our instructors been less efficient and conscientious.

Among the famous men in Platoon C-16 were: Barton and White, ex-gyrenes, who shoved off for the land of rice, slant eyes and double value for your money.

Reynolds, Parrish and King, from Texas, where men are men and women think it's a damn good idea.

Boyer, the smiling Marine.

"Betcher-a-dollar" Moore, whose crackling oaths, "Dad-gum" and "Gosh-durn" daily wear our sensitive ears.

Elwood and Di Maggio, our Annapolis aspirants.

Bohler is acknowledged by all to possess more intestinal fortitude than any other one man.

Belmont, N. C., points with pride and perhaps some joy to the fact that Thrower is now a Marine.

Creamer, Gould, Reynolds, Beall and McAlister will attend the N. C. O. school unless Haiti or the Mess-hall need 'em more than the recruits.

The story would not be complete without a word about Barton, Di Maggio, Maxwell and Hopkins, who composed the quartet we didn't have. Corporal Smith, evidently homesick and in search of harmony to ease his tired spirit, wandered into the squad room one night and requested a selection from the quartet of which he had heard such glowing praise. After much clearing of throats and pitching of voices the quartet began; and the noise that came forth was indeed an innovation to the musical ear. The corporal's facial expression quickly changed from happy anticipation to



Company C-13, Instructed by Sergeant Barton and Corporal Wilson

pained surprise, and then to righteous indignation.

"You call that blankety-blank aggregation of hog callers a quartet?" he exploded. "I can sing a helluva sight better quartet than that myself." "LAY A HEAVY ON THE DECK!"

PARRIS ISLAND RADIOS

By SX (Southerland)

News of this station (Parris Island Radio Station) has not been appearing in THE LEATHERNECK regularly. So I thought it would be a good thing to try my hand at it. So here goes:

First of all we would like to introduce our Communications Officer, 1st Lt. Benjamin F. Kaiser. Lieutenant Kaiser joined us on the first of the month, and the personnel assures him of our cooperation in every way toward making "NAV" a radio station second to none, and may his tour of duty here with us be a pleasant one.

Our operating personnel is as follows: Sergeant Dobbs (chief operator and station sheik), Sergeant Lewis (school mar'm), Corporal Webber, school mar'm and assistant station sheik when Dobbs has a flat tire or somebody punches a hole in his gas tank. Corporal Bello is getting to be a short-timer. Privates First Class Morgan, Randle, who is well known in Beaufort society circles, and Southerland; also Pvt. Hutto E. Barnard (of Nicaraguan fame and Station "H-A-M"). Hutto is also rather short, about three months to do, and says he is going to be downright mean and walk out on us; we sure are going to miss those tales of his expeditions into the unknown.

Webber has finally decided to ship over and stay with Uncle Sam for another four years, providing they send him to the Navy Radio School at Hampton Roads, for a course of instruction there. I think Webber's reason for shipping over for the school came up about two or three days ago: He was sending code to the students and one of them asked him if he wouldn't punch him out another "d," so evidently Webber thought his sending must be getting a little bad.

There are some rumors floating around the station of a wedding coming up in November, not mentioning any names, but I think it is one of the school mar'ns. There are only two school mar'ns so figure it out for yourself, Hi, J. H.

Familiar sounds heard in the barracks the last two weeks: "Hey, Dobbs, where does the right guide go at 'Right front into line?' Here's one for you, Lewis,

what are the duties of the commander of the guard?"

Two men are going up for examination for gunnery sergeant tomorrow, and I'll bet they've done more studying the last two weeks than they've ever done before in their lives. Well, here's hoping you make the grade, fellows.

Well, folks, after getting this far, I am pretty well convinced that I wouldn't make out so good as a newspaper reporter.

So, hasta otro vez.

P. I. PERSONALITIES

"And all the people shouted with a great shout." No, not at Jericho, this time, but at Lee Field. Though the shouting could, no doubt, have been heard as far as Jericho Point. The people, for miles around, could tell that there was a football game in progress at Parris Island.

Our cheering section, like omnia Gallia, is divided into three parts. One of these is "inhabited" by the recruits, the next by the officer personnel and the band, and the third by the old-timers. At the first game it seemed that the recruits shouted with a greater shout than the rest of the sections did. Possibly because so many of them are "rah, rah boys" fresh from school and campus. But at the second and third games the cheering was about evenly divided.

We needn't tell you how our team won all three of the games played up to this time. A better scribe than we are will tell you all about it in the Sports Section. But we want you to know that we in the bleachers did a whole lot toward helping to win those games. Members of the team have told us about the stimulating effect of the cheering and encouragement from the bleachers at that crucial moment when the fate of six or seven points is hanging in the balance. The value of organized cheering cannot be overestimated. We really start working out on a visiting team at the football rally at the movies, the night before a game. They listen to our songs and cheers. Then they go to bed and spend a sleepless night thinking about them. By the next day their morale is so broken up that we've got the game in the bag before the first kick-off.

Seating conditions are much better at the football games this year than they were last year. The officers' stands, moved over from the baseball diamond, are flanked on each side by spacious, newly constructed bleachers for the enlisted men. These bleachers are quite an improvement over last year's benches, and are greatly appreciated.

The paramount duty of a Marine in peace time is military training, of course. His favorite diversion is athletics. We've been writing much that would seem to indicate that the former is by no means being neglected at this Post. But neither has our play been neglected. We are very fortunate in having a Commanding General who is so staunch a supporter of Post athletics.

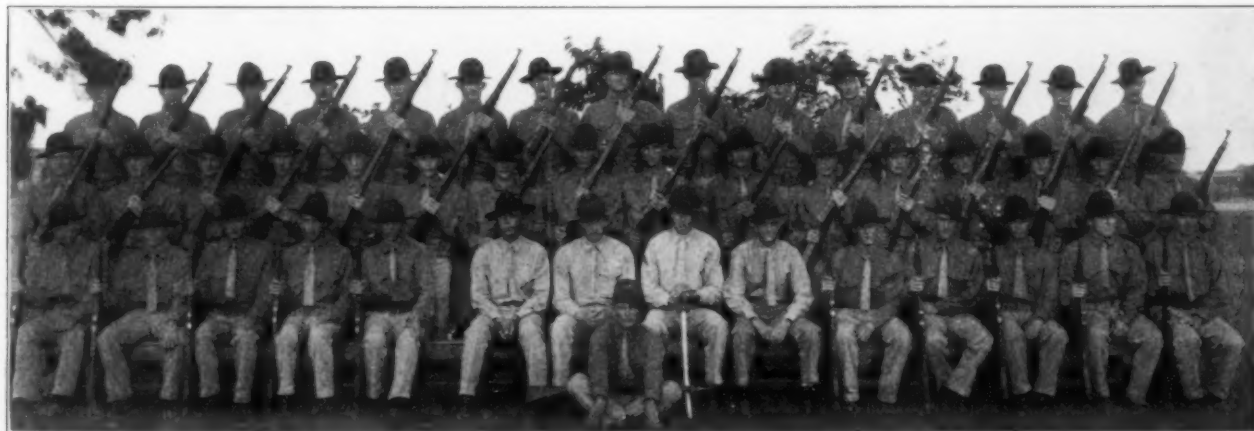
Our first football game of the season was played in real summer weather. But we are enjoying real football weather now. In fact, some of our mornings have been so frosty that the Maintenance Department has begun to overhaul the centralized steam-heating apparatus, and to drag the old Estate Heaters out of storage for the quarters in the suburbs. Rumor has it that we'll go into greens on October 15th, and every one will soon be busy shaking the moth-balls out of the winter uniforms.

Fishing and hunting have been in vogue lately, and we've been listening to some interesting stories about the "big ones" that got away. The writer had been making a habit of feeding the fish that used to come up into his back yard at high tide. But since they chewed his dog up and chased the cat away from home, he hasn't been feeding them anymore. What with drum fish, fiddler crabs, horned toads, batone frogs and soprano mosquitoes, life is just one grand symphony.

We've been having quite a few new arrivals on the Post, here of late. Not only via the Recruiting Office, but also via the Maternity Ward. And we are reliably informed that the population of the Post will keep right on increasing for several months to come. Via the Recruiting Office, we mean.

Talking about new arrivals: We have been very favorably impressed with the quality of the recruits coming into the Corps, these days. They seem to be eager to learn and quick to catch on. And they show evidences of pride and loyalty, even at this early stage, that promise much for that "Esprit de Corps" for which the Marine Corps is noted, the world over. If you don't believe it, go into their barracks and listen to their conversation. Or listen to their cheering at the football rallies and games.

It is curious but true that every Drill Instructor considers himself lucky if he doesn't have a reenlisted Marine in his platoon. Too many of them prove to be a liability rather than an asset. It seems that many of them resent the fact that they've got to go through training again, under the instruction of men who came



Company A-14, Instructed by Seagant Harney, Corporals Tarr, Cook, and Cain



Company B-12, Instructed by Sergeant Watson, Corporal Fields and Corporal Smith

into the Service long after THEY did. They are inclined to "snow the recruits under" with their stories about "the old Marine Corps," and create an atmosphere of doubt as to whether their instructors really know so much, after all. The general effect on the recruit is none of the best. We must admit, of course, that there are exceptions to every rule. But all the Drill Instructors are hoping that the number of reenlisted Marines sent back here for training will be very limited.

Our Recruit Area is filled to overflowing. There are so many recruits in the line-up before the barracks that "No Parking" signs are being placed on that side of the street, effective from six to six in the day time. When those police whistles blow at chow time the recruits come dashing out to the street like nobody's business. There are lots of other ways to get an automobile wrecked besides having it demolished in a stampede.

Our Rifle Range is now in charge of a captain who is a be-medaled veteran of many a rifle and pistol competition. There is some talk of having the recruits bunk out there again while they are firing the range.

Our busy Post Police Sergeant has at last found an assistant in the person of a sergeant who has lately moved in from the Rifle Range. Now the police shed is kept open all day long. That means that there's no rest for the wicked.

Two of the members of our Rod and Gun Club left on an extended vacation in a rowboat. The date that they are expected to return has not been made public. They are assured of a warm welcome when they DO come back.

There is a report out that, after October 15th, the Post Inn will accommodate only roomers and no boarders, due to the fact that the furnishing of board was found to be a losing proposition. Some of us are wondering what effect, if any, this will have on the high cost of living at the Post Cafeteria. Fellows who eat all their meals at the mess-hall sometimes growl about the chow. But they don't realize how fortunate they are in not having to worry about paying their month's commissary bill.

◆ Giggle Gas ◆

By F. G. Otis

Just shortly before Bill Presson was married he confided to me that he would be the boss or know the reason why. He now knows the reason why.

A statistician (not Joe Noyes) states that millionaires are no longer multiplying. We "twenty-eighty" men wish they would start dividing.

Now that the states of North and South Carolina have both nominated wet candidates for the Senate, we Parris Islanders are wondering whether or not the Governors of the two states will pick up the conversation where they left off some years back.

Style experts have decreed that skirts will be still longer this year. In the next announcement of books published that we receive at the Post Library I expect to see listed a companion book to "A Farewell to Arms."

There is always something new. Beaufort is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights.

I was reading where the Noise Abatement Commission of New York made a lengthy report on how noises may be abated—and I am quite interested to learn whether or not the report covered our local Band Barracks.

I also see that according to the statement of a well-known psychologist we should never perform any difficult task before breakfast. That's when I do my hardest one—get up!

A tourist is someone like Jack Rahauf, who travels 200 miles to get a snapshot of himself standing by his car.

I'm pretty well fed up on reading about the hardihood of pioneer Americans in the

books at the Library. I'd like to see one of them ride in a rumble seat between here and Burton.

Corporal Carey and myself got together the other evening in a serious and earnest attempt to find a solution to this perplexing unemployment problem confronting the "poor" people on the cold outside. After several hours of serious thought and meditation we finally arrived at what we believe is the only solution to the problem. It is this: If the government will take two of our largest islands and on one of them put all the unemployed women and on the other all the unemployed men, everybody will be busy in no time—building boats!

DO YOU KNOW

THAT Sergeant Schwabb's rifle is longer than others? "Truesdale" Crosby is now combing his mustache and eyebrows? Joe Noyes very seldom gets a letter with less than 13c postage? The football players change quarters after every scrimmage? Peter Lee breathed a sigh of relief when he read the last LEATHERNECK? "Manhattan" Sadler is saving his "erbs" to go to Florida? The Steward in the N. C. O. Club now samples all drinks before serving them? "Mahatma" Newcomer is an "Extinguished" Marksman? The Quartermaster's Department is now known as the "Typewriter Trust"? Tom Henry has stood the "acid test"? A "Sergeant-Major" can be "promoted" to Corporal? Pharmacist Mate 2nd Class Davis is the proud father of twins? Sergeant Harris has a novel way of returning home from dances? Private Padget is now a Corporal? Leonard Powers nearly created a riot in the None-Such Cafe in Savannah? "Baldy" Bell's hair is beginning to grow again? Corporal Billingsley has "Exchanged" jobs? The mystery of the authorship of "Not Mentionin' No Names" column has been solved? Churchville is an authority on Haitian tom-toms? It feels good to be in greens? Is all?

STATION G-U-A-M

Jafa—Announcing

I don't know how long it has been since this station has been on the air, but due to excessive static and an uncontrollable desire to sleep we have not much time.

I might start off by saying that in these parts we are commanded by Lt-Col. B. S. Berry, who is ably assisted by Capt. Frank S. Flack, First Lieutenants Waterman, Sessions and W. J. Stuart in the line. In the Quartermaster Department we have Capt. J. I. Nettekoven, who is QM officer and paymaster. He is assisted by Ch-QM clk. Harris, and Pay Clerk J. U. Meyer. Mar-Gunner Johnnie Vaughn is the Chief of Police and head of the Insular Patrol. So much for the Officers.

We have 1st Sgt. James A. Ducey and 1st Sgt. John W. Jenkins for top kicks. Both are trying to see who can do the least—both are succeeding very nicely. However, they are both pretty good as far as first sergeants go.

Some of our recreation activities are a fine nine-hole golf course which surrounds the barracks; two Star sail boats, which we keep in the bay at Sunay; a sound motion picture show, which was installed about May first this year; three pool tables; swimming and shell hunting; handball, tennis, sleeping, bundocking, and police work—we must have our police work.

We used to do a little drill, but the Chaumont took all our parade ground sol-

diers away, so we have to content ourselves with day on and day off at the guard house. However, since General Order No. 41 came out, we have been pretty busy finding out what makes a B. A. R. function. If we ever get any boats to stop here from Cavite, we might get a few grenades of various sorts to play with.

I wonder what our mail order sheiks would do here where there is only one mail boat about every two months. When the music sounds mail call, all activity ceases until every one has read his mail—both letters. But we have one consolation—we don't get so many bills.

Some of our more notable characters around here are Stevens, the mess sergeant; Broadus, the police sergeant; Mastny and Abernethy, storeroom keepers; Deekard, the

company runner; Manchester, the company brains; Hopkins, the payroll clerk; and, last but not least, Corporal Newman, our local sheik.

We have a very competent unit known as the Insular Patrol, which is stationed in Agana. They don't do much and I guess most of them have forgotten how to speak English, but I will let them write a line or two if they want to get into print; that is if they can.

All you thirty-year men who want a nice place to finish out your thirty—drop in. It's hot most of the time, but, where there's hot weather there's not much else. The beer is fine, the sleeping is better; and if you mark time by boats—you won't be here long. There are only about fifteen boats in a tour.

Agana, the principal CITY, is only ten miles away, and we have a liberty bus three times a week. Of course, for those who are too proud to ride with the crew, there are taxi cabs at two bucks a throw each way. After you get there, you can think of only one thing—that is, when does the bus go home?

We have a few who are addicted to shark hunting; sometimes they get a shark, and sometimes they get tired. In either event they always come home for something to eat. It's funny that a Marine would come home to eat, but they invariably do.

Well I must go out and plaster a little white ball around the golf course, so will have to knock off. If I make it in par I'll be back.

News from Quantico

QUANTICO SMOKE EATERS

By Emory T. Ozabal,
Chief Marine Gunner, USMC

The kick of Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow is remembered in Quantico and efforts are made by the Commanding General to keep fire hazards down to a minimum. Just one more job for the Marines.

Organized fire fighting forces are not new to the Marine Corps; the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, and the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, have organized Fire Departments, manned by Marines.

This organization consists of the following:

One Captain	Fire Marshal
One Chief Marine	
Gunner	Asst. Fire Marshal
One Gunnery Sergeant ..	Fire Chief
One Corporal	Property and Clerk
Three Pfc.'s or Privates	Drivers
Three Pfc.'s or Privates	Relief Drivers
One Private	Mechanic
Five Pfc.'s or Privates ..	Nozzlemen
Two Pfc.'s or Privates ..	Plugmen

Our equipment consists of the following:
One American La France triple combination pumping, chemical and hose car. Model 1918. Six cylinder motor. 750 gallon capacity. 1,000 feet of standard fire hose.

One White, model 60, combination chemical and hose car. Three forty-gallon chemical tanks, connected in series. 400 feet of standard fire hose.

One Ford, model 1930 (Light Truck). Fire Marshal's car.

Twenty chemical (Acid-Soda and Foamite), forty-gallon carts. Distributed throughout the post.

Eighteen hose reel carts with 5,000 feet of standard fire hose. Distributed throughout the post.

Seven hundred and eighty 2½-gallon Foamite Fire Extinguishers for oil fires. Distributed in garages and oil store houses.

One hundred and thirty-two fire hydrants. Throughout the post.

There are seven automatic fire alarm stations. Type A.D.T.

The men are selected for this duty from the command. Fire drills are held frequently. The men must be trained to handle all equipment and memorize the locations of all equipment and hydrants. All fire extinguishers are recharged once a year by the fire department and inspected every quarter.

The fire department answers all fire calls in the post, the town of Quantico, Triangle and Dumphries.

FIRST BATTALION, TENTH MARINES

By Crosby

At this writing we are in the grip of the current depression, as we have been since the first of the year. We managed to have enough men here to keep the organization from going on the rocks. The situation is getting no better fast, ten men are to be paid off within the next three months, and, undoubtedly, there will be one or two more getting out before the winter is over. Replacements for this company are plenty hard to get.

Since our last contribution there have been a number of changes, though our strength has remained about the same.

Major Erskine, Captain Kaluf and First Lieutenant Bemis were detached and joined classes in the Marine Corps Schools here. First Lieutenant Stillman went to the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Okla. Captain Shannon, detached some time ago, will also attend the school at Fort Sill.

Captains Galt and Waller were promoted to that rank a short time ago. Captain Waller has been Battalion Adjutant and Operations Officer since he joined from Fort Sill, while Captain Galt relieved Major Erskine as Battalion Executive Officer.

1st Sergeant "Charlie" Hess reported from leave to replace First Sergeant White, who was transferred to the Post Remount Detachment on the first of July. Hess was transferred from Haiti last month and Sergeant Major Novick reported from leave to take over the Battalion Office. Gunnery Sergeant Garvin is also back to duty from his furlough.

Sgt. "Butch" Crosby and Pvt. "Johnnie" Hough will try it another four years, and are now on their reenlistment furloughs.

Gunnery Sergeant Morningstar and Sergeant Orban are our short-timers, since Private Spence was paid off last month.

Quartermaster Sergeant Connolly and First Sergeant Ball reported in the latter part of September. Connolly from the Floating Battalion and Ball from the Marine Corps Schools Detachment. Ball has taken over Service Battery, while Connolly left on his belated ninety-day furlough.

During the two weeks' schooling of the officers and NCO's of the Reserves, we were detailed as assistant instructors in Infantry Weapons.

As we are all out of news and it is movie time, we shall say "bye" till next month.

DITTY-DOT-DITTY

By Heath

Have you visited the dentist at least twice a year? Have you noticed the date on your coffee? Have you always smoked cigarettes that are kind to your throat? And above all, do you know there is a First Signal Company in Quantico? Here we are, folks, broadcasting on a frequency of about forty-five words per minute, through the medium of a broken-down old Underwood and an over-worked company clerk, with special permission of the Commanding Officer and affiliated Sam Brownes, over the grape-vine network, on a Marine Corps-wide hookup. You are about to hear all the latest news from the Ditty-Dot Boys, uninteresting as it may be.

There have been some recent promotions in the company, which should be an incentive for others to stay in the service. The Signal complement is now a separate unit, with an authorized complement in all pay-grades, and it is the intention of the Commanding Officer to keep it as nearly within its prescribed limits as possible, and to keep each pay-grade up to its authorized strength.

The mission of the First Signal Company is to train sufficient men to maintain the communications activities in this post, taking in the Telephone Exchange, Telephone Repair, Radio Station "NFV," and the Post Message Center. We also furnish men for foreign shore duty. Due to the fact that there are so many men just returning from foreign shore, who are short-timers, it is imperative that new men be trained as soon as possible in order that they may be sent out as replacements.

There have been some recent transfers out of and into the company that should be of interest to signalmen all over the Marine Corps. Capt. R. S. Pendleton was transferred to line duty in this post. First Lieutenants Zern and King were transferred to the schools. Lieutenant Kaiser was transferred to Parris Island to assume the duties of Officer-in-Charge of the radio school at that post. Capt. John Groff recently joined this organization from Haiti, and has assumed the duties of Post Communications Officer.

Captain Schubert, our old Communications Officer, was detached on September 28, to China. Lieutenant Mizell joined on July 14, and is in charge of the Field Platoon. Lieutenant Chappel joined us earlier in the year and has assumed the duties of Mess Officer since the detachment

of Captain Pendleton, and the mess is running along smoothly.

Well, folks, this concludes our regular broadcast, and we will be with you again next month at the same time—and now as our orchestra of side-swipers drops into the theme song—Ditty-Dot-Ditty, we extend you, 73s, and to you, Major Hawthorne, we extend our best wishes for a successful tour of duty in the Pacific Fleet, and hope your success there is as great as it was in the Old Signal Battalion.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS DETACHMENT

By Charles L. Follett

Well, well and well, here we are back in print once more with all the latest news, gossip, dirt or what have you, about us little fellers stationed in the Marine Corps Schools.

Perhaps the biggest event on the calendar for the month was the marriage of Staff Sergeant "Bill" Shimp to his Baltimore sweetheart; we take this opportunity to wish both Mr. and Mrs. Shimp all the luck in the world.

Now for the next event. Our old pal, that great big, dignified, broad shouldered, doctor "woom woom," "Lovey Dovey," the "Bear" Hogie, and the champion hog caller from the wide open spaces, John Hogie Welch made corporal. Ain't dat sumpin'?

At the same time, Mike Orlando, the sword slinging champ, made 4th class specialist, and that old toper, Ebert Watson, made 5th class. Now ain't dat sumpin' more?

"Cue Ball" Thachter is the original counter of several numbers, to date he has repeatedly counted the mess hall steps and finally, after the urgent insistence of other members of the schools, he has learned that there are seven of them.

The "Goosey Duck" is the banker now that Gus Benz is gone.

"Cut" Corbett is as crazy as ever. "Cornet" Deck went to the hospital and had parts of him censored (taken out).

Benjamin Franklin Rippy, Junior, Corporal, USMC, is the proud possessor of one

slightly used brain. Willing to sell it at fire sale prices.

"Slightly Nertz" Bean is planning on going to Salem again.

So's Popeye. (Not Nertz, just a diamond merchant).

"Speed King" Kelly (the slow motion champ) is always practicing working, yet never does any. Also a shorthand champion (Five words, no more, no less, a minute).

Tim Groff, the Beau Brummel of Tin Pan Alley and the Bucket of Blood man, is the coming champion mistake artist.

By the way, Tim Groff is one hash slinging boy, and how!

"Pin Head" Drew still makes those weekly trips to Washington.

"Ski" Butkowski still accompanies him.

"Blabber mouth," alias "Meeham," alias "Sob-Brain," alias "Useless," alias some more. (Galvin, please take note, we mean YOU).

"Hub" Barlow is still weak from his trip to Washington with Johnnie Fears. What in the world did you do to him, Johnnie?

Ah, me, how quiet seems our little squad room, since Tippy "Saw Mill" Kane has gone with that — snoring (Use your own words).

Quartermaster Sergeant Hale, the coming Bobby Jones (Robert Tyron Jones, to you) is making trips every so often to chase that well known little pill around the course. So far he hasn't had to walk far between strokes.

"Gadget" Jordan, the gadget boy from Gadget Town, Gadget County, Gadget Gadget, Georgia, still hits all the gadgets for a double.

We will close with these famous last words.

"I'm busted."

AFTER THOUGHTS (NOT IDEAS)

By Rippy

It's impossible for POPEYE to have them.

That Samaan spirit (speirit) chaser, "Lanky" Burrows, is now first sergeanting for the Marine Corps Schools.

Wonder how come "Pot Belly" Theodore takes so many furloughs?

"Real" Sharp is getting dull witted.

Now that the baseball season is over we wonder what "The Owl" (Sgt. Major White) will turn his talents to. Two bits to a thin dime he turns them to heretofore unknown football scheme. (He's a dreamer, aren't we all?)

"Just one more won't hurt."

NUPTIALS AT QUANTICO

By John Hoge Welch and Charles L. Follett

Miss Margaret Dietrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt W. Dietrich, of Baltimore, Md., and Staff Sergeant William H. Shimp were joined in marriage in the presence of their friends, both civilian and service, on 24 September, 1932; the ceremony being performed by Chaplain Wilfred Hall, USN., in the Post Chapel, at ten o'clock.

The bride was attired attractively in an ensemble of blue, as was her bridesmaid, Miss Alvina Farrell, of Baltimore, and the blue uniforms of the groom and best man, Joseph Arsenault, made the wedding very picturesque.

Out of town guests attending the ceremony were:

Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt W. Dietrich, parents of the bride.

Mrs. John E. Schneider, sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. C. Farrell, Miss Alvina Farrell, bridesmaid, and others.

Guests attending from Quantico were: QM-Sgt. and Mrs. C. D. Feustel, Sgt. Maj. Charles A. White, Mrs. W. A. MacArthur, Mrs. DeBoo, Pfc. Joseph Arsenault, best man; Gy-Sgt. James A. Kane, Staff Sergeant Cecil E. Anderson, Opl. John H. Welch, Pfc. Sidney Drew, Pfc. Dodge, Pfts. Robert J. Corbett, Donald M. Bean, Thomas T. Ford, Charles L. Follett, Alvin J. Deason, and Pfc. Robertson H. Galvin.

After receiving the congratulations and best wishes for their happiness, the couple were taken for an impromptu sight-seeing trip of the post. Later the newlyweds left for Baltimore and other places to spend a short honeymoon.

In the near future, Staff Sergeant and Mrs. William H. Shimp will make their home in Quantico, where Staff Sergeant Shimp is stationed in the Reproduction Department of the Marine Corps Schools, as chief clerk.

SHOTS FROM THE QUANTICO RANGE

By L. N. Hudson

You've all heard of the old saying, "Better late than never." It still applies to any number of things, including what bit of information might be gleaned from the following.

Since we were last on the air many things of interest have occurred on the Rifle Range at Quantico.

First of all, we lost our genial "Skipper," Capt. Thomas F. Joyce. Captain Joyce was detached to the Marine Corps School, where he was assigned to the Field Officers' Course. Now that sounds as if a grateful country is thinking about presenting the Captain with a pair of gold leaves. We on the Range were sorry to lose him and wish him all good success for the future.

Captain Joyce was relieved by Capt. Harry E. Leland, a recent graduate from the Marine Corps School, and another who is known throughout the Corps for his ability as a shot. And may we add a line here to say that Captain Leland is a new "Skipper" of recent date and was the recipient of many sincere congratulations from all hands.



Staff Sergeant William H. Shimp, Quantico, and His Bride

We have just been informed that Captain Leland is to stand detached from the Rifle Range Detachment on the first of October, and is to leave for Haiti during the month. Our best wishes and "Happy Landings" go with him.

Also, we are informed with regret that we are to lose the valuable services of Gy-Sgt. Oscar E. (Mike) Mietzell, who goes to Shanghai via the next *Chaumont* sailing from Hampton Roads about the 4th of October.

Mike is about as well known throughout the Corps as any gunnery-sergeant we know of, not only for his ability as a shooter, but for his cheery disposition and a helping hand for all. The best o' luck, Boze, and may everything be "Oke" in Shanghai.

With Mietzell go Gy-Sgt. John Blakley, he of the "eagle-eye," Sgt. George S. (Bill) Taylor, and Cpl. Philip Lovetere. Our best wishes go with you, boys, and we can only hope for you that the brew is cold in dear old Shanghai.

An item of interest, that might not be amiss at this time, has just reached our ears by way of many whisperings, to the effect that Sergeant Taylor has recently joined the ranks of the Benedicts. If this be so, Bill, our hearty congratulations and best wishes to you and the Mrs.

Boys (and girls) of radioland, we recently discovered something that we think is of interest to the entire world. A thing that is practically extinct in our world today, especially during this time of depression. It is a species of Mankind, the general characteristics of which are about the same as you and I. It is an honest man, and we didn't require a lantern (as did an ancient Greek philosopher) to find him. He just blossomed out in all his glory right on this Range. He gallivants around these parts under the name of Pvt. Harley H. Dupler.

We must tell you about how all this happened. It seems that one day while standing in mess formation, Dupler let his gaze wander down toward the pavement in front of him. There he noticed an object that was green in color. Now Dupler, smart man that he is, knowing well that grass wouldn't be growing in the middle of a cement pavement, reached down to examine the said object. Lo and behold, he found it to be nothing more than a dollar bill of our national currency.

Now did friend Dupler pocket this bill as most any other mortal would do? No, he did not, my friends, he came straightway to the Detachment Office and announced he would like to find the owner. The owner was eventually found and Dupler was thanked. If my memory serves me right, the owner offered Dupler half of the find as a reward, but Dupler modestly refused, being satisfied that just a plain "Thanks" was sufficient reward.

Dupler is not with us any more. He is now galloping around with Jim Crowe and the rest of our Post football team down in the Stadium (don't laugh), and I guess if he runs across any stray arms or legs without an owner, down there, he will eventually find the owner.

Since the close of the Third Corps Area Rifle and Pistol Matches, our Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Squad has broken up and the members have scattered to the many posts throughout the various activities of the Corps. We take this opportunity to congratulate you all on your splendid showing and hope that we may see all of you again next Spring holding 'em and squeezing 'em on the Rifle Range at Quantico.



MIRRORS OF BROWN FIELD

By Pvt. G. M. Nasium

I just saw the Colonel looking at me out of the corner of his eye as I strolled down past his office and then went inside—probably gone in to ask the Sergeant Major if there isn't some technicality of the regulations under which he can lock me up for not getting a haircut. Well, I still maintain all officers should be enlisted men in the beginning and then they would understand why we dislike to get a haircut in the middle of the week when we are not going any place before Saturday. (I hope he falls out some day for inspection when his eagles are moulting and gets bawled out.) That new jail (the disciplinary barracks to you over there with the hang nails) looks pretty nice but I just happened to think now that I have always been looking at it from the outside and so I think (again?) maybe I better take a walk down around the barber shop and see if I can jawbone the barber for a haircut until pay day. I suppose there'll be a sheik in the chair getting this and that and those and I'll have to wait for half an hour.

"Hello, Cook. How many ahead of me?"
 "Just one, Jim, sit down."
 "Morning paper?"
 "What morning?"
 "This morning—think I keep old papers around here? Tom takes 'em home with him. Johnson used to take them home with him to wrap his lunch in, but since the depression started he just slips his lunch in his vest pocket."

"You mean his hip pocket, don't you?"
 "Hip pocket? Not him. He hasn't been able to get his hand around to his hip pocket for years."

"You ought to get him blotting paper to carry the kind of lunch he carries."

"Alright, Jim. Next."

"Haircut."
 "When you goin' get married, Jim?"
 "Who, me? I'm two-thirds married right now."

"How you mean two-thirds married?"
 "Well, I'm willing and the preacher's willing."

"Sure 'nough?"
 "I wouldn't lie to you. Always tell the truth and then you don't have to remember what you told the last time. You know I studied for the clergy once?"

"What's the matter with the clergy it couldn't study for itself?"
 "Ah, you don't understand. I mean I went to college."

"Learn anything?"
 "Yes, in spite of the fact."

"Make any letters?"
 "It wasn't a correspondence school."

"What did you take?"
 "Took medicine for four years."

"Boy, you MUST have been sick."
 "Good athletes up there."

"You went in for ath-ath-letes?"
 "Yea, but they both failed the first year."

"I was pretty fast in my day."
 "Physically or morally?"

"I was a track man for Pennsylvania."
 "University or Railroad?"

"Railroad?"
 "Yea. Win anything?"

"Well, we had lots of ties."
 "I suppose you won by a walk."

"Well, it pays to be college bred."

"College bred? You mean one of those four-year loafers?"

"I had my tonsils taken out about two weeks ago."

"Yea, I heard you singing just a day or so ago and wondered why you didn't have them put back in."

"Don't you think I might have my voice cultivated?"

"Hell, no. I think you should have it ploughed."

"I used to be pretty good at it."

"Singing or ploughing?"

"Singing, but I gave it up for several years."

"That must have been the time when singing came back in style."

"I think you could sing if you would try it."

"I'm sorry I can't say the same for you."

"If you were as big a liar as I am you could."

"Why did you give up singing?"

"Well, we were at a party one night and somebody's income destroyer looked at me and said: 'Oh, please. Sing something Simple!'"

"Whatever made this scar on your head?"

"I was shifting gears on a roasting ear and my foot slipped."

"Shave?"

"Might as well."

"Close?"

"No, Irish parentage."

"Oh."

"Ouch. I said shave—not skinned."

"But your beard's tough as hickory."

"Look close it might be a splinter from that club sandwich."

"Something on the face?"

"I doubt it after that."

"I mean would you like a little tonic or something?"

"Er—let's see. Did I smell Christmas Night?"

"I don't know—where were you Christmas night?"

"Got some good hair tonic?"

"Have I? I put some of this on a guy the other day when he was gettin' ready to go to Washington and he had to stop in Quantico and get a haircut before he caught his train."

"Why, was the train taken off the schedule?"

"How about a little 'Sure Lay,' or somethin'?"

"How many hair combs to the gallon?"

"Been home lately, Jim?"

"Most always."

"Work good up there?"

"No. Things are so bad even the wages of sin have been reduced."

"What's the matter—you don't feel good?"

"We had blueberry pie for dinner and I think that new baker, Sledgewick, put too much bluing in it."

"O. K., there you are."

"Can you cash a little check for me?"

"No checks. We have an arrangement with the bank down town—they have agreed to not cut hair and we agreed to not cash checks."

"But it's good."

"They all are until you try to cash 'em."

"No hard feeling, I hope. I wouldn't cash a check for my own brother."

"Well, of course you know your brother better than you do me."

Too Late to Classify: White, Leeper, and Darnier go to H— this month . . . A

new census of the fish will not be necessary account of a certain Captain fishing off the dock . . . Seda and girl are that way now . . . Bacon returns from furlough and types for three days without a ribbon in the machine . . . Transfers for the month will include your quarter for this magazine, but the travel enjoined is necessary in the public service . . . No more quarters will be returned while this column is continued . . . Check me out for thirty days.

China

4TH MARINES CHURCH SERVICES BROADCAST OVER RUOK, SHANGHAI

By William M. Camp

An interesting news item comes from the Fourth Marines in Shanghai about their church services which are being held every Sunday morning in the Cathay Theatre, Shanghai's newest and finest theatre. At

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to

THE LEATHERNECK

Washington, D. C.

ten o'clock, the entire programme, including a sermon by Chaplain Joseph H. Brooks, a pipe-organ prelude of music, special selections and the Band Concert is broadcast over radio station RUOK through the courtesy of Jimmie James, well known restaurant owner and amusement promoter. This has continued since the change of these services from the Carlton Theatre to the new location on Avenue Joffre and Rue Cardinal de Mercier.

Located in this convenient spot in the heart of Frenchtown, the Fourth Marines Church proved to be the most popular meeting place in Shanghai during the summer months.

Programs that announce the sermons to

be preached in the ensuing months are sent out on the first of each month, together with news of changes in the order of worship, band concert arrangements and topics of interest about personalities connected with the Fourth Marines Church. A mailing list that included prominent members of both the French and the International communities as well as local Chinese merchants and business men is kept by the Chaplain's Office and used for the purpose of keeping many in close association with the activities of the church.

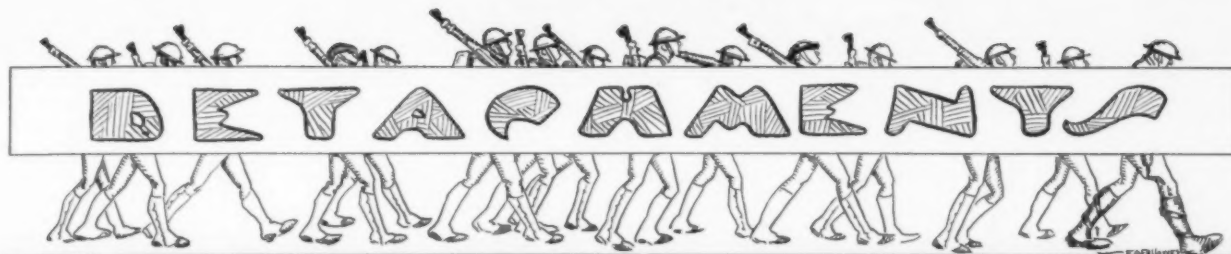
From this there is no doubt of the popularity of the Fourth Marines Church. Nothing is spared to make the programs interesting as well as entertaining, and requests from the radio audience, as well as the regular congregation, are granted with remarkable satisfaction.

Officers and enlisted men considering the change of duty to that of the Orient are advised of the Fourth Marines Church and are reminded that it welcomes all to its hospitable fold.



Original Wood Carving by
Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

Yeh—But How Much Is That in American Money?



HAWTHORNE BLOSSOMS

By L. S. N.

With the coming of Autumn to Hawthorne all the men are breaking out the heavy unmentionables and scouring the fall and winter copies of mail order catalogues for heavy clothing. As yet no snow has fallen at the depot, although there has been a light blanket of snow on the summit of Mt. Grant. This same snow has tended to drive the deer out of the mountains and the current cool weather makes the ducks fly low, which fact is rejoiced in by the post's numerous huntsmen. To date no limit bags have been reported, but we expect to see venison or roast duck on the menu of the general mess at any time. Which reminds us of the sumptuous farewell dinner served Capt. R. J. Bartholomew a day before his departure. With roast chicken heading the menu all hands were served until they could hold no more. Remember the old Thanksgiving dinners back home, fellows? They had nothing on this meal and here's a very unusual fact about this dinner—it was served in courses. Some class to the Hawthorne Marines.

Capt. R. J. Bartholomew, recently relieved by Capt. L. W. Burnham, who came to us from the U.S.S. *Arizona*, has been here for a period of over two years. During this time he earned the admiration and respect of every man under his command and the fair and just treatment that he gave everyone shall long be remembered. Captain Burnham will indeed have a hard task to earn the respect and loyalty that was given to his predecessor, but from gossip around the barracks he surely has a good start.

Other changes among depot personnel are few. Some are paid off and forgotten and others join us and become desert rats. May we point with pride to the following: Pvs. A. V. McCammon and Pfc. (he just made it) R. K. McCarroll have just extended their enlistments and announced their willingness to stay at Hawthorne. Soon after they received their large checks they left us for visits with the folks at home. McCarroll was given a single chevron to sport to the folks at home and at the same time sewed on his first hash mark. George Hodgson, post carpenter, and proud possessor of the only personally owned radio in the barracks may now be seen with two chevrons and all the military bearing that go with them. Congratulations, fellows.

Current gossip around the barracks in-

cludes the following: Pfc. J. T. Yackley and Pvt. T. S. Tickle are sporting new ears of the vintage of 1928, while Pvt. B. P. Sheridan has one a bit more ancient. They all get around, though, and are surprisingly durable for a country where to go anywhere one has to go nearly a hundred miles to get there. Otis J. Dragge may be seen mooning around and looking like a cow when you have taken the calf away. Reason, the current big moment has left to attend the State University. Rumors have it that Cpl. L. "Swede" Leslie is soon to leave the ranks of the free and become entangled in the knot of matrimony. He does appear to be losing a lot of sleep but as yet C. L. Ellrott, local agent for Tiffany's, hasn't reported the sale of any rings. Pfc. L. S. Nelson seems to be no better off than the afore mentioned Leslie, only he loses much more sleep. Pfc. E. H. H. Martens, L. E. Blair, and R. E. Johnson are looking forward to their discharge some two weeks hence. All declare they will not reenlist, being determined to carve out their fame and fortune on the cold cruel outside. Dante Ricci, who is billed in local pugilistic circles as "Pride of the Marines" also leaves us soon to begin a career outside the fold. He plans on fighting a bit if a job isn't forthcoming. Ricci meets the heavyweight champion of Southern Nevada at Tonopah soon in a ten-round affair and all the men are backing him with their shirts. Pfc. A. L. Thrash, our only other fighter, was successful in his second fight in Nevada to the extent of winning a decision over a Duffy Watson, a cock-eyed Indian, which battle took place at Bridgeport, California, on Labor Day. Archie, and wouldn't a name like that make anyone want to fight, clearly defeated the Indian, but the judges called it a draw. It later developed that one of the judges had not known Archie's name and had written "Marine" on his ballot. The ref seeing Thrash on one ballot and Marine on the other called the contest a draw. The mix-up was straightened out, however, before the evening was over, much to the satisfaction of everyone. The baseball team also journeyed to Bridgeport, from where they conquered a Bishop, Cal. nine to the score of 22-4. Bridgeport looked at the score, scoured Mono County for baseball players and on Labor Day the Marines faced a mighty tough team. At the end of the 6th inning the score was Marines, 13; Bridgeport, 6. Then the tide turned. The rest of the game is still a blank to me. Entertained by the Bridgeport American

Legion all the baseball team enjoyed a glorious two-day holiday in a wonderful little town and hope to meet them again next year.

With basketball season soon here the local prospects are not so bright. With only one old man here of the previous season, unless some other material is uncovered, we look like an easy mark for all the towns around. But wait till the season is over and we promise things will be different.

We'll leave you now until next month at the same time. If we are not represented next month it will be because we are snowed in and the mail can't possibly get out. So until December, Hawthorne bids the Marines who are still in civilization Good Luck.

MANHATTAN MELODIES

Cpl. William A. Grupe resigned from the thirty-year club upon acceptance of his discharge for his own convenience in order to face the so-called depression from a civilian standpoint. Grupe is to be assistant superintendent in a candle factory.

Gy-Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete and Sgt. William F. A. Trax joined from Quantico and are standing by for duty as rifle and pistol instructors for the Marine Corps Reserve units in New York and vicinity.

Pvt. Joseph Tehetveroff, the strong man formerly attached to the MD., U.S.S. *Rochester*, recently re-enlisted and is at present attached to the barracks for duty.

Pvt. Vasker W. Eaddy finished a four-year tour of duty and immediately shipped over, thinking a furlough of three months with the re-enlistment bonus has advantages over any irregularity of mess formations, and is now spending the next three months in Terre Haute, Indiana. Upon his return to New York, Vasker will be on duty with the MD. at the Receiving Ship. Pfc. James D. Johnson and Pvt. Joseph R. Litterello have taken advantage of the generosity of the Major General Commandant in approving special order discharges and they, too, have become prospective taxpayers.

Pvt. Joseph H. Rains has been transferred to the U.S.S. *Wyoming* via the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, and Sgt. Leslie Heim has been transferred to the MD., U.S.S. *Indianapolis*, via the Navy Yard, Philadelphia. We hope them a pleasant two years' cruise.

Staff Sergeant Nicolo Lopardo is at present holding down the Chief Clerk's billet



in Commanding Officer's Office, having replaced Staff Sergeant Fred "H" Kelsey, who was transferred to Quantico for duty. Nick has discovered all the usual haunts frequented by the gang. Duane Street, in lower New York, has certain attractions for a number of the high ranking non-coms who find Duane Street an ideal parking place while shopping at Wallach Brothers. Just what the attraction is has been kept a secret, but it is possible that some one may let the secret out in an unguarded moment.

Capt. George D. Hamilton is, in addition to his other numerous duties, now acting in the capacity of chief gardener; assisted by the ladies of the post, and a few Marines, he is making a new lawn and transplanting shrubbery in the vicinity of the officers' quarters. It is expected that next spring and summer will show the results his strenuous labors, and that a profusion of flowers and green grass will be the result of his knowledge and labor.

The congratulations and well wishes of the barracks are hereby extended to Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Alton P. Trapnell, who were joined in wedlock on 1 October, 1932. Trap said nothing regarding this happy event until he slyly asked information regarding beneficiary slips and change in status of dependents. This is one occasion where the Marine Corps manual worked a secret from a Quartermaster Sergeant; they are a clanny lot as a whole.

Pfc. Edgar J. Jones, ex-bookkeeper of the Post Exchange, who has been bemoaning his lack of opportunity to go to the Essington Rifle Range at Philadelphia, was sent with the detail from the barracks last week, and something happened to the dyke, causing a flood, and consequently there will be no more range details this year. It closed with a deluge, and no Marine standing by to enact the role of the Dutch Boy at the dyke at the Zuider Zee.

FROM THE RECRUITING OFFICE

By Sergeant Conrad Krieger

Before entering into the recruiting situation in general, we shall first review a few district events.

During September, the San Francisco recruiters stood Commanding General's inspection with the Department of the Pacific personnel. The uniforms were winter service, and the inspection was the second held this year in which the entire department personnel participated.

Capt. Donald G. Oglesby has assumed duties as Officer in Charge of the San Francisco recruiting district since the transfer of Captain Wilson.

Sgts. Amie P. Athenour and Charles E. Brown are the two outstanding celebrities for the current month. Both having been awarded the purple Heart medal. Both men were wounded when the Marines were making history at Belleau Woods.

Sergeant Athenour was the first west coast wounded soldier to come back from France before hostilities ceased on the western front. He returned to San Francisco in October, 1918.

The Twelfth Naval District Marine baseball team has won a commendable record during the season. As a result of the players' interest and hard work, the department concluded that the team was too valuable an asset for local Marine Corps prestige to loose. Consequently, all branches of the Department of the Pacific went into a huddle and contributed thirty-three dollars with which the team purchased a franchise to enter the city's winter league.

If prosperity for recruiters lies in contacting applicants, theirs will perhaps be a profitable role during the remainder of the current year. With the monthly quotas for enlistments gradually growing, and the highest standards for recruits maintained, the recruiters are tackling their job in two-fisted style.

The number of applicants accepted is comparatively small against the rejections, which comprise about ninety per cent of the men brought into the office. And these figures do not include those that are eliminated outside by the street recruiters.

Considerable comment is prevalent regarding the psychological and economical change the depression has wrought in the recruiting situation. It has become the common presumption of the layman, that abnormal conditions throughout the country has brought the procurement of recruits down to a decidedly easy task. It is true that the efforts of contacting men and getting them into the office have become lessened. Nevertheless, the final acceptance of applicants remains just about as hard a task as it was before the depression, because the physical and technical requirements have been strengthened accordingly. Therefore, the mass of youthful, floating population following the wake of the depression, has but a vague chance of overcoming the rigid standards for enlistment.

Recruiting for the Marine Corps has and always will cover a wide scope of ingenuity. Although attached to the military, recruiting can never be safely taken off of a commercial basis and at the same time be conducted efficiently. All experienced recruiters know this to be a fact because their constant contact with civilians, especially young men of military age, has developed them into specialists who sell the service; they make the individual contacts after the advertising has planted the "thought germ" and sold the country at large.

To the average American youth, patriotism, at least in peace time, is an abstract thing. Inwardly, he is not deeply moved except over conditions very personal. Even when buying or seeking anything by which to better himself, his impulses are generally swayed by outside impressions. This is on account of living in a commercialized environment. His material life is greatly governed by the dictates of the tradesman, or the power of advertising. Subsequently, the American youth must be sold into the service even though before contacting a recruiter he may have already been contemplating a military life. This fact is but the outgrowth of a commercialized instinct which weighs everything in dollar and cent values. Although the depression has made the American youth more intense in finding employment and getting out of the rut, he has by no means surrendered his individuality to accept any kind of proposition without first weighing it in the balance. He must be sold, convinced that whichever he enters into must be the best.

This better type of man, of course, is what the Marine Corps seeks. Because of their high standard and intellect, only the more advantageous opportunities appeal to their ideals and aspirations. Regardless of hard times, only the higher type of advertising and the best kind of salesmanship will attract and stimulate their desires. Whether their ambitions are commercial, or directed towards a military life, to inspire that purpose, they must be nevertheless sold.

DOVER DOPE

By Jack Goldstein

Sgt. Clarence F. McDermott states that "He does not choose to run for another term." Seems that Mac has a wife and a kiddie down Irvington way that will greet him on that glorious morning of the sixth. What has become of those pill pool games



LOS ANGELES RECRUITERS

Front row, left to right: 1st Sgt. W. M. Mills; Maj. A. B. Miller, C.O.; Sgt. A. G. Bryan; Sgt. D. H. Nelson. Back row: Sgt. M. C. Whiteside; Sgt. B. E. Ingles; Sgt. R. L. Coleman; Sgt. Harry Van Demark; Sgt. C. L. Lamkin

that cost LaGasse quite a few nickels each month? The top-kick is probably saving those buffalo heads for a contemplated trip to Rochester. Or maybe Corporal Stalbrook has taught all the suckers a lesson.

The "snuzzle" operation on Corporal Mann was a great success. Who is that sergeant hardly ever seen at the table during meals? They tell me he was a former sergeant major. Did you know that I won't be with you much longer? My four year contract with Uncle Samuel expires next February. Whom will you engage in my place? Perhaps if it's cold I'll take up the option for another few years. Corporal Burkhardt's warrant was automatically confirmed today.

That calls for another milk and cake. Rumor has it that Burky was hit by the recent depression. He now purchases only twelve bottles of cow juice a day.

Corporal Dietrick had his molars picked at the N.Y., N.Y.D. Corporal James has just purchased a brand new 1925 model "Chevy." Can it run, I ask you, can it run? Who is the mysterious preacher visiting the Post Exchange steward?

Private First Class Callahan and Privates McBrayer and Lowery are still furloughing down south. Who was that girl found holding hands with the post carpenter in the new rec? The station taxi is ready to go on the rocks. Who was the young lady with white shoes riding in the Chevrolet coach? Is it the property of a MB., NAD., Marine.

Private First Class Schroeder reported in from the Yard at Boston. Schroeder's home is in Trenton, N. J. Simmons and his girl friend have pffft. Balonas has invaded his territory. "Tuffy" Hall, as usual, has been leading with his chin. Cermak takes the g.f. to the movies on the nights that he is the cinema operator.

Private Cole has "fawd down and went boom." His motorbike is causing him bookoo headaches. What has become of the post barber. Private Lowery, who joined by staff returns from P. I., wrote in asking for a discharge. He must have found a job.

The depression is over and the panic is on. We'll start our new file system on the first. A young lady wrote in asking you to have the cook first class return her ring. Another young lady phoned, she wanted to know when Corporal Clanton was reporting in for duty from New York.

Our ex-cook Riley is now part owner of a hash-house in Harrison, N. J. Private First Class Higdon returned from the dentist. He can't take it. Private First Class Ek is using that reenlistment allowance to buy his mater an "ozone rattler." (Radio, to you.)

Why is the Commander so interested in airplane luggage? Is the Inspector going sky-cruising? Sukes went to the hospital. I missed his diagnosis, but think it had something to do with his tonsils. If you should notice me sporting a black eye after this stuff is published in THE LEATHERNECK, you'll know that I'm not quite the success I thought. Congratulations, Grasborg, for making sergeant. Upton, for making the single chevron. Are any cigars forthcoming from the above gentlemen?

OLD IRONSIDES

By J. C.

Dan Cupid took our column out of THE LEATHERNECK temporarily. Yes, O. Timm, Jr., has taken on a better half. We were so surprised that no one in the detachment could collect his wits together long enough to write an article. Timm is now in Jacksonville, Florida, spending a thirty



Aboard the Old U. S. F. Constitution, with Stephen Decatur, Off the Shores of Tripoli

day leave and his honeymoon. Congratulations, Timm! May all your troubles be little ones! Although that saying is rather old, it is also new, especially to newlyweds.

Dan Cupid not only took our writer, he played havoc with the detachment in general. Corporal Lamont has been married since the last article published and "Ski," our sergeant in charge, has shown us that it was love that affected him—not the heat. He, too, has become married. Who said the depression was on? Our detachment evidently believe that there is no such animal. We believe that Cupid had better show his attention elsewhere, or it will be a sad detachment that will start off on the Western cruise this coming December. (Leap year!—and how!)

Several other changes have taken place in our detachment. On the 16th of September, Koval, our ray of sunshine and source of laughter, was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass. He is soon to be discharged from the Corps. He did a lot of thinking during his last few days with us, it may be that he will ship over. We wish him good fortune in whatever field he chooses.

Thompson, our promising athlete, left us on the 26th of September. The order for his transfer and discharge came as a surprise. He is being discharged for his own convenience and is to become a pupil. Good luck, Thompson.

For replacements, two fine men were transferred to us from the Marine Barracks, N.Y., Washington, D. C. They are Meeker and Walters. We know that they will enjoy their new station of duty and the cruise on which we are soon to embark. Although it is not yet official, rumor from a reliable source has it that the Frigate will leave the N.Y., Washington, D. C., for the West Coast, via the Panama Canal on or about 1 December, 1932. We understand that we are to stop at two ports in Florida enroute, Jacksonville and Miami. We know that we shall enjoy our stay there as both ports were visited during December, last year.

The itinerary for the cruise has not yet been published, but it will take up the

largest part of ten months, returning to Washington, D. C., in October, 1933.

Since Koval has left us permanently and Timm temporarily, our loud speakers, Waller and Schobel, have been very—very quiet. Poor boys! They certainly miss the objects of their razzing. We fear that they will be razzing each other soon—just to keep in practice.

Lamont and Schobel are playing football with the Receiving Ship team in the Navy Yard here. Incidentally, they won their first game. We believe that the team is mostly comprised of Constitution men. (Wooden ships still have iron men.) Probably riding the capstan as a merry-go-around has something to do with that.

Hank went on another leave to Boston recently. Ten days; he must have been reluctant to leave as he wired in for a five-day extension. Watch out, Hank! This is still leap year, you know!

Lindsay returned from a 30-day leave last month. His absence has not hurt his standing with the fair sex here. He still has a large following and is still a big contributor to the telephone company.

We all knew that "Goldie's" singing would receive it's due consideration soon. He is now a member of "The Forecastle Gang" of "Old Ironsides." These singers, six in all, can be heard over WMAL, every Thursday at 5.15 P. M. Listen in!

Bennett still retains his reputation as the silent man of the detachment. We often wonder what goes on in his mind. We know that he will think up something that will make him famous soon.

Brozaek, not being able to get his daily apple, decided to try the old saying of, "Where there is a will; there is also a way." He replaced Campsen as messman. But now that he found that apples were not being served, he is doing regular duty again. "Nothing tried; nothing gained."

Campsen left the messhall to go on a 15-day leave. We are afraid that his leave will not be as enjoyable as leaves usually are. He went to see his mother who is very ill. We wish her a speedy recovery, Campsen.

Since all the crops have been harvested

and stored away, Wagner, our farmer and lady-killer, has returned to us. We bet he left a string of broken hearts in dear old South Carolina.

Well, fellows, enough is too much, so until next month—So long!

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Earland J. Lakin

A yellow coupe bearing Virginia tags rumbled to the gate recently and out popped Sgt. Sterling P. Roberts. The sergeant climbed right into one of the best details of the year. The same being the twenty-first annual Congress of the National Safety Council, held in the exhibition hall of the Wardman Park Hotel, one of the capital's ritziest. Along with him were Corporals Freeman and me and Private Perry. What we learned about Navy safety devices should last us for a long time. However, we shall remember longest the meals at the Shoreham Hotel, which went with the detail.

The Masons apparently had to have another parade. This one in commemoration of the laying of the Capitol cornerstone. Of course, the M. C. I. Marines were in the line of march. We still remember the rainy day parade of the Masons in Alexandria not so long ago (Someone ask the Quantico boys if they do).

The Barracks Detachment has had an influx of sergeants. Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker is here from Quantico. Sgts. Harmon L. Knight and Timothy Lynch are from Portsmouth, Va. Perhaps some of you readers remember Lynch as police sergeant of the Main Station at P. I. in '29.

By the way, Corporal Reeves of the Registrar's may be seen frequenting "P" street hamburger shops. He seems to be emulating Popeye's friend of the Sunday funnies: "I would gladly mow your lawn for a hamburger if you had a lawn to mow." But is it the hamburger he's after or does he want to mow the lawn of that gorgeous (?) blonde?

Corporal Williams has bought a new pair of spectacles and some of his mail bears the return address of the Literary Guild of America. Figure it out for yourself.

Corporal Kendrick seems to have a mania for football bets. His wallet does not seem to grow appreciably so we guess he breaks about even. How can anyone grow dollars betting against Alabama vs. G. W.? The next!

Gy-Sgt. Kapanek came back from a trip to Lancaster looking as disappointed as the girl who married a drugstore clerk to find he couldn't cook! Further information may be obtained from First Sergeant Hyde.

The Good Conduct Medal factory must be working overtime. Pfc. Julius B. Summers took the E. of E. route and a G.C.M. The same for Cpl. Stanley E. Berquist. Also Cpl. John Wasiek. This trio elected to try the outside for awhile. Remember, boys, good conduct medals aren't digestible; also, Wasiek, the girls at the City Club won't have a dry eye until you come back.

The Q. M. Department has a member from Quantico in the person of Q.M. Sgt. Frank X. Caspers. This will give Coreoran more time to work on his bridge game.

Pvt. William H. Posey shipped over last month and was last seen headed for China.

Sgt. Earl Van Houten is adding the Naval Ammunition Depot, Hingham, Massachusetts, to his list of stations. He was transferred recently from here.

Pvt. Gerald W. McCombs' enlistment terminated last month. He received a G.C.M. and a furlough.

Private Ernst of the Post Exchange had his tonsils renovated and is now able to talk faster and, which is of greater import to him personally, can eat faster!

Pvt. Wade H. Gullledge went out via E. of E.

Cpl. Earle J. Karlage had a ricochet transfer. He came here from MB., Navy Yard, Philly, and went back to the same post almost immediately.

Trumpeter Harold W. Manges' mail may be sent to him addressed MB., Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. (All Washington girl subscribers take notice.)

Pfc. George D. Morrison joined us from MB., Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Cpl. Leo S. Hulett is on his way to the West Coast.

Cpl. Anthony J. Vroblecky was recently ordered to NAD., Fort Mifflin, Pa.

Corporal Moeger hied himself to Baltimore and Harrisburg for five days. (By the by, Mouseface, how's Fay?)

Musician, second-class, Carlos P. Furminger and Musician, first-class, Andrew G. Bodnar completed another hitch of faithful service with the Marine Band.

The Marine Band attended the funeral of one of its members last month. Musician, first-class, Vincent Selbicky passed away on September 16. The Band expresses its condolences to his family and friends.

Colonel Taylor has been ill the last few



weeks. The Marine Corps Institute hopes that he will be back to duty soon.

First Lieutenant Enyart relinquished his Superintendent's job in the Industrial School to take over the Post Exchange, relieving Captain Sanderson, who is preparing for a transfer. First Lieutenant Shiebler is now in charge of the Industrial section.

A note in the *Herald* says that the American people are eating more beans. Eleven pounds per person is the quota. The Marine Corps must be taking the shares of a lot of people.

Corporal Lakin, in case anyone is interested, is now leaving for Baltimore for thirty days. See you at the Marine-Fireman football raffle. Give it to 'em, Quantico!

SALVOS FROM HINGHAM

By H. A. Conge

Hello, world! No doubt this station has been off the pages of THE LEATHERNECK for a number of months, but we'll try to make up for lost news in this issue.

The baseball season ended with 18 victories and 3 defeats. "Happy" Why-naught pitched stellar baseball with one loss to 10 victories. Credit should be given to Isdell and Brazke for their timely hitting.

Under our C.O., Capt. Geo. F. Adams, the basketball season will open and a good turnout of material is expected, with plenty of tough competition on the schedule.

Keen competition has been shown at volleyball among the men of the detachment. Of course, the usual argument about keeping the ball inside the lines prevails and provides plenty of dispute, but all in good spirit.

Sergeant Prunty strutted his stuff two weeks ago at East Weymouth, during the dedication of the new Legion home there. Joe certainly caught the feminine eyes with his brand new shiny cheese knife. Wonder if that is where he headed for lately, since we see so very little of him around the barracks.

With three new fire trucks assigned to this station the boys are certainly doing their stuff during fire drills. Now they will have to have their pictures taken all over again on these new "red wagons." Under our able police sergeant, H. L. Watson, they will always look new and shiny. Top Kick McCune says he enjoys the rides a great deal more on these new trucks than he did on the old ones.

Eight members of the detachment comprised a rifle team to beat the crack Braintree (Mass.) team, which, by the way, is composed of men who have shot in the big matches. The Marines lost, but it's not a disgrace, since they fell 20 points short of their opponents and gave a good account of themselves. Better luck next time.

Corporal Robbins, the Kentucky cowboy, who has charge of the "hoss" Marines, has left the ranks of single blessedness and will strive to find the solution of "two can live as cheaply as one" (provided one doesn't eat). Good luck to you, Bob, you still hold the title of champion clam-digger.

Private Robert Cartmill, our good-looking and efficient post exchange steward, was promoted to private first class. Congratulations, Bob!

Newcomers to the detachment within the past month have been Sergeant Vanhouten, from MB., Washington; Corporal Michaelis, from China; Private, First Class, Bouchard, from China, and Corporal Conge, from QM School, Philly.

Hingham Marines have their big dance of the year, 12th October, and Sergeant Marcus, who is in charge of the dance committee with Sergeant Prunty, states that it will be a sell-out as far as getting a crowd together. Plenty of chow will be served and admission is free.

Through the efforts of our C.O. we are now enjoying movies on Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, with a different show each night. The program certainly is bringing later feature pictures and the recent efforts of the police sergeant to aid in the sound effect have not been wasted.

Time for chow, so I'll have to knock off for now. More anon.

MOTOR TRANSPORT SCHOOL

By The Gear Jammers

At the present time we are all recruits as far as the school is concerned, having just finished three weeks of our course of instruction in "gear stretching." If you do not believe the one about "gear stretchers," just ask Private Rind, one of our class who gave up his duties as policeman at the main gate, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, to join the present class.

A few of our class have been firing the range at Essington, during the past week. I suppose that they were too good for the



Do Marines Travel?—Here Is a Group Visiting the Royal Courtyard on the Mysterious Island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies

team as they reported for work at the shop the morning after record day. Private Rind says that Santa Claus is dead.

Corporal (Baldy) Brandt and Private Green are members of the previous class; as their personal services were required to supervise the Electoral Mission in Nicaragua, they laid down their tools, packed up their kit bags and hid themselves to the hills of Quantico for instructions. For some reason or other, the Government decided that these two men were not necessary to properly supervise the elections (or maybe Baldy took off his cap). So they are back with us.

Brute Bracken is trying to find what size bolt-cutters to use on a $\frac{5}{8}$ " bolt. Ask your pal, Sheik Aldrich.

Pop Ashley and Doggie Wilson can be of help to the Allied Reformers Union.

This class is in line for high decoration. The plank owners of the Barracks Detachment (four of them, count them yourself) joined the school detachment. They are, from right to left: "Snooze" McCartney, who says that he can run a F.W.D. upside down better than any other way. (Ask anybody who fired the range earlier this season). Next, Red Solomon and Leone, who are the only ones able to adjust a Model A's brakes so it will turn around on the same spot. Another, Private Stanton, late of the Ammunition Depot of Fort

Mifflin, and other places too numerous to mention.

Shanghai also contributed to the class; he is none other than "Fill-em-up-again" Eldridge, who has been away from modern transportation so long that we had to hold him to the truck for the first two weeks of school. He still runs out in the streets and calls "rickshaw" when we quit work for the day, but we hope to break him of this habit before the school term is completed.

From Hingham we have Pauly, the only truthful boy in the class; he said that he couldn't drive and proved it.

The lectures by the captain and his staff of assistants are interesting, and full of good information. If all the boys take heed and listen closely at these lectures, we will have many future mechanics and drivers amongst us.

We close with the words, "You wreck 'em, we fix 'em."

SEND YOUR POST NEWS

to

THE LEATHERNECK

Washington, D. C.

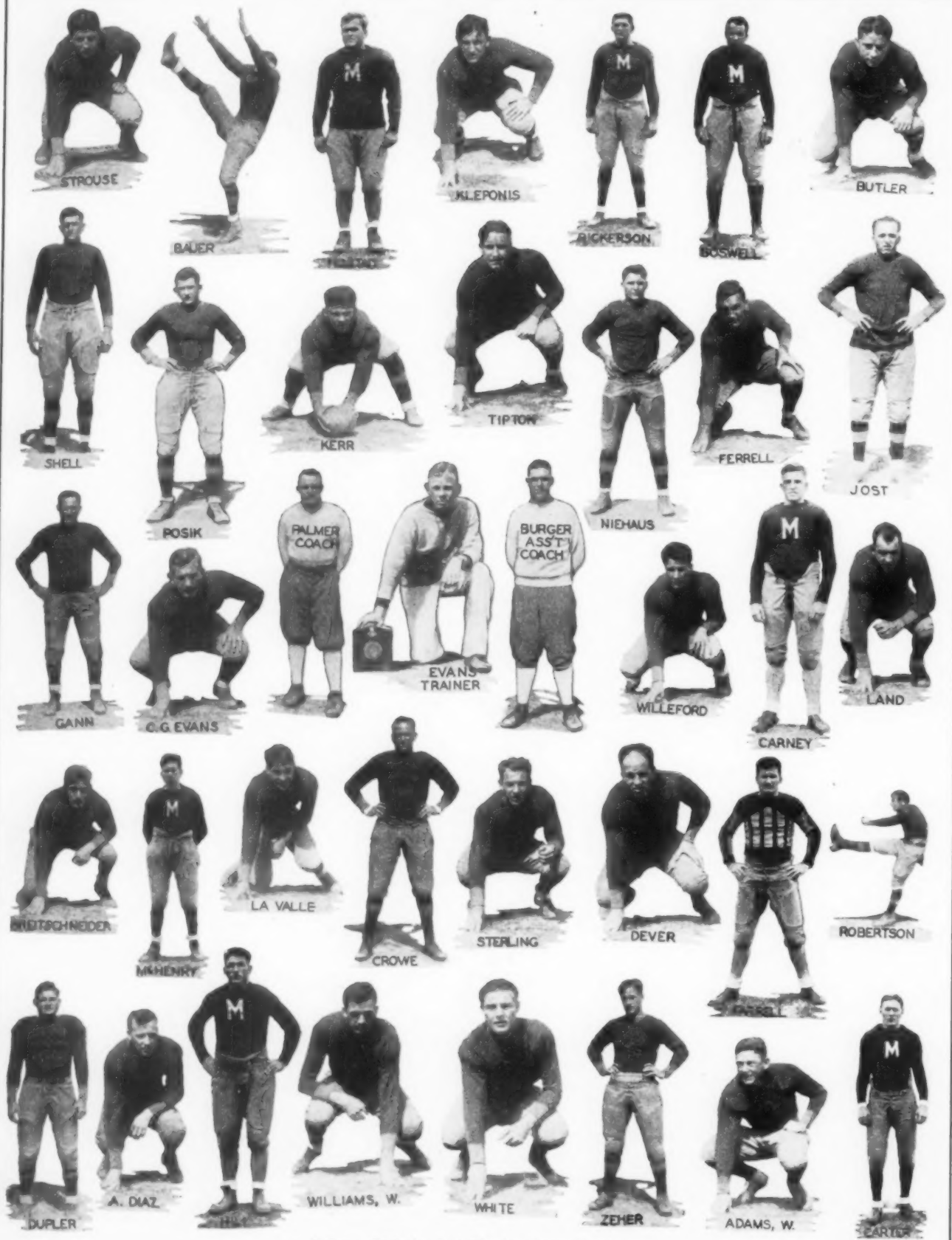
SHANGHAI BOUND

By The Rambler

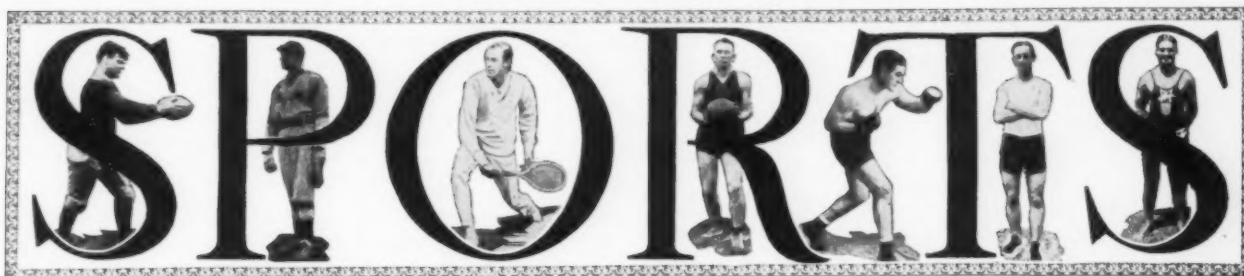
Our initial literary tid-bit was received with varying emotions—but the common result among the casuals, who have suffered long and in silence, was a few mild outbursts of enthusiasm. It seems the contribution was misconstrued somewhat. One would think that the brief outburst was nothing less than a real Old Marine Corps growl, couched in levity. Far be it from us to complain. Why this post is the original Old Soldiers' Home. Police call goes only three times a day. The money spent for brooms and floor wax in a year would pay off the war debt.

Many, many years ago, when the old *Tuscorora* was wont to come careening into harbor here, there always traveled in her wake a herd of sea-cows, chewing complacently from the straw bottom. The Marines in this post would suspend hostilities with the Indians, shake out their lassos, repair to the bench and rope a couple of the aforementioned bovine quadrupeds, or quadrupins, or whatever they sported as a means of locomotion. Then they'd snub the animals to the piling on pier 3, and milk them. Yes, sir, they had fresh milk in those days. The present day Leatherneck is just as resourceful, but the *Tuscorora* is no more, sea-cows are extinct, all

(Continued on page 46)



A Page of Husky Grid Warriors from Quantico



QUANTICO HIGHLIGHTS

You need no introduction to Quantico. You and you have heard about it, but, perhaps, there are some activities and interesting side-lights that didn't reach your ears in that far off place. Ah, ha, that is where the pages of THE LEATHERNECK come in to do their good deed for the day.

Major R. W. Peard is the Athletic Officer of this post. The Major is a graduate of the University of Kansas, where he won his "K." He played for the Leech Cup (tennis) this year. Major Peard served with the Nicaraguan Guardia Nacional. The Nicaraguan Government awarded him the Medal of Merit for his excellent performance of duties.

Sgt. "Red" Zimmerman had unusual (if not pleasant) experiences recently. He was transferred from Charleston, S. C., via air. During the course of the trip to Quantico, he became air sick, and lost twenty pounds. He recovered sufficiently within the next two days to enable him to report for practice. During football practice his foot was injured, but he will, according to reports, be in the lineup for the next game.

Jimmy Hill, a mainstay on the Quantico football team for a good many years, is being transferred to Shanghai, China, this month. Jimmy, though not so young, could and did take many knocks and bumps that men much younger could not stand.

A clipping from a Washington paper quotes: "Marine eleven is strong again. With a new coach, some new material, and a few new opponents on its playing schedule, the Quantico Marine Base football eleven swings into action with an outfit that ought to go somewhere."

"It isn't the crack team of the early 20's. There never was an outfit at that Gyrene base nor at any other which could compare with the squad that carried Liversedge, Sanderson, Bruenelle, Goettge and Beckett. The team, gentlemen, is only to think about today, but it was something to fear back in the great days of service football."

"But this year's Marine team will do until something better comes along, which is not in the offing at the moment. It packs a backfield kick that would be a lot of help to

any college and a line which is as rugged as the next fellow's. It is well coached by a scrappy tutor who played on great Marine teams of '23 and '24, and it is jammed with that heritage of all Marine outfits—fight."

J. L. McHenry, brother of Lieutenant McHenry of football fame, enlisted in the Marine Corps to follow in his brother's football steps. McHenry's mode of transportation to Quantico, though not original, was unique. He left the plains of Kansas in an old, dilapidated flivver, pointed its nose in the general direction of the rising sun. Some days later, he arrived in Quantico with his crate, which miraculously held together. After the football season, McHenry will be

SPORT SCRIBES

Front and Center

Break out the news of
PROMINENT ATHLETES
and sports activities of
Your Post

The Leatherneck
Address: Sports Editor

transferred to Parris Island, where, like all good Marines, he will go through the mill and learn the rudiments of soldiering.

Quantico will soon have facilities which will enable twenty-four men to work out at the same time on tennis and handball courts. Four modern handball and two new tennis courts are nearing completion. These and the new swimming pool which was opened during the summer are the reasons that make Quantico the most desirable post in the Corps.

The enlisted men's dance was held on October the seventh. It was well attended by the young ladies of Washington, Alexandria and Fredericksburg. The just-too-divine music was furnished by the Post Orchestra. Sergeants Major Lang, Alexander, Novick, Dickerson, White, Klehm, Carroll and Chief Pharmacist Mate Hogan comprised the Dance Committee.

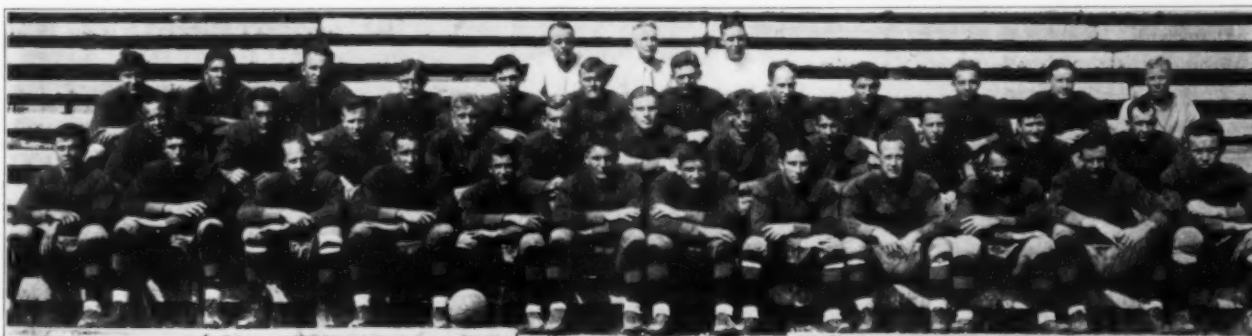
PARRIS ISLAND ELEVEN OPENS SEASON WITH 21-6 VICTORY OVER OAK RIDGE

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. Sept. 24—Oak Ridge Military College, bent on spoiling the opening game for the Parris Island Marines, found themselves at the short end of the score, 21-6. Last fall this same team held the locals to a scoreless tie, but Coach Hunt's men refused to disappoint the record turnout of Marine rooters this year, and came through with flying colors. Both teams scored early in the first half, the Marines tallying at the end of a drive down the field, featuring the ground gaining of Herron and Pierce. Herron scored the first touchdown on a dash over the visitor's left tackle. Pierce dropkicked the extra point. On a series of passes the collegians scored also in the opening quarter, Smathers scoring on the receiving end of a long pass from Kitchin, Oak Ridge quarterback.

The second half showed the Marine running offense functioning versus the Oak aerial attack and the Marines proved themselves superior. Behind excellent blocking, Bell, Bantour and Miller gained consistently. Two drives up the field resulted in the two touchdowns with Pierce and Vantour each tallying. Pierce converted the extra point after each touchdown. The playing of the Gyrene line stood out during the entire game. Without the tireless efforts of the so often unappreciated linemen, the Leathernecks would have been stopped often. Kitchin of Oak Ridge gave a great exhibition of passing, but his efforts were not equal to the concentrated efforts of the Marines.

LINEUP

Parris Island	Oak Ridge
L.E.—Sadler	L.E.—Wagner
L.T.—Henderson	L.T.—Hurt
L.G.—Smith	L.G.—Hill
Cen.—Thomas	Cen.—Shoup
R.G.—Collins	R.G.—McIver
R.T.—Tingle	R.T.—Guest
R.E.—Barrier	R.E.—Nuzum
Q.B.—Pierce (Capt.)	Q.B.—Kitchin (Capt.)
L.H.B.—Herron	L.H.B.—Laven
R.H.B.—Campbell	R.H.B.—Smathers
F.B.—McKenna	F.B.—Edens



Quantico, 1932 Football Squad

Touchdowns: Herron, Pierce, Vautour, Smathers. Points after T.D.—Pierce (3) Drop Kicks.

Substitutions: Marines—Billingsley, Bell, Miller, Brandley, Vautour, Bartlett, Young, Golden, Fields, Crosby, Herman, Cook, McNabb, French, Copeland.

Oak Ridge—Avrill, Hull, Olson, Wolfe.

Referee: Simmons (Citadel).

Umpire: Spicer (U.S.N.A.).

Field Judge: Chadwick (Citadel).

Head Linesman: Murawski (Notre Dame).

Time: 4-15 min. periods.

—“DUKE” PEASLEY.

P. I. MARINES DEFEAT LOUISBURG 19-7

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. Oct. 1—The fighting Leathernecks after being held scoreless in the first half by an aggressive Louisburg machine, opened up in the second half and scored three touchdowns. Marching up and down the field to the tune of old-fashioned football, the Marine team tore through the Louisburg defense.

Featuring the Marine offensive was “Horsecollar” Pierce, rugged old warhorse of many a Marine victory. Pierce was a power on the defense, tackling like a wild-man, and when he carried the ball it took half of the Louisburg team to down him. Roy Miller, a newcomer to Marine football, and the old dependable “Red” Campbell, ably seconded the brilliant Pierce, “Brute” Billingsley, diminutive quarterback uncocked

several sensational passes, two of which resulted in touchdowns.

The game opened with the Marines kicking off, but immediately forced the collegians to kick. Several exchanges of kicks and a short punt which went off-side put the visitors in a position to score, but the Leathernecks' defense tightened beneath the shadows of the goal line, and the first quarter ended with neither team showing to advantage. The second quarter was a repetition of the first with both teams battling in the center of the field. Burgess of the Collegians, and Reynolds of the Gyrenes made brilliant runs. Smith and Henderson in the Leatherneck line broke up play after play. The half ended 0-0.

Coach Hunt inspired his men during the halves, and the eleven men who came out on the field could not be denied. Pierce, Campbell, Bell, and Miller alternated in driving down the field. The line was functioning, the backs were blocking; Louisburg could not hold back these fighting Marines, the old parade was started, and it ended with Pierce diving over the line for the first touchdown. Shortly after, with Billingsley at quarterback, the Leathernecks scored on a forward pass, Billingsley to Reynolds. Another pass, Billingsley to Miller, resulted in the final touchdown for the Island team.

Three touchdowns behind meant nothing to the fighting North Carolinians. In the closing moments of the game, Burgess, the visitors' star fullback, intercepted a pass and ran fifty yards before being downed by Herron, Marine back. Shortly after, Burgess

plunged over, the only score for the visitors. The point after touchdown was allowed and the whistle blew for the end of the game.

The work of Golden, Smith, Young and Henderson in the line stood out, and Bartlett and Weisman, ends, played well for Parris Island. Coach Hunt's team resorted to straight football, or the score might have been higher for the local team.

LINEUP

Marines

L.E.—Weisman

(Act. Capt.)

L.T.—Henderson

L.G.—Smith

Cen.—Thomas

R.G.—French

R.T.—Rountree

R.E.—Barrier

Q.B.—Billingsley

L.H.B.—Reynolds

R.H.B.—Bell

F.B.—Brandley

Louisburg

L.E.—Reaves

L.T.—Harton

L.G.—Black

Cen.—Goodwin

R.G.—Carr

R.T.—Edwards

R.E.—Frasier

Q.B.—Riddle

L.H.B.—Paul

R.H.B.—Reeves

F.B.—Burgess

(Capt.)

Touchdowns: Pierce, Reynolds, Miller, Burgess. Point after T. D.—Miller (pass).

Substitutions: Marines—Sadler, Crosby, Collins, Cook, Golden, Young, Bartlett, Campbell, Vautour, Herron, Miller, Pierce, McKenna; Louisburg—Thurston, Austin, Welton, Bullock.

Referee: Simmons (Citadel).

Umpire: Spicer (U.S.N.A.).

Field Judge: Chadwick (Citadel).

Head Linesman: Buttes (California).

Time: 4-15 min. periods.

—“DUKE” PEASLEY.



LOOKING INTO THE PAST

Goettge Intercepts an Army Pass; President's Cup Game, November 21, 1925. The Marines Won, 20 to 0

PARRIS ISLAND GYRENES SWAMP NORMAN PARK, 25-0

PARRIS ISLAND, Oct. 8.—A powerful driving attack led by Herron and Bell, star Leatherneck backs, turned back the strong Norman Park eleven 25-0 in a game featured by slashing action.

The entire Marine backfield played fine ball, but "Thunderbolt" Herron was performing as skillfully as any runner seen on Lee Field in years. This husky boy from the woods of Wisconsin has been coming for two seasons and he really arrived against Norman Park. Several times he electrified the crowd by his slashing gains. "Baldy" Bell, Marine back, played a fine offensive game, but it was his backing up of the line which really stood out. He really "dished it out" to opposing backs starting through the line. Campbell at quarter showed fine strategy in running the team, and his work at carrying the ball himself, helped to put the game on ice. The whole team played football that wins, football which produces touchdowns—eleven men in on every play.

Norman Park won the toss and kicked off,

but the kick was short and nabbed by "Blondy" Thomas, Marine center on the 50-yard line. A fumble, interchanges of kicks, and a 35-yard gain by "Red" Campbell featured the next few minutes of playing. More kicks, and steady plugging by Vautour, Bell and Herron, ended in a touchdown being scored by Herron for the Marines. The attempted point after touchdown failed and the Marines kicked off. The Norman Park boys lost the ball on a short punt. Herron again started his march down the field, stopping only after making another touchdown. The half ended, Marines 12; Norman Park 0.

The third quarter was featured by flashy playing on the part of Drake and Charlton of Norman Park. The visitors' drive was halted by Bell's interception of their pass. This started the Leathernecks on another march to a score.

In the fourth quarter, the Marines scored a few minutes after beginning the play. Miller scoring the touchdown for the Gyrenes, Campbell dropkicked for the extra point. An influx of substitutes with the help of Herron scored another touchdown before the final whistle of the game.

LINEUP

Marines	Norman Park
L.E.—Weisman (Act. Capt.)	L.E.—Green (Capt.)
L.T.—Henderson	L.T.—Garren
L.G.—Smith	L.G.—Braunstein
Cen.—Thomas	Cen.—Murphy
R.G.—Fields	R.G.—Parnell
R.T.—Young	R.T.—Massey
R.E.—Barrier	R.E.—Moore
Q.B.—Campbell	Q.B.—McMillan
L.H.B.—Bell	L.H.B.—Charlton
R.H.B.—Vautour	R.H.B.—Ivake
F.B.—Herron	F.B.—Thomas

Touchdowns: Herron (3) Miller. Points after T. D.: Campbell, dropkick.

Substitutions: Marines—Reynolds, McNabe, Tingle, Walker, McKenna, Capeland, Miller, Brandley, Golden, Trece, Collins, French; Norman Park—Howell, Culp, Matthews, Shipp, Dubois.

Referee: Simmons (Citadel).

Umpire: Chadwick (Citadel).

Field Judge: Spicer (U.S.N.A.).

Head Linesman: Buttes (California).

Time: 4-15 min. periods.

Down the Sidelines at Parris Island

By "DUKE" PEASLEY

WE are not trying to exhaust the supply of giggle gas here, or cut in on the famous "Mentioning no Names." Just a dumb blocking back trying to get along. That's us. We got penalized the last time we expressed ourself on the gridiron. We were chased to the bench, the last time we "shot off steam" on the basketball court. Maybe the penalty in this game is death, dishonor, or even worse, being subject to the cruel criticism of the post intelligensia. But anyhow, no one has to read our stuff. We can't write so don't tell us that. We know it. And anyone is crazy who will read this and we're not so smart for writing it.

The old "bald-headed backfield" is a thing of the past. Gotko and the writer are on the retired (or tired) list and "Horse-collar" Pierce and Bell carry on. And how; they carry on! Campbell may step into the sacred quartet, as his forehead is getting high, or a real aspirant may be unearthed. But the old originals are gone—also the hair on their heads. Maybe Charlie Arndt or Brannen will be out for the team next week, as "polished" replacements must be found.

Campbell College on the 27th, and Mercer on the 29th. It looks like a game for the reserves against Campbell and the rumor is that "paddy" Wells is to be recalled from furlough to play in the home team backfield. McKinney and Butts have already been signed up and will report to Murawski for their early season conditioning.

We always listened with suspicion to the story "Gorilla" Herman told us about the "star" on his high school team who played barefooted until the other day, we saw the picture of the team, and imagine our surprise to see the "Gorilla" himself shoeless.

A tackle who waits for the ship to come in, we have one of those animals. The ship from the port of Lonely Hearts. Crosby, stand up you're the gallant romco we mean. Still that is better than the letters we get first of the month.

And up in Maine they gave Rudy Vallee a big "M." Why not give our crooner, Walter Dailey a big "M" for Mandalay, the song he has made famous on Parris Island. Seven times he's sung it and never a grapefruit.

P. I. SPORTS WRITER

THE LEATHERNECK is now represented at Parris Island in the role of sports correspondent by a Marine who knows athletics from the players' as well as the fans' standpoint. "Duke" Peasley, former All-Marine and Parris Island football player, decided that he was getting too old to play football so he turned back to his old love—writing the dope up for the boys. For the past few seasons the "Duke" confides to us that he just couldn't feel like writing and playing, too; to be frank he says he didn't get the right slant of the games from the bottom of the pile. But that's that—and the old sports writer is back in his own.

THE EDITOR.

And Steinsdoerfer, he has earned his "M." One of the best cheerleaders on the post, and can he take them. Just the same, folks, if everyone back the team like "Spie" we wouldn't need rallies. Not a bad egg.

Next month, we will present our nominations for the hall of fame. Of course, we shall not mention where the hall leads to, but anyhow, wait patiently, for you never know who will make the grade.



SPORTS AT THE DEPT. OF THE PACIFIC

By Wick

The fall and winter sports year 1932-33 promises to be one of the most successful in many years at the Dept. of the Pacific. We have organized a baseball team to play in the San Francisco Winter League, which plays each Sunday on one of the many sandlots here. There are twenty-four teams in the league, which is divided into two divisions, namely American and National Divisions. As the team has been practicing for the past month by playing independent teams within the San Francisco Bay Area, and with fair success, we are in high hopes of finishing on top of the National Division.

In addition to the baseball team there is coming up a crackerjack of a basketball team, which although is early in starting, has a world of material by combining with the Marines from Yerba Buena Island. Last year during the basketball season injuries kept the team off balance a greater part of the time, as substitutes were few, but this year there is plenty of reserve material to pick from. "Pop" Loomis of the A & N YMCA, starting on his second year as coach for the team, is well satisfied and promises to turn out a quintet that will make a lot of the best teams in the city step some to win.

The Rolph All Stars, runners-up in last year's San Francisco Winter League, defeated San Francisco Marines in a close and interesting game played Sunday afternoon at Rolph Field. The score was 10 to 8.

On the following Sunday the San Francisco Marines defeated the San Francisco Marine Corps Reserve team by the score of 13-12.

The following week the San Francisco Marines played the California Greys a 11-inning game on the Harrison Street playground. The game ended in a 7-6 score in favor of the Greys. For 5 innings both teams went scoreless and pitchers' battle was on. In the 6th inning Conyers singled and Lail fanned the next slant to his liking and parked one over center field for a circuit clout, which was followed by Wick duplicating a few minutes later. However, the Greys came back in the same inning and scored 2 runs. In the first half of the 9th the Greys tallied 4 runs and the Marines tied up the score in their half, which caused the extra innings, but to no avail as the Greys scored on a close squeeze play in the 11th and it was over for this day.

FITES AND FITERS OF PEARL HARBOR

By Jack Colwell

With the first of the big neckers gone, and with them on tap men until the eliminations in March, they are hard at work here in hopes of winning at least two all-service belts, and many more.

At the call this year for fighters, the turnout was not any too large, but what there are of them look good.

In three fights, on the last card, they walked away with two decisions and a draw; not bad, I'd say, for a start.

With probably six men on the card coming up October 12, all hands should be in the pink of condition and ready to go places.

This year's crop, as a whole, are new to the game, but we have three boys with records laid up, prior to joining this post, and on them our main hopes ride.

The best known to the Corps is none other than Jimmy Kreiner, no doubt. Drop back to San Pedro, in '31, in case you don't remember. He was Battle Fleet champ of that year, and good all-Navy material until sickness overtook him.

Next in line is a middleweight, Burton Quick, a neat boxer with dynamite in both guns. Keep an eye on him, he's due to go places this year.

Back in the welters, no doubt the next in line to Kreiner is Wells, one of the winners in the last smoker. Though he is rather new in the game, the boy isn't half bad.

From welters, we drop down to Beck, our one and only lightweight. He will find the going tough, as this is his first year out, but he surely is no "push over."

Then there comes the fighting Irishman in the feather class, Sullivan by name; if he can and will only live up to his name, no one could ask for more.

In the other weights, we have Zoncke, a light-heavy, out for his first year; Phipps in the welters, a veteran; Roten, a boy with quite a bit of experience, but untried so far here. Drake, from last year's squad; Lawrence, Demuele, Thompson, Langlot, Dixon and Moore complete this year's squad, and our hopes.

Those of you who have done duty at this post know it is not a pleasure cruise, by any means, with the pick of the Army and Navy to compete against.

As a fellow once said: "With the aid of God, and a few Marines." All we lack is the aid of the former, and we are on our way.

You will hear more from us later. ALOHA NUI.

WEST COAST FOOTBALL

BY GLENN A. BOLLINGER



THE WEST COAST football team is off to a good start. Coach Beckett has shaped some good material into a really good club that has already beaten the West Coast Army Club, 7-6, in the first game of the tri-service series, and is now headed for the game with the West Coast Navy on the 30th of October.



Standley

The team will play a heavy schedule this year, that will more than likely keep them from a fine winning record. Loyola University, scheduled to play U. S. C. on the 15th, was held to a 6-0 win over the Marines on the 9th of October, in as fine an exhibition of the Marine Corps spirit as anyone would want to see. During the game, the whole line showed up very well, and Beech, a recruit at center, strengthened that position considerably, and is showing form that may make him an outstanding center before the season is ended.

Charles Glick, captain of the team, is now on the injured list, but he will probably see action again in the Navy game. His game at end is very good, and he has been missed.

"Red" Callahan was the hero of the Army game when he ran 65 yards and converted. His kicking is outstanding on the Coast.

"Whitey" Lloyd has been doing some good kicking, too, at quarterback, and his playing showed up well in the New Mexico and Loyola games.

"Shap" Shapely made the longest run for the Marines in the Loyola game, a run of 29 yards around end. Shapely got off to a late start this season, but by the Navy game, he should be playing his usual game that gained him All-American back on the Annapolis team in 1926. Shapely was the star of the New Mexico A. & M. game, too.

"Chick" Mathoit, and "Grubber" Glick are both out with bad underpinnings. Mathoit is a first string back, and he has been missed. Glick, at end, was in for a short time during the last game, and his playing showed his regular "All-American" style.

"Toby" Standley was an outstanding guard in service football last year. He was stopped for a while by a broken nose, but he was put in the Loyola game for a while, and he showed that he will be ready to go in the next game.

"Jerry" Stuckwisch and Lee Popple are two newcomers from Quantico. They play in the line and are two good reasons why the line shows up as it does.

"Joe" McCaffery is also from Quantico, playing quarterback. He is using good judgment in calling plays, and is a very slippery runner. He, too, is a real asset to the West Coast team.

All in all, the West Coast Marines have reason to feel proud of their football team. The team still has many tough games to play, but everyone feels confident that they will win most of them, and also, that every team coming up against the Marines will learn what the "Never say die" spirit of the Marines really means.

BOWLING

Inter-Base bowling is finished in the Base, with Service Company showing its superiority in both halves. In the first half of the series, Service Company nosed out Headquarters Company by two points, and in the second half it had a harder struggle but managed to assert its supremacy by beating Hq. Company by one point. From the start of the first half, the series developed into a duel between Headquarters and Service Company, and no one would have felt safe in betting on the outcome until the last of the last game.

As a result of the games, the five high men have been selected to represent the Base in the Intra-Service League, starting the 17th of October. Their first game will be with the U.S.S. *Koper*. We wish them a lot of luck, and feel confident in their ability to take the game.

The following is the team, and the averages of the men:

	Average
Gunnery-Sergeant Gayer, Recruit Depot	182
Quartermaster Sergeant Smith, Hq. Co.	176
Private Davidson, Recruit Depot	175
Sergeant Crechon, Service Co.	173
Private Bates, Service Co.	172

SHANGHAI DIAMOND DOPE

By Frank Burton

Hello everybody! Shanghai has been off the air for the last couple months, due mainly to the lazy feeling that accompanies a summer sun, but also because we wanted to save up on our baseball season and give it to you in one lump. What a season the Fourth Marines have had in this sport! And did they clean up with everything in this part of the country? Just ask us and listen to what we have to say.

Twenty-one games have been played as this is written and seventeen of those have been marked up as victories for the Regiment against teams from the Army, Navy, Shanghai civilians and local and visiting Japanese teams. Two pennants are pasted up in the Athletic Office for League play, and in the trophy case reposes the huge American Community baseball trophy, won for the third time in a row by the Fourth Marine baseballers. But let us tell you about the season from the beginning.

For the first time in the history of Shanghai baseball, a league was formed, consisting of two halves, the first part ending July 4th and the second half September 12. The first half of the league was composed of teams from the Fourth Marines, 31st Infantry, U. S. Army, U. S. Navy and the Shanghai Amateurs. From the beginning it was easily seen that the series would be between the 31st and Marines, but the odds on the Leathernecks went way up as they defeated the soldiers, 3-1 and 5-3, on their first two meetings, and cleaned up on the sailors and the local civilians. The Infantry managed to get in a 9-4 victory in the last game of the first half of the league play, but it was the only loss suffered by the Regimental players and they were awarded the pennant.

The second half of the league started July 10, but as the 31st Infantry had been ordered back to Manila, their place was taken by the local Japanese Business Men's Club. Before the play started, the Marines and Amateurs tied up on July 4th in their annual game for the American Community Cup, a trophy that has been up for competition ever since 1918. The Marines won this cup the first time that they tried for

it in 1928, lost it in 1929, and then won it 1930 and 1931. This year they made it three in a row by defeating the Amateurs, 12 to 4, the highest score that has been run up in a cup game in a long time.

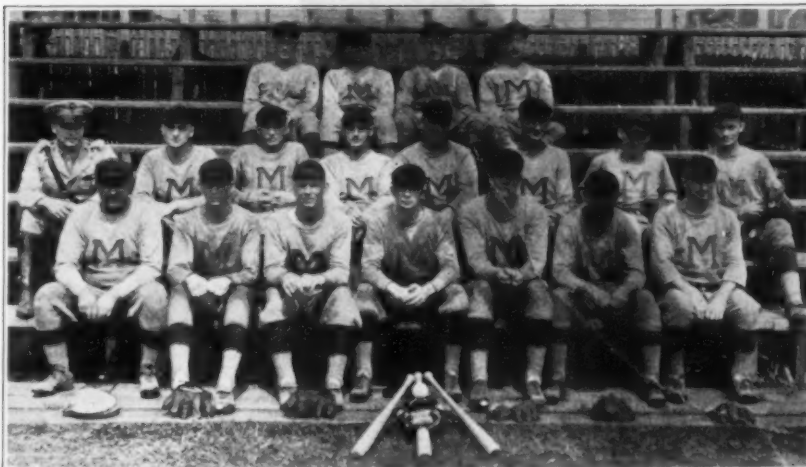
The second half of the league then started, and from the beginning it was clearly seen that, with the 31st Infantry gone, there was no team able to give the Regiment the competition they deserved and they coasted through without taking a loss. They are due to play one more game in this series but the pennant is already safely tucked away, even if a loss was suffered.

With only one loss marked up against them for the season, the team then crossed bats with a visiting team from Japan, the Ritsumeikan University nine, Inter-Collegiate champions of their country. The team was led by one of the finest pitchers ever seen in Shanghai, a speed ball artist by the name of Aoshiba and he succeeded in holding the Marine batters in perfect control for two games and although the Leathernecks were also functioning well, nosed them out, 2-0 and 3-2. The games were attended by crowds numbering over 5,000 in each instance, and Shanghai fans had their first chance to witness real baseball played by two well coached teams. The Shanghai All Stars, composed of Marines, civilians and Navy men, met the same team in a three game series and won two out of the three matches.

Then came Saga Higher School, runner up in the Japanese Inter-Collegiate championship, defeating the Regimentals, 2-1, in their first encounter, but going down, 5-0, in their second and 4-0 in their third. This ends the season to date and with only nine more days to go before the park closes for the winter, there is little chance of any team or teams taking away from the Fourth Marines their crown for the Championship of the district.

Now, for the team itself. They were severely crippled by losing Chapin, Moore, Lund and Captain Passmore from the 1931 team, but the arrival of Lusignan, Bartlett, Ware, Olsen, Brienza and Croyle brought the team back to greater than its former strength, while Morris, a pitcher on one of the Battalion teams in 1931, proved to be a whiz on the mound and accounted for a number of wins. Here is the way that the men stacked up.

Pitchers: Kimball, Morris, Vitek, Bartlett. The first three men are all well known hurlers, but the latter, just recruited from Parris Island, was the sensation of the sea-



Fourth Marines Baseball Team. Shanghai Champions

son. He pitched six games and won them all and set a record for strike outs when he fanned 17 Navy batters in one game, July 18.

Catcher: Lusignan. This man is well known to everyone on the East Coast that followed the games played by the All Marines last year and now he is better known in Shanghai as the best catcher that ever appeared on the local diamonds. He played bang up ball all season, took 205 chances with only 6 errors and batted .342 for the year. What a man! We are sorry to announce that he is getting paid off out here and is becoming one of the civilian population of Shanghai. It is a big loss to the Marines, but he will be seen in action next year with the Shanghai Amateurs.

First Base: Fogleman. "Old Folks" is well known to the far east, having played three years with the Fourth Marines and one season with the Cavite aggregation. He is a good first baseman, although his regular position is on third, and he led everyone in Shanghai in batting this year, as he has done for three years running. He is batting only .421 for the season.

Second Base: Munari. "Moon" comes from Quantico and this is his second season with us. A good fielder and a neat hitter.

Short: Toner. "Toney" used to play for Parris Island and is going great out here. Led the league for home runs and stolen

bases, 4 of the former and 15 of the latter.

Third Base: Hoffman. "Hoff" found himself on third this year and is accredited with having the best infield arm in the city. He whips them over in a way that has converted many a base hit into a putout.

Fielders: Ware, Olsen, Brown, Lindstrom. The latter named man is captain of the team. All good fielders, although there are none of them with an arm like Chapin's, but they hit well and have held down their positions, which is all that one can ask of them.

Substitutes: Croyle, Compton, Brienza, Simmons.

The team was well coached this year, Lieutenant T. H. Saunders, former outfielder, being at the helm. He had some good material to work with and handled the men well, nursing them through their slumps and bringing out the best in all of them, forming a winning aggregation.

FOURTH MARINES BATTING AVERAGES

(Compiled September 5)

Name	G	AB	R	H	SB	SH	2B	3B	HR	Ave.
Croyle ..	5	8	2	4	0	0	0	1	0	.500
*Fogleman ..	19	76	20	32	6	0	5	3	1	.421
Lund	5	16	5	6	0	0	0	1	0	.375
*Lusignan..	18	73	16	25	8	0	2	0	1	.342
*Ware	20	67	16	22	7	0	0	0	1	.328
*Hoffman ..	21	78	20	25	6	0	2	1	1	.321
*Toner	21	78	28	25	15	0	3	3	4	.321
*Olsen	16	50	9	15	4	1	0	2	0	.300
Compton ..	9	17	4	5	3	0	0	0	0	.294
*Brown ..	16	51	11	15	7	0	0	0	1	.294
**Morris ..	6	15	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	.267
Brienza ..	9	23	3	6	3	0	0	0	0	.261
*Munari ..	21	81	14	18	5	3	4	3	1	.222
*Lindstrom	14	45	5	8	0	0	1	0	0	.178
**Kimball ..	7	19	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	.105
**Vitek	9	19	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	.105
**Bartlett ..	11	25	5	2	1	0	1	0	0	.080
Moore	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Simmons ..	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Glenn	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

Team 21 746 467 216 65 4 19 13 11 .288

*First team.

**Pitchers.

FOURTH MARINES FIELDING AVERAGES

(Compiled September 5)

Name, Position	G	PO	A	E	Ave.
Compton, rf.....	9	4	0	0	1.000
Lund, cf.....	5	4	3	0	1.000
Simmons, c.....	2	6	0	0	1.000
Glenn, lb.....	1	3	0	0	1.000
Lusignan, c.....	18	166	33	6	.971
Fogleman, lb.....	19	146	5	7	.956
Lindstrom, lf.....	14	12	2	1	.933
Kimball, p.....	7	2	10	1	.923
Morris, p.....	6	3	9	1	.923
Brown, rf.....	16	13	1	1	.933
Toner, ss.....	21	78	35	10	.919
Olsen, cf.....	16	9	1	1	.909

(Continued on page 47)



21ST COMPANY PLAYGROUND BALL TEAM. REGIMENTAL CHAMPIONS

Front row, left to right: Sgt. Neider (Coach), Wallo, Mencner, Pelletier, Randall, Hellmig, Hoppie. Back row: Kerlin, Slusser, Orcutt, Rogers, Ellis

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

SANTO DOMINGO

LAND OF CHECKERBOARD FAMILIES.
By Arthur J. Burks (Coward, McCann).
\$2.50.

The occupation of Santo Domingo and Haiti by U. S. Marines has proven a veritable gold mine for writers. With varying success have they worked this claim, but it has yielded to Arthur J. Burks the most interesting experiences we have seen recorded.

Mr. Burks, formerly a Marine officer, is an extremely prolific writer, especially of short stories for adventure-type magazines. But his recent account of his activities in Santo Domingo surpasses in interest anything he has yet produced.

The book begins with the assassination of Ramon Caceres, President of Santo Domingo, and the subsequent intervention.

In 1921 Lieutenant Burks sailed for the Dominican Republic on the transport *Henderson*, and began a series of adventures, remarkable even in the Marines.

Mr. Burks has the happy facility of telling his stories without seeming ridiculously heroic, nor so modest that all character is effaced. He recounts what happened, and he does so in a way that transmits the horror he must have felt on the many occasions when it looked as if he were going home in a flag-draped coffin like he had seen when the *Henderson* had anchored off the mouth of the Ozama; that is, if he were fortunate enough to have his body found.

We meet many strange characters in this book, Marine and native: Julio Garcia, the Marine whose birthplace was Porto Rico; Luisa Palmer, another Porto Rican, a woman who aided the lieutenant by her capable espionage; Alfonso Bustamente, a character strange enough to grace the pages of fiction.

Nothing is left out of this narrative. Fever, poison, jungles, witchcraft and all the routine daily encountered by the Marine. With a dash of humor to flavor his story, Lieutenant Burks tells of his two and a half years on the West Indies Island.

The Lieutenant's duties were varied and unusual. He had charge of an itinerant squad of boxers, he commanded a prison detachment, a sketching expedition, and all the other manifold duties that befall a Marine Corps officer.

The many anecdotes are delightful, humorous and thrilling. And we'll wager that once you start reading you won't close the book until you have finished.

WESTERN FRONT

BETWEEN THE BIG PARADES. By
Franklin Wilmer Ward (Waterbury).
\$2.50.

This book is aptly titled. There were two big parades in the last war, although the first outnumbered the second.

Major General Ward has a delightful, breezy style. He makes a certain attempt to apologize for his "light, facetious and careless style," and trusts that "before he is convicted of having used frivolous colorings," the reader will remember there was "the atmosphere of optimistic nonchalance and indifference that was assumed by our troops when not actually engaged in the stern adventure of mortal combat."

The author need make no apology. It is with great relief that we turn from the red-reeking narratives of the war to something that permits peaceful sleep after reading.

There is a wealth of interesting material in General Ward's book, and dramatic passages are not entirely lacking. One particularly fascinating yarn concerns a British staff officer who came bursting into the P. C. of a British unit. Infuriated about the condition of the wire, he growled:

"I've just been about the wire in front of your south boundary. Schoolboys could do better setting out. I want you to take every man you have; go out yourself and set the wire properly, if you know what I mean. Da wire in its present condition is worthless; the Boche could swim through it without wire-cutters . . ."

"I'll attend to it at once, Sir," replies the lieutenant.

Suddenly the young lieutenant covered the staff officer with a pistol and placed him under arrest. There was a furious scene, but the lieutenant remained obdurate, and the staff officer was escorted from the dug-out.

"What caused you to suspect him?" asked the American.

It had been only a slight slip of the tongue, but the alert lieutenant had noticed the man had said "Da wire."

By investing his narrative with characters of flesh and blood, the author presents a personal and convincing account. We feel as if we knew his friends, and as he names them, one by one, as casualties, we suffer genuine sorrow.

In describing military formations during attacks we are spared the too technical redundancy so common to many service writers.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

THE BLACK SWAN. By Rafael Sabatini (Houghton-Mifflin). A story of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. A romantic novel of Morgan's time; one of the best from the pen of the modern Dumas. \$2.00

AMONG THE TRUMPETS. By Leonard Nason (Houghton-Mifflin). The author of "Chevrons," "The Man in the White Slicker," etc., back again. This time he offers eight rollicking yarns about the leather-pounding cavalry. \$2.00

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. By Erich Dwinger (Scribners). A vivid, blood-curdling story of the retreat of Kolchak's White army through Siberia. A detailed narrative of wild adventure told by a German war prisoner serving as a White officer, one of the few survivors. \$2.75

SPEARS AGAINST US. By Cecil Roberts (Appleton). An English and an Austrian family, bound by the ties of love and friendship, are torn asunder by the world conflict. \$2.50

SHUDDERS AND THRILLS (the second Oppenheim Omnibus). By E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown). A collection of Mr. Oppenheim's mystery stories. The volume contains more than one thousand pages. Two novels and some forty short stories are included. \$2.50

DEATH OF A FLEET. By Paul Schubert and Langhorne Gibson (Coward-McCann). A startling account of the mutiny of the Germany Navy. The story of the revolt is vividly told, and the scuttling of the fleet in Scapa Flow achieves the ultimate in drama. \$3.00

MUD AND STARS. Edited by Dorthea York (Holt). A collection of World War songs and poetry, more or less carefully expurgated. Nearly three hundred selections are included. \$2.50

SQUADS WRITE! Edited by John T. Winterich (Harpers). A selection of prose, verse and cartoons from the great newspaper of the A. E. F., *The Stars and Stripes*. \$4.00

12 SECRETS OF THE CAUCASUS. By Essad-Bey (Viking Press). Delightful legends of the remote country lying between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea. \$3.00

OLD MANOA. By Glenn Allan (Appleton). A rare characterization of a southern horse-breeder. \$2.00

I SAILED WITH CHINESE PIRATES. By Aleko E. Lilius (Appleton). A first person narrative of dangerous adventure among the pirates and bandits of China. \$4.00

THE UNKNOWN WAR. By Winston Churchill (Scribner). A detailed explanation of the Eastern Front activities, and the sequence of events that plunged the world into war. \$5.00

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR. Introduced by H. M. Tomlinson (Harpers). Sixty-six stories of the great war. A few of the authors: Conrad, Captain Thomason, John Galsworthy, Nason, Ernest Hemingway, Laurence Stallings, Somerset Maugham. No finer representation of war fiction could be collected. \$3.50

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

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PLAINLY

Address _____

1932

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

BUCKEYE STATE MARINES, TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo today has its second Major Stickney after an interim of 100 years. One century ago Maj. Benjamin Stickney was in the Toledo war, or rather he was the Toledo war. This eccentric soldier and gentleman commanded Ohio troops in their bloodless war against Michigan in the dispute over boundary lines.

Today Maj. Benjamin Stickney's great great nephew has been commissioned a major. The Major Stickney of today is Iven Cecil Stickney, Toledo attorney, who has been promoted to the rank of major in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve.

Major Stickney enlisted as a private in the United States Marine Corps at the age of eighteen years, saw action, and was wounded in France. After the war he studied law at the Cincinnati law school and was graduated in 1923. Since then he has been engaged in the practice of law in Toledo and for four years was assistant county prosecutor, from 1927 to 1931.

Major Stickney was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve in 1924. On 19 April, 1928, he was commissioned in the Marine Corps Reserve and organized the 311th Company, Toledo's crack unit of the Marine Corps Reserve. He is now the Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, 24th Marines.

At present Major Stickney, a member of the law firm of Hunt and Stickney, is the Republican nominee for county prosecuting attorney.

2nd Lt. Walter A. Churchill is the new Commanding Officer of the 311th Company. And, by the way, the 311th Company is out to win all honors for the fourth consecutive year at Great Lakes. Don't forget we drill to dazzle and shoot to satisfy.

WE GO TO PEEKSKILL

By Mike Crometer

About a week ago I was sitting back in one of those padding-less armchairs in the Division room aboard the USS *Illinois*, swapping lies with Joe Prone and "Whusky," and a couple of hanger-ons after the usual work-out on Monday night. I got an hour and a half to kill cause my train for home ain't due till mid-nite and the clock which decorates the Jersey side across the river now flashes 10.30. "Got-a-cigarette?" Hezzy fills the doorway and walks in to join and listen to the confab which is going on between "Whusky" and Prone and everybody hides their butts, 'cause this guy Hezzy never misses to ask for a cigarette, which you would do the same if you knew Hezzy. By this time the room is full of talk, some truth and some otherwise, and I'm so interested with it all that I begin to yawn. "Whusky" was somewhere in his tale, around 8th and Eye Sts., when the Top blew in, as usual, carrying a sheet of paper. "Rifle match on the 24th up at Peekskill. You guys will get a notice to that effect. First call 5.50 A. M." And that was that. What an ungodly hour to get up and shoot at things—although Hezzy tells me that this early business of shooting targets as well as humans has been

RESERVE PROMOTIONS OFFICERS

The following named officers have been promoted to the grade indicated:

Major Iven C. Stickney.
First Lieut. George W. Eighay.

going on for centuries and centuries. Over in Europe, the Eyetalians as well as the Frogs, when they didn't like each other, used to have dueling bouts in the hours when worms ducked to avoid the early bird. Oh, well, who am I to argue? "Whusky" by this time is about to pitch his hammock and grab some shut eye, so we all shove off for home.

The 24th of September rolled around, having nothing else to do, and it turned out to be, according to Hezzy, a fine day



Major Iven Cecil Stickney

for shooting. Clear, a slight breeze and a bit hazy. We got aboard the train for Peekskill at G.C.T., a place where the red-caps are beginning to know us by now, having appeared there twice this year, and 'tain't long before us khaki clad Marines are route stepping up the hill to the range.

Well, you know the routine. Our Skipper assigned us the targets. Rifles were glanced over once again, and the ammo was issued. The range officer began to megaphone the standard quotation "Ready on the left, ready on the right, etc.," and then—wham, zingo, hell-fire! There was more noise here than the time the riot squad rolled around the neighborhood where Crowley made his last stand. I ain't much on mushy stuff, although once in a while I sneak off a piece of poetry under my coat to read when I get home, but I got to thinking that all these shells going off sounded a bit musical, like plucking a tight "G" string on a fiddle, which a drummer accompanies with a loud crash on

his drums. "Well, that's another story," as the suicide said, passing the 15th floor. I ain't shooting, but marking score cards for Prone, who so far has been hitting nothing but pin-wheels and I don't see why I should mark them when they should just give this guy a possible and save a lot of ammo. But they don't do such things like that, so I got to mark. All the while I keep looking over the firing line, watching the boys hold their pieces. I forgot to tell you fellers that I bought a camera which takes moving pictures, and between rounds I snap a few of the men in action. By this time some of them got bruised noses and bumpy chins and begin to look like the victims of that riot I was present at in Mickey's blind-pig, when one of the molls got a bit bleary and called the cops. But it all made swell movies, so I didn't mind.

When chow time rolled around, as usual we got a slice of baloney and liverwurst, some cold potatoes and soggy service bread on paper plates (special). Hezzy, Prone and I found a spot near the mess shack and began beefin' about the shooting. Hezzy finished by askin' "Who's got a cigarette." It didn't matter, because by this time we didn't have any.

We got a chance to fire the "B" course and the 500 yards, too, and was very much surprised to see the range officer continue to issue 1917 ammo which the watchman who sleeps over at Mickey's place says were used in the Spanish War, which he was in. Prone says that it would help this unemployment parade if the slug manufacturers would start making up to date ammo and do away with the old stuff, which may cause some trouble one of these days. I think they can cause trouble any time, even if they are old stuff.

The sun was beginning to change posts with the moon and the sky was turning gray blue and we were getting ready to shove off for home, which didn't make me feel sad, cause by this time my shoulder was feeling sort of stiff. So like dutiful Marines we cleaned up the brass, policed up the place, fell in and off we went to catch the train, having only five minutes to board her. We must have had only three minutes, 'cause we had to double time down that lousy hill and yell like a flock of Comanches at the conductor to wait up for us, as the train was already in the station. Sweaty and out of breath we got in and made ourselves comfortable.

Good old Prone was high man, and Hezzy and I were included in the qualified. But we wasn't satisfied 'cause I know I can do better, having practiced down at the Palisades Park shooting gallery, getting my moll cute things, such as dolls and ash-trays for prizes, which the guy likes to give away like he does his left eye.

Every year the qualifying percentage for the entire Battalion is increasing. But there is still a few hurdles to jump and overcome on the range. Maybe if we had a central School of Instruction of the Rifle, things will look brighter and the scores on the range will be higher. The time is not far off when the First Naval Battalion Rifle Team, under the excellent supervision of Lieutenant Commander Saunders, with

the able cooperation of Lieutenant Commander Greene, will rank high in the state.

Hezy hasn't asked any of us for a butt since we came aboard this train; wonder what's the matter? . . . look at him . . . fast asleep. Be hearin' from me soon.

RIFLE MARKSMANSHIP— MARINE CORPS RESERVE

By Lt. Col. J. J. Staley, Asst. OIC,
Marine Corps Reserve

Target practice records of the Marine Corps Reserve in all parts of the country have, so far, generally speaking, been poor. The usefulness of the reserves to the Marine Corps in any emergency will depend in a large measure on their previous training. Ability to use the rifle is considered basic, and to accomplish this end, thirteen expert coaches, members of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Squad, have been assigned to organizations of the Reserve during the full winter and early spring months during the inactive period of the Marine Corps Rifle Team.

With the aid of these non-commissioned officers it is hoped to instill in the Reserve a love for rifle shooting and to develop coaches properly instructed for their work and finally a rifle team in each organization. It is believed that the small expenditure of funds required for the assignment of these coaches is well justified if the marksmanship qualities of the Reserve can be raised to a higher standard, a long step forward will have been taken. When the reserve is aroused to the importance of rifle marksmanship it will begin to develop its own coaches, rifle teams, and improve its marksmanship standing.

Assignment of non-commissioned officers, rifle and pistol coaches have been made as follows:

The Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, Washington, D. C., Rifle coaches: 1st Sgt. Carl Wilek, USMC; Sgt. Sterling P. Roberts, USMC; Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, USMC.

This organization consists of units in Washington, D. C.; Rockville, Md., Indian

Head, Md., Capitol Heights, Md., Alexandria, Va., and Roanoke, Va. The greater part of the indoor .22 range instruction for this organization will of necessity be conducted in Washington, D. C., where there is a 50 foot .22 calibre range in the armory. Later instruction at the out of town units may be deemed practicable.

The 19th Reserve Marines, Headquarters, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lt. Col. James F. Rorke, Commanding. Rifle coaches: Gy-Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete, USMC; Sgt. William F. A. Trax, USMC.

The 19th Regiment has a 50 foot .22 calibre gallery in the vicinity of most or all of its various units in and around Brooklyn, N. Y., New York City, and in Newark, N. J.

The 3rd Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, Philadelphia, Pa., Maj. Howard N. Feist, FMCR, Commanding.

The 1st Battalion, 21st Reserve Marines

SEND YOUR RESERVE NEWS
to
THE LEATHERNECK
Washington, D. C.

(Artillery), Philadelphia, Pa., Maj. Robert C. Pitts, FMCR, Commanding. Rifle coach, Gy-Sgt. Stephen J. Zsiga, USMC.

Both the 3rd Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, and the 1st Battalion, 21st Reserve Marines (Artillery), are quartered at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia. There is a .22 range at the Navy Yard, which it is hoped to make available for use in the rifle instruction of these two outfits and as both must of necessity use the same range, Gy-Sgt. Zsiga has been detailed as instructor for both units.

The 1st Battalion, 22nd Reserve Marines, New Orleans, La., Maj. Alfred A. Watters, FMCR, Commanding. Rifle coach, Pvt. Leonard E. Carlson, FMCR.

This organization uses the Naval Reserve Armory in downtown New Orleans, where an excellent .22 range is available.

The 24th Reserve Marines, Headquarters, Chicago, Ill., Maj. Chester L. Fordney,

FMCR, Commanding. Rifle coach, Cpl. Louis E. Easley, USMC.

This Regiment, consisting of a battalion in and around Chicago, and with companies located in Detroit, Mich., Toledo, Ohio, Decatur, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis., has several .22 ranges available and Corporal Easley will visit the various units from time to time to stimulate interest in rifle shooting.

The 301st Reserve Company, Boston, Mass., Capt. Harry C. Grafton, Jr., FMCR, Commanding. Rifle coach, Sgt. William A. Easterling, USMC.

Sergeant Easterling has been assigned to duty at the Boston NYd, but his primary duty will be instructing the personnel of the 301st Reserve Company.

The 461st Reserve Company, Portland, Me., 1st Lt. Park K. Rockwell, FMCR, Commanding. Rifle coach, Gy-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey, USMC.

Gunnery Sergeant Bailey has been assigned duty at the Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., but will be available for temporary duty at Portland, Me., the home station of the 461st Reserve Company to instruct the members of this unit.

On the West Coast similar arrangements for the instruction of the Reserve have been made.

Located there are:

1st Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, Los Angeles, Calif., Maj. John J. Flynn, FMCR, Commanding.

2nd Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, San Francisco, Calif., Maj. Frederick M. Bock, Jr., FMCR, Commanding.

316th Reserve Company, Seattle, Wash., Capt. Clarence H. Baldwin, FMCR, Commanding.

Three members of the Rifle Team—Sgt. Frelau S. Hamricks is under orders to report to the Marine Barracks, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.; Sgt. Robert Thompson, to the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., and Pvt. James E. Nugent, to the Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, Calif. These men will be at these stations about 1 November, 1932, and it is contemplated that arrangements for these men to assist the Reserves will be made under direction of the Commanding General, Department of the Pacific.

The target year for the reserve is the same at present as for the regular service, namely, from 1 January to 31 December, and existing orders allow the reserve the same as the regulars to fire record practice once only during the target year. Practically all reservists fire for record prior to or during the summer encampment. If the maximum benefit from the regular coaches is to be obtained it should be practicable for them to qualify men during the fall months and to train them in this, it is the intention of the Major General Commandant, to change the target year for the Reserve to 1 October to 30 September. This will cover the usual summer encampment and will permit qualification for the new year any time from 1 October on.

Next year should show a real increase in rifle qualification coming from the reserve, as with this splendid assistance made available through the interest and kindness of the Major General Commandant, each and every outfit should take an active interest in .22 range practice and qualify its men on the .22 ranges prior to camp. Some outfits hope to qualify all of the men on the .22 range and also on the .30 calibre range during the training year at their home station, leaving the camp period clear for minor tactics and practical field problems.

(Reserve News continued on page 47)



A Group of Staff Non-Com's of the 20th Marines



We asked our artist for a picture of a dog's head and this is what he turned in.

Have you noticed of late the number of yokels who think they are second Walter Winchells. Every paper, and especially those in the service field, carry semi-fanatical accounts of Blessed Events, yesterdawnings, melts, splices, bassinettes, etc. And are some of them lousy? THE LEATHERNECK is not excluded (I wonder if I could be talking about myself). For two bits (a pack of cigarettes will do) I'd write to Mr. Winchell and suggest that he change the name of his column to "Imitated but Never Duplicated."

The Bee has decided to exclude itself from the common herd and take up something that really requires serious thought, a keen intellect and the entire elimination of the paste pot and scissors. We believe that "Amazing Stories" solves the problem. Now does not that sound like we know something?

AMAZING STORY NO. 1

It seems that there once was a man (isn't that amazing) who was in a helluva hurry. He had to catch a train, and trains, like my girl, wait for no man. Jumping in a cab he shouts, "get me to the station in five minutes and I'll give you five dollars" (this was before the days of depression). "Stop for no one or nothing, including red lights."

The cab whirled down the street and two minutes later run right smack into the longest circus parade you ever saw. In this parade were elephants, elephants, and elephants, and each had its trunk locked in the tail of the one preceding it (something like prisoners marching to chow—only different).

Our exasperated hero tells the driver to run around the elephants and he obeys. Here's where the thick plottens. There was a little baby elephant, the cutest thing you ever seen, right at the very end and before the driver could stop the car, he had killed the little baby elephant—dead. (Aren't you weeping?) The owner of the circus came running up and was he hot? Oh Boy!

"Now, now, my good man," says our hero, "control yourself." "I'll pay the damages." "How much are they?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replies the owner.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one little elephant," says our surprised hero. "Why man, you're crazy."

"Oh Yeah," says the owner, "you not only killed the little elephant but you jerked the tail off every other elephant in the parade."

AMAZING STORY NO. 2

There was once an ensign on a ship who had never won any navigation prizes. The ship was somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean.

One day the skipper called this particular ensign and directed him to establish their position. A few minutes later he returns and hands a slip of paper to the Captain.

"Young man," says the skipper, "pass the word for all hands to bow in prayer."

"But Captain," stammers the ensign, "I don't understand."

"Well, young fellow, if you're calculations are correct, we are now in the middle of Westminster Abbey."

Now aren't you amazed—that this got by the Editor?

WOULD I SWAP?

Frank's gal is tall and graceful,

My gal is broad and low,

Frank's gal wears silks and satins,

My gal wears calico.

Frank's gal drinks wine and dances,

My gal is pure and good,

Would I swap my gal for Frank's gal?

You know damn well I would.

MY SPIES REPORT

That: The author of NOT MENTIONING NO NAMES has been forced to reveal his identity (evidently someone couldn't take it. Wonder if they'll get after the BEE next)... the former publicity director on Parris Island had a ghost writer for sports—another guy did the work and he took the credit. . . . A gentleman in our midst, who wears a Sam Browne, values his services to the Marine Corps at \$6.00 per hour. . . . Cpl. D. L. Truesdale, USMC, though minus his right hand, has been retained on duty in Nicaragua. . . . when Sergeant Oldfather of the Washington barracks returns from his present furlough, he'll have a better half. . . . Dash Hubbard, an ex-Marine, helped compose the popular ditty, "I Banked on my Banker."

. . . . The Marine Corps League has a new paper, *Marine News*. Wonder how long this one will last? . . . The singing Corporal at the Washington barracks plans to get married a few hours after he ships over. . . . Jimmy Levey, former Marine but now of the St. Louis Browns, proved the champion bat breaker of the American League last season—he broke 19 bats before the season was 25 games old. . . . a particular friend of mine has one of these Hoover babies—first he's dry, then he's wet. . . . the Russians will put over their 5-year plan if it takes 100 years to do it. . . . a reporter on a Chicago paper was fired because he used "Jerked to Jesus" as a heading on a hanging story. . . . a pansy has been given to the Marine Reservist who was roller skating, in uniform, on C Street, Washington, the other P. M. . . . Lou Wylie got niffed and won't communicate with us any more because we didn't include her column in THE LEATHERNECK one particular month. . . . Doc Clifford isn't so pleased because we use the scissors on his, either. . . . President Hoover has three secretaries and they draw a yearly salary of \$10,000 each. . . . the USF. Constitution saw 80 years of active service and was engaged in three wars—the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Civil War. . . . Uncle Sam has ordered 2,000,000 gallons of whiskey (don't worry, you won't get any. It is for medicinal purposes and whoever heard of a Marine getting sick enough for a flatfoot to give him a drink of liquor) . . . the members of the Marine

Corps Rifle team were divided among the various Reserve units whom they will instruct in the rifle and pistol.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Rentfrow suggests that I marry an Indian girl so that she will have a "tee-pee." Then, too, we could name the baby Harry (soft "a") after my chest.

Hymie tells of the guy who was sick in the Naval Hospital and when he saw the Navy approaching with a red rubber gadget and long hose, cried: "Who comes here, friendoranema?"

Did it ever appear strange to you that they never changed the name of the Virgin Islands, even after the Marine occupation?

A guy at Bremerton complains that the 'neck is getting entirely too smutty and he can't send it to his girl any more. Now if I thought he was talking about the Bee. Perhaps all she needs is a few instructions and what a teacher I'd make.

General Butler hurt his back and is now laid up for repairs. He fell off a ladder while painting a well. I can't seem to remember the General painting any wells while he was in Quantico but I know of a few privates that have. Perhaps that's why the General fell—he lacked experience.

Should you wish to write a story and need an idea, how's: "The Haitianization of Parris Island."

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam, as his wife fell out of a tree.

Hymie tells of a new drink: "Nip and Tuck—one nip and they tuck you in. How about this new Republican cocktail—one drink and you straddle the bar.

History tells us that George Washington practiced dentistry on his slaves. That makes him different from Naval dentists at least—they practice on Marines.

Is there any truth to the report that they are putting a trough in the messhall at the Washington Barracks so that a Corporal from the Registrar's Office, Marine Corps Institute, will feel at home?

DON'T MISS THIS

All my life I've wanted to be a judge of something or somebody. Never having an opportunity, I've decided to start my own contest. Suppose there was a small boat in the middle of the ocean and it was sinking. In this boat were four men: your company first sergeant, music, chowhound and police sergeant. One of these you can save, the others must follow Greeley's advice and go west. Now which one would you save? O'mon now, and tell us. I'm to be the sole judge. If you win and don't get your reward here, remember, you will in heaven and if you don't go to heaven, you won't have any use for the reward. But anyway, let's have your choice.

My life is a thing for me to live,
For others to deplore.
I take of life all it can give,
Rind, inner fruit, and core.

C. R. S.



AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

There have been so many happenings since my last notes were written that I scarcely know where to begin, and also, how much to consider as real news. More than fifteen years have passed since many of us met each other, and knew France and the reminders of this fact, at the National Second Division Association, left many of us bewildered that people are now considering us as "of the past."

Each meeting is of the same character when messages reach us of the passing on of comrades whom we had learned to love and respect. The sudden death of Colonel Harry Lay affected the whole group of Veterans at the New York State Assembly, for no one was as well known and highly esteemed by all Second Division Troops as the genial and much loved Chief-of-Staff of the Fourth Brigade.

The New York Reserves under the command of Lts. B. S. Barron and Milton V. O'Connell did fine work during their two weeks of active service in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Their appearance and the excellence of their work stamped the whole company as experienced veterans and ready for call to any duty to which they might be assigned.

The Order of the Purple Heart is gradually becoming the prized possession of increasing numbers of Marines. It should be in the hands or on the coats of a greater number of those who are entitled to it before the next annual gathering of the Veterans.

November the eleventh is close upon us and with it all the vibrant memories of the Argonne, the last hours before and the sudden awakening to the fact that the Armistice had been arranged.

The scarcity of work for a large number of men is again making its impression on the dwellers in the cities as colder weather approaches. Day by day as I interview and try to help men who are "out of a job," I am sorely troubled and perplexed with the problem. Especially with the men who do not seem to fit in, and apparently make no effort to really adapt themselves to the present day conditions. I have often read the poem by Robert W. Service entitled "The Men that Don't Fit In." I feel that nothing more applicable could be submitted as the poem of the month. I do hope that some readers who may be drifting even in the service may pull themselves together and never allow these lines to become true of them.

THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
There's the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.



Dawson Photo

"Doc" Clifford

If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and the new.
They say: "Could I find my proper groove.
What a deep mark I would make!"
So they chop and change, and each fresh move
Is only a fresh mistake.

And each forgets, as he strips and runs,
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Till he stands one day with hope that's dead
In the glare of the truth at last.

He has failed, he has failed; he has missed his chance;
He has just done things by half.
Life's been a jolly good joke on him,
And now is the time to laugh.
Ha, Ha! He is one of the Legion Lost;
He was never meant to win;
He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the bone;
He's a man who won't fit in.

BROADCAST

(Continued from page 35)

ships have iron bottoms, and barnacles don't give milk. So we have no fresh milk in Hampton Roads. The money that our good Uncle Samuel gives us is expended for swabs and blanco.

Permission has been granted married men to stay ashore as late as 7.30 A. M. Such a boon is likely to cause a run on marriage licenses, and then we'll have no one left to make that famous dawn patrol to the police shed, and the lobby will have to remain in a slightly dusty condition until sun-up.

Still, we're not kicking. The *Chaumont* will continue to arrive and leave.

Corporal Schillings and Private Coleman have been added to the rolls of the East-bound detail. East? No, West, but will be East after traveling so far West—what we mean to say is, East is West, and West is East and who said the twain would never meet?

"Spud" Murphy and "Taxi" Davis are very much in evidence, in spite of their collective diminutiveness. Private Griffith, off the old *Galveston* in Nicaraguan days, is going along. There are many others, but we don't have access to the list.

The mess has improved enough since "Mickey" Nolen relieved the old plank-owner. I give rise to a fervent prayer that the latter's furlough be extended for the rest of his natural life.

Only two inspections today. Our rifle and leather gear are calling.

This is the only post where the Admiral's orderlies have to fall in with the guard. Such a practice should be beneath

the dignity of these luminaries in the great Marine Corps side show.

If we only had a nice war to settle the dust of this peace time uproar.

Our next spasm will be inscribed while aboard the U.S.S. *Chaumont*, we hope.

NEWPORT SURF

By L. J. Scott

All our aspiring "McCormacks" are dashing madly about, shining blues, shoes, etc., in preparation for forty-eights, at the same time chanting the Newport Marine's theme song, "We are the boys from the Institute." After many discouraging hours of gumshoeing, the writer discovered they were referring to the Seaman's Institute. There's a rumor floating about to the effect that the Chaplain of that organization, "Pop" Magoon, is, at times, touched to the bottom of his wallet by the destitute condition of the boys.

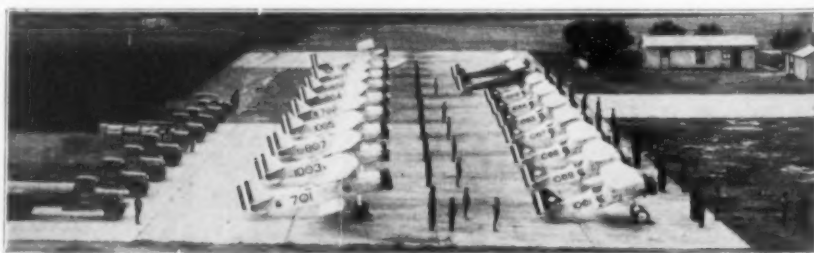
Since our last article we have had a complete change in officers. Major W. G. Emory relieved Major J. L. Doxy as commanding officer. Capt. W. C. Barnaby the Post Quartermaster and Post Exchange Officer was relieved by Captain G. D. Hatfield. A recent arrival is First Lieutenant McQuillen, who is now the company commander. Those of us, who did not have the chance to do so personally, wish to take this opportunity to say *au revoir* and good luck to Lieutenants Lang and Cooper, who will "go on the air" at Hampton Roads, Va. May they sprout wings rapidly.

Our chief and only music, J. J. Miller, lost his girl's ring and has "finder please return" notices scattered all over the barracks. We have our ideas of our own in regards to that "lost" business. Catch on? It may be a good break at that, pal, maybe she won't marry you now.

We have been hearing, of late, deep rumblings emitting from the chest of Al Morris, that sounds like Shanghai and the boxing team. It it's so, the "Fourth" is getting a scrapper of the first water and a stout fella, rolled into one. Cpl. J. A. Williams and Sgt. J. P. Uszko, (Soeco), our pool table geni, seem to be scrapping it out between themselves since Sergeant Moore went, East, Far East. Sergeant Moore, you know, was that old campaigner with all the hashmarks.

TUNNEY TO PRESENT WAR DECORATION TO "WALLY"

Upon his return from France, Gene Tunney, former heavyweight boxing champion, will officiate at the presentation of the Order of Purple Heart to A. A. (Wally) Wallgren at a ceremony at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, Col. G. M. Kincaid commanding. Both Tunney and "Wally" were buck privates in the Marines during the World War, "Wally" being the cartoonist of the *Stars and Stripes*, official A. E. F. newspaper. A number of prominent ex-Marines will attend. "Wally" received the Meritorious Service Citation Certificate signed by General Pershing, who also gave the former leatherneck special permission to go anywhere in or behind the lines.



RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 44)

VF-5 SQUADRON USMCR
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Marines stationed at Grosse Ile have been keeping up with their social as well as their military duties these past few months. A dance was given for the Marines and for the sailors on September 26, and a good share of the men in VF-5 outfit attended.

We have not held any week-end drills at Grosse Ile in August or September. In August the sailors had two separate drills of two weeks each, and in September the Marine officers were stationed at Quantico for fifteen days' active duty.

Captain Burnett is among the fellows, taking active command once again. He just returned from a trip to Alaska, and he tells us that it is one of the finest countries he has seen.

The Edwin Denby Club, a club made up of Marines and sailors at Detroit, is going to start having more social activities. Monday night there will be a Happy Hour program in the Naval Armory. Among other entertainments there will be a bout between yours truly, Private Fagan, and Private Baker.

The fellows are getting up a basketball team. Judging from the material this outfit has and the abilities of their coach, they ought to have a very enviable team before the season is over.

The next week-end drill held at the aviation base at Grosse Ile will be on October the fifteenth and sixteenth. The fellows are quite anxious to try out the new bombing ship that the Navy has purchased, and therefore it is felt that this next drill will have one hundred per cent attendance. There will also be an inspection of the men at this drill.

SIXTH MARINE RESERVE
BRIGADE

Well, we had a right good camp. At least that's what every one sez. An' seein' that it is the general consensus of opinion throughout the Brigade, I don't know why the hell it shouldn't be so.

There isn't any use trying to hand out a bouquet to any particular department or organization or individual for the success of the encampment 'cause everybody I saw or came in contact with worked like the old Harry—everyone clicked—perfect teamwork and a neat score was the result.

When you don't hear a lotta howls about the grub you know it must be good or else they're holdin' out and all hands are so damn weak from starvation that they can't even blink. Most guys I saw were all trying to draw longer belts from the Quartermaster to surround their pot-guts with. But they didn't have ANY.

'Course, they was the usual run o' chaps that busted all the speed records headin' for the bench as soon as "recall" went. I never did manage to figure out whether they were goin' swimmin' or were they goin' out to give th' femmes a break. And y'd be surprised what a load of mugs managed to break through and grab themselves off a nice lookin' frail to take to a dance or go ridin' or walkin' (the last was the cheapest)—now I ain't going to mention a single name—I'd probably get keel-hauled if I did—y' know how it is. But I will say that the bimbos at the beach for the most part was plenty sharp and I mean DEMOCRATIC.

When we got back to Washington on September 4—the guys turned in their gear

and had a bit of liberty 'till late afternoon, when they throwed a parade on the Ellipse down near the monument. Everything was hot-as-totay until somebody busted a cloud and I reckon they'd been savin' it up for many a day. It rained to beat hell and saved many a citizen servin' with the Reserves a laundry bill on at least one outfit of khaki. They passed in review through all the rain and I heard someone say, "you gotta break out a hell of a lot more than a shower like that to stop the Sixth Brigade."

The next morning bein' Labor Day—the outfit turned out and paraded down the old Avenue with the Firemen. Couldn't tell whether it was a Marine's or a Fireman's parade, though. It looked like a whole bloomin' division comin' up the street—sure surprised the home-folks when they found out that half the people in town belonged to the Sixth. Many complimentary remarks were heaved to and fro amongst the spectators.

Since we got back from camp all the blips that thought they was gonna lay down and rest until next camp got fooled 'cause a few gents got together, namely Capt. C. G. Parker, Jr., 1st Lt. T. L. Bartlett, 1st Lt. O'Brien and St. Patrick knows how many more, and decided to open up a Candidates for Commission and an Annapolis Candidates' Class right off the bat. This has broadened out until a big stack of non-coms and privates that wanna be NCO's are coming out a couple a nights weekly just to study the books and find out how to be a Marine.

The outfit really got a break when the powers that be decided to give such noble ambition a lift and assigned 1st Lieutenant Davidson, U.S.M.C., 1st Sgt. Carl Wilek, Sgts. Kenneth E. Harker and Sterling Roberts, U.S.M.C., as rifle and pistol coaches to the Brigade. All of these regulars are noted for being members of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol team. It is the intention to have all members of the Brigade qualify on the sub-calibre course this winter. And, if possible, week-ends will be utilized to fire as many members as possible with the .30 calibre rifle. The boys oughta' put over a high qualification percentage this year with such able instruction and coaching. The range on the second deck of the Armory has been put in shape and will be available to all from 1.30 to 5.30 P. M., daily except Sunday. It will also be open from 7.30 to 10.30 P. M., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. A coach from the list above will be on hand at all times.

The Brigade Band had a rehearsal the Sunday after we returned from camp—so you can see the swinet players are not losing a dad-burned minute—on the job—that's Lieutenant Brusiloff. Incidentally, he'll be runnin' Bugs Baer out of a job if his noble wit continues. Seems that down at the Beach he was the gent who sounded off to the band, "If you guys have gotta chew gum—for Gawd's sake don't chew at Waltz tempo." And at the boxin' matches one night he was largely responsible for "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," when a couple o' pugs were doin' the adagio and kissin' each other gently on the ear just for the thrill.

And while I'm at it I wanta tell you about the mug that run abellin' up to the Commanding Officer's tent one night about 11.00 P. M., shoved his rifle with a fixed bayonet on it under the flap of the tent and hollered "Lights out, lights out." I wonder if he heard any strange remarks. Here's bettin' he did.

I'm runnin' outta juice, so I'll knock off 'till next issue and say *adios*.

JUNGLE PAY-OFF

(Continued from page 13)

matie. "Well, I'll get him out of there, buddy. And you might as well make ready for a trip to the coast. He'll probably spill everything he knows."

Perez laughed harshly. "I'll wait till you bring out Slade."

"All right, suit yourself; but it won't be long."

Brick hammered on the heavy wooden door of the building with the butt of his pistol.

"Come out of there, Slade! This is a police officer speaking."

He listened. Mingled with the splashing of the rain was a slight rasping noise from within, but no reply. He hammered again, repeating the words. Again there was a slight movement but no other sound. Munson gripped his pistol by the butt.

"Slade, if you don't come out, I'll come in there. And I'll come shooting!"

He waited another moment. Then, receiving no response, he kicked open the door and hurried himself into the black interior. The wind slammed the door shut behind him.

Crouching as he leaped in, Munson made for a corner of the single room, his gun ready. Somewhere in the murk he heard a furtive rustling. High up near the roof was the vague outline of a narrow, heavily-barred window through which the rain splashed in a miniature torrent. But in the room itself the darkness was an impenetrable velvet pall.

Brick moved a trifle, bumped into something that made him whirl, but found it to be merely a rough wooden bench pulled out from the wall. He tipped this cautiously on its side. Then, crouching behind

SHANGHAI DIAMOND DOPE

(Continued from page 41)

Vitek, p.....	9	2	17	2	.905
Munari, 2b.....	21	46	44	11	.891
Croyle, 2b.....	5	6	8	2	.875
Hoffman, 3b.....	21	18	34	9	.852
Bartlett, p.....	11	4	11	3	.833
Ware, cf.....	20	7	1	4	.667
Brienza, ss.....	9	4	5	5	.643
Team.....	21	533	219	64	.922

1932 RECORD

FOURTH MARINES BASEBALL TEAM

(Compiled September 5)

Fourth Marines	Opponent	
3	31st Infantry.....	1
10	U. S. Navy.....	2
4	Shanghai Amateurs.....	3
5	31st Infantry.....	3
5	U. S. Navy.....	3
6	Shanghai Amateurs.....	1
4	31st Infantry.....	9
7	U. S. Navy.....	3
*12	Shanghai Amateurs.....	4
11	Shanghai Amateurs.....	1
13	U. S. Navy.....	1
10	U. S. Navy.....	6
5	Shanghai Amateurs.....	4
16	Jap. Business Men.....	3
16	U. S. Navy.....	1
28	Shanghai Amateurs.....	2
0	Ritsumeikwan.....	2
2	Ritsumeikwan.....	3
1	Saga Higher School.....	2
5	Saga Higher School.....	0
4	Saga Higher School.....	0

167

54

*For American Community Cup.

WON LOST PCT.

Fourth Marines.....	17	4	.810
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the barricade afforded by the thick seat, he raised his pistol and fired through the roof.

He had expected the momentary flare to reveal Slade; quite possibly to bring a shot from the outlaw's gun. But the sight that met Munson's eyes was so utterly unexpected—so terrible—that the flesh crawled upon his bones and his hair bristled with horror. Unreal, unthinkable in that brief flash of light, its leprous coils stretching away to the far corner of the cell, horrid head upreared not four feet from him, was an immense python—the *python reticulatus* of the Philippines!

For a moment Brick stood motionless—frozen to mental deadness. Then, bringing his weapon down, he blazed away with every shot in the magazine. One or more of the bullets must have taken effect. For in the flash of the last shot, he saw that the monster's head was covered with blood. And that gory head with its wide-open jaws, was darting toward him with the speed of lightning!

With a force that sent the policeman sprawling and knocked the automatic from his hand, the python struck. A bullet had evidently shattered the monster's jaw for it was unable to grip him. Scrambling to his feet, Munson dove for the door and tried to throw it open. Locked. A vindictive laugh sounded from outside.

"Damn you, Perez! Open that—"

Brick never completed the sentence. For at that instant the python's head landed against his chest with the force of a battering ram. The sergeant staggered. Took one faltering step forward. Instantly one of the great coils whipped around his leg and sent him crashing again to the stone floor.

His leg still held in that crushing grip, Munson managed to draw the knife he had taken away from Perez. Cutting and stab-

bing in the dark, he fought desperately. He was unable to inflict a fatal wound, however, and his efforts served only to increase the python's rage.

The whole cell was filled with the hellish squirming of the monster's coils. Brick was dragged about and shaken like a rag doll. Another thick loop whipped around his chest. He felt his ribs cracking. His arms were pinned helplessly to his sides, and the knife clattered to the floor.

Brick fought for breath and struggled futilely against the terrible stricture. And then, as he felt his senses leaving him, the sergeant became aware that someone else was in the cell, hacking and slashing furiously at the heaving coils. A knife-blade whistled within an inch of the policeman's cheek, landing with a sickening "chunk" in the grisly mass around his body. Blood splattered into his face; Brick retched violently.

Of a sudden, the pressure of the python's coils relaxed. Brick kicked himself free. His unknown rescuer shook him by the arm.

"Quick, Sergeant!" the man whispered, "Find your gun! You're going to need it."

Without answering, Munson drew a match across the sole of his boot. Its brief flare revealed his automatic lying in a corner of the cell. It also showed the python literally chopped in pieces. And some of the pieces were still moving sickeningly—across the blood-smear floor. The policeman's stomach squirmed. Hastily blowing out the match, he made a dive for his gun, but not before he had caught a glimpse of the other man's face. It was the face of a white man. Pale and drawn, seamed with all manner of dissipation, yet tight-lipped and with an arrogant outthrust jaw, fully as combative-looking as Munson's own.

Brick shoved a fresh clip of cartridges into his gun. "Who're you, buddy?" he asked.

"Slade"; the other answered.

"The hell you say! Where'd you spring from?"

"Perez had me locked in the old commandant's house down the street. They stole my gun and were going to kill me for fear I'd spill the dope about him and his gang here. But I know more about this dump than Perez or—Aw hell!" the outlaw broke off, "Here they come!"

The door of the cuartel was slowly opening.

"Come on, Sarge!" Slade whispered; "There's a trap-door over here in the corner. Leads down into a tunnel and that runs along underground to the commandant's house. Let's get out of here!"

Quickly the two men made their way to a black hole in one corner of the cell. And here, Munson took command of the situation.

"Get down there, Slade!" he whispered, pushing the other man through the opening. "I'll stay here. If they find this place empty, they'll spread out and hunt for us and we won't have a Chinaman's chance. Hurry up!"

Shoving the raised floor-slab down over the outlaw's muttered remonstrance, Brick crouched with ready automatic watching the slowly-opening door. The rain had ceased, and an ever-widening patch of dim grayish light marked the entrance. Suddenly the outline of a wide-brimmed native hat showed in the opening. The policeman smiled grimly at the palpable ruse, and held his fire. The hat drew back. There was a muttered consultation outside. Came the voice of Perez berating his men.

"The python finished him, I tell you! Light a torch and go on in there, you fools! We've got to get what's left of him and bury it. Then, when other policemen come asking questions, we can tell them he was killed by a snake. And the condition of his body will bear out our statements."

There was a brief pause. Then a tall native bearing a lighted torch in one hand, a gun in the other, dashed through the doorway. The man slipped on the bloody floor and gave a surprised grunt as his eyes took in the shambles about him. He was in the middle of the cell when Munson shot him in the chest. The man dropped. The torch sputtered out, the gun clattered across the floor close to the policeman. Brick grabbed it. Dropped another man in the doorway. A volley broke loose from outside and bullets ricocheted from the stone walls.

The stone slab hiding the entrance to the tunnel, commenced to rise. Slade poked his head through the opening.

"For God's sake, Sergeant! Beat it before they rush you! You won't have any more chance than a snowball in —"

Munson pushed the slab firmly back into place. "Shut up, Slade! And stand by till I hammer on the floor. Then open up quick!"

A bundle of lighted bamboo stalks came hurtling into the cell, blazing furiously. Bark of guns from outside. Brick winced as a bullet seared along his ribs. Then a mass of men jammed in the doorway. The sergeant met them with two guns vomiting fire and lead. Two figures slumped down. Stiffened. The attackers drew back, dragging their wounded with them.

Munson rushed to the door. Slammed it shut. Dragged over the heavy wooden bench and propped it under the latch. Bullets thudded into the stout timber.

"That'll hold them a few minutes," he muttered.

In response to the policeman's signal, Slade raised the stone slab from below.

"Boy, you sure saved my bacon from that snake," Brick panted as he slid down into the black hole beside the outlaw. "I've got to thank you for that, Slade. But you know why I'm here—to take you back to headquarters. And that's where you're going if we get out of this mess."

Slade, in the lead, was already squirming his way along a narrow tunnel.

"Aw be your age, Sergeant!" he hissed back over his shoulder. "I didn't help you because I've got any love for a copper. It was 'curtains' for me anyway, if I stayed where I was. I've known about this tunnel for a long time—guess I'm the only one in this dump that does. Heard them framing you, and thought if we got together we could get clear of Perez and his gang. But afterwards—Hell! It'll take more than one copper to bring me in!"

Brick, feeling his way along the narrow passage, chuckled grimly in the dark.

"May not be any 'afterwards,' Slade. You're a pretty game bird and I'm grateful. But don't get any foolish notions about escaping."

The outlaw replied with an inarticulate grunt, and commenced pulling at a small lever in the tunnel wall. They had reached the end of the underground passage.

"Guess the old Spanish Commandante used the tunnel to eavesdrop on his prisoners," Slade explained as they climbed a short ladder. "This Tabonga dump used to be a Spanish penal settlement, you know. After the Americans took over the Islands the place was abandoned and went pretty much to ruin till Perez and his gang came here and made it their headquarters."

At the top of the ladder, the two men stepped out through a cupboard into a room that had evidently been used as an office. The remains of what had once been a handsome mahogany desk lay in one corner. A narrow, deeply-embursed window in one wall gave a commanding view of the town in the early morning light. Hardly wide enough to admit a man's body. Even so, a pair of stout iron bars ran from top to bottom. Munson yanked on them tentatively. No chance there. The sergeant turned his attention to a door in the opposite wall. Fully as thick as the door of the cuartel, locked securely from the outside, it offered scant hope.

Brick looked around the room. "No other doors or secret passageways in the place, Slade?"

"Not a one, Sergeant. This is just a sort of little outbuilding tacked onto the main house. Sorry. But I guess we've just changed our battle-stations. As soon as they crash into the cuartel and find you gone, they'll be over here after me." The outlaw's lips tightened grimly and his prominent jaw thrust even farther forward than before. "If you'll give me one of your guns I'll take as many of Perez's gang with me as I can, when I do go out."

The policeman shook his head. "Not a chance. You're a prisoner. I'll do the fighting—long as I can pump a gun."

Slade wrenched a leg off the battered desk in the corner. Hefted it. Took up a position to one side of the door.

"Hell! You coppers are all alike," he snarled over his shoulder at Munson. "All you know is your cursed 'duty.' But whether we get out of this mess or not, you'll never take me back to headquarters—alive."

Brick grinned. "'Duty' isn't the only reason I'm so attached to you, Slade. Boy,

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you're worth ten thousand pesos to anybody that brings you in. I'm getting kind of tired of this bandit-chasing anyway, and that money will set me up in a nice little garage business back in the States."

"Yeh, blood - money!" the outlaw sneered. "But you might as well give up that pipe-dream right now. Because you're never going to collect that reward."

"Well, never mind that now; we've got other troubles ahead of us, first," Munson answered absently. His eyes were still roving about the room. He had a queer hunch that he'd overlooked something. Some way of escape so obvious that even his trained glance had missed it the first time. Slowly, inch by inch, his gaze traveled around the walls. Riveted at length, on a certain spot. The policeman gave a short laugh. Pointed. "Look, Slade! Guess we won't die like rats, after all!"

At that instant a dull crash sounded from down street. The cuartel door had fallen. Slade's eyes followed the direction of Munson's pointing finger.

"Well, by God! I've been in and out of here a hundred times and never noticed that. But hurry up! Perez and his outfit'll be on top of us in another minute."

The weak spot in their prison was indeed in such an obvious yet utterly unlooked-for place that only Munson's trained senses had—subconsciously—registered it at first glance. The door! Of heavy timber to be sure. And securely locked. But the ancient strap hinges were so eaten away by dampness and corrosion that they barely supported the timber's weight!

The two men set themselves in a half-crouch.

"All ready, Slade?" asked Munson.

"All right then. Both together, let's go!" Beneath their combined onslaught the hinges gave way. The lock alone could not support the door's weight, and it fell with a resounding clatter into the street.

A gun in either fist, Munson charged toward the cuartel with Slade—still carrying his improvised club—tagging along behind. Brick wondered briefly, why the outlaw did not suddenly duck around the corner of one of the stone buildings and attempt to make his escape. And in a single flash of thought, he wondered if "duty" would be

strong enough to impel him to shoot down the man who had saved his life. But one quick glance over his shoulder at the running outlaw, told him why the man made no attempt to get away.

Slade's face was alight with an unholy glee and he had obviously forgotten all about his own predicament in the excitement of approaching combat.

"This bird likes to fight," thought Munson as they ran. "Murderer or not, he's dead game. Hope I won't have to shoot him to get him back to headquarters."

As he neared the cuartel, Munson veered to one side, finally bringing up at one corner of the building. Here he crouched with Slade behind him. From inside came Perez's snarling voice.

"Outside and hunt for him, fools! And finish off the other one, too. That policeman must be in league with the devil to get out of here with all of us watching." The half-caste was evidently puzzled at Brick's strange disappearance.

Munson eased around the corner, crept up to the door, stepped in.

"Reach high, hombres!"

Six men turned to gaze at him. Perez cursed vilely. One mestizo quicker than the rest, threw up his gun. A slug from Brick's automatic socked into the man's face. Took half the skull with it, as it passed out the back of his head.

"Drop your guns—every damn one of you!" the policeman barked.

The weapons clattered to the floor.

"Now back up against the wall. And keep spread out. Slade!" Brick called to the outlaw who had remained outside. "Come in here and tie up these fellows!" He waited a moment, then called again.

There was no response.

"Well—" Munson thought, "Guess friend Slade has gone over the hill while the going is good. Don't know as I blame him any."

Brick shrugged. "All right, Perez!" he ordered, "You can do the honors then. Just take the pants off that dead man, cut them into strips and tie up your friends here."

The half-breed laughed in Brick's face. "Oh, no, Senor policeman," he jeered. "If there's any tying to be done, you will be the tied one."

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Perez gave a slight nod. And Brick—not daring to turn around—felt the pressure of a revolver-muzzle in his back.

"Stand still, dog!" a voice ordered from behind Munson, in whining Tagalog.

"You slipped up, that time, Sergeant." Perez moved tentatively forward toward the pile of weapons as he spoke. "You didn't notice that one of my men was outside around the corner of the building here. He could have shot you just now, but we have other plans for you. We don't want any bullet holes in your body if it can be avoided. And by the way, what did you mean by calling Slade? He is safely locked up in the commandant's house. I think—"

But what Perez thought was never disclosed. For at that moment, a startling interruption to the half-breed's speech occurred.

A resounding "thump" followed almost immediately by the roar of a revolver-shot sounded from behind Brick. And many things happened all at once. Perez and his whole crew made a dive for their weapons. Brick shot two of them even as they leaped. But the half-breed and one other reached their goal, and lay there on their stomachs blazing away at everything in sight. The cuartel became an inferno of crashing noise and acrid, strangling powder-fumes. A bullet thudded into the fleshy part of Munson's shoulder. And above the roar of the guns, sounded a wild demoniacal yelling. Slade's voice. From behind Brick the outlaw charged swinging his table-leg, utterly berserk with fighting lust.

Straight at the huddled bunch of outlaws Slade rushed, battering, smashing, caving in heads and chests. While Munson, leaping from place to place in the narrow cell, emptied his own gun and several more which he grabbed up from the floor. At last two groaning, twitching figures on the floor, were all that remained alive of Perez' gang.

Slade picked up a gun from the scattered weapons on the floor.

"Well, Sarge, guess that's another time I got here just right," he remarked facing Brick. "I had a hunch all the gang wasn't inside here when we came over from the commandant's house, so I waited outside and crowned that bird that had the drop on you. Well, it was a good fight while it lasted, anyway."

"No foolin', boy, and I've got a lot to thank you for," Brick glanced at the huddled figures about them. "You can bet your last peso I'll do all I can for you when we get back to headquarters."

Slade laughed harshly. "Be your age, fella! I'm not going back with you. I could have run out on you any time in the last hour or so, but I never started anything yet that I didn't see through to a finish, so I stuck. But it's all over now, so I'm fading." He started to back away, his gun trained unwaveringly on Brick.

The black bore of Munson's own weapon came up on a line with the outlaw's chest. "Don't try it, Slade!" the policeman warned. "I'd hate like hell to shoot you, after what you've done. But I'll sure let you have it, boy, if you don't drop that gun and forget about getting away."

"Ha! Ha! That's a laugh!" Slade barked. "You couldn't shoot anything with that gun, because it's empty. It's an old thirty-eight revolver, and I can see the empty chambers from here. And I've got an automatic in my fist, Sarge, with seven good slugs in her."

Brick's eyes gleamed frostily between narrowed lids. "Don't be too sure about this gun being empty, Slade! You can see all but one chamber. And you'll notice

the gun is cocked. How do you know but what there isn't one bullet left—in that chamber you can't see?"

There was a tense, silent moment. The two men stood there facing each other, both unafraid, the outlaw's snapping black eyes meeting the cold stare of Munson's blue ones.

Then Slade began to move. A short step backward, then another. Then whirling, he sprang through the cuartel doorway, aped across the narrow clearing, and made the sanctuary of the encircling jungle.

Brick stood in the doorway watching; a curious, hard-bitten smile twisting his lean bronzed face. As Slade crashed through the first fringe of bamboos, an object came hurtling through the air to land with a thud at Munson's feet.

It was Slade's automatic. Empty.

"Well, there goes a damn good garage business—for the time being, anyway," mused Brick as he broke open his own gun. Five empty shells he let fall to the ground. The sixth—a perfectly good one—he slipped back into the chamber as he entered the cuartel to his job of mopping up!

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 11)

D. C., visit the gallery of Heroic Deeds of the American Navy which is maintained by the Bureau of Navigation. There you will find a picture painted by F. C. Yohn. The title of the picture is, "The Last Night of the War."

Stop and study this picture. With the aid of what I have written you can again see these Marines in action. As you watch these men advance you smile when you see Major Hamilton tumble into the river. As he comes up to the surface of the water you can very plainly see him making his way toward the opposite bank.

EPISODES—THE AMERICAN MARINE

(Continued from page 9)

be a bit of hallowed American territory.

The following extract from an interrogatory by the Intelligence Office of General Headquarters of the Seventh German Army of American prisoners captured in the sector of Bouresches from the 6th to the 14th of June, 1918:

"The Second American Division must be considered a very good division; even an attack (shock) division.

"The different attacks of the two regiments (5th and 6th Marines) on Bois de Belleau were executed with courage and dash. The moral effect of our fire could not seriously stop the advance of the infantry; the morale of the American has not yet been sufficiently tried.

"The personnel of the troops must be regarded as remarkable. They are very healthy men, physically well built, from 18 to 28 years of age, who at the present time lack only proper training to make them serious adversaries.

"The *esprit* of the troops is fresh and naively confident.

"The statement of one prisoner is characteristic: 'We kill or we are killed.'

"In general the prisoners make a good impression; they have a wide-awake air."

General Barnett, Commandant of Marines during the World War, stated that "Only twenty-five men are known to be in the hands of the enemy. It is considered that this constitutes a most remarkable

testimonial to the magnificent morale and individual courage of the men."

Ex-Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, stated on the floor of the U. S. Senate: "Marines don't get captured; they fight!"

The Marines constituted one-half of the Second Division of the American Expeditionary Force, therefore I shall quote the second paragraph of the Division order dated Germany, January 1, 1919. This was issued and signed by General John A. Lejeune, Commanding:

"The Second Division played a part of great military and historic importance in this tremendous engagement. It fought five pitched battles, or series of battles, always defeating the enemy, and it has won the right to have inscribed on its banners the names of the brilliant victories won by it at Chateau Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Salient, Blanc Mont, and Argonne—Meuse. Its casualties were 732 officers and 23,653 men; total 24,385. This was about ten per cent of the total casualties of the American Expeditionary Forces. It captured 12,026 prisoners, over one quarter of the total number captured by the A. E. F. It captured 343 cannon, about one-quarter of the total captured by the A. E. F."

Herewith is part of the Secretary of the Navy's report to Congress in December, 1918, which eloquently gives the record of the Corps in battle where their devotion to duty and steadfastness will compare with any force in any engagement in the entire world's history.

"Thus it is that the United States Marines have fulfilled the glorious traditions of their Corps in their latest duty as the 'Soldiers who go to sea.' Their sharp-shooting—and in one regiment 93 per cent wear the medal of marksman, sharpshooter, or an expert rifleman—had amazed soldiers of European armies, accustomed to merely shooting in the general direction of the enemy. Under the fiercest fire they have calmly adjusted their sights, aimed for their man, and killed him; and in bayonet attacks their advances on machine gun nests have been irresistible.

"In the official citation lists more than one American Marine is credited with taking enemy machine guns single handed, bayoneting the crews, and turning the guns against the foe. In one battle alone, that of Belleau Woods, the citation lists bear the names of fully 500 United States Marines who so distinguished themselves in battle as to call forth the official commendation of their superior officers.

"More than faithful in every emergency, accepting hardships with admirable morale, proud of the honor of taking their place as shock troops for the American legions, they have fulfilled every glorious tradition of their Corps and they have given to the world a list of heroes whose names will go down to all history. Let one, therefore, stand for its many; one name denotes all, one act of heroism tells the story of countless deeds of bravery that stand forth brilliantly upon the victorious pages of America's participation in this world's greatest war:

"First Sergeant Daniel Daly, Seventy-third (Machine Gun) Company, twice holder of the Medal of Honor, repeatedly performed deeds of valor and great service. On June 5th he extinguished, at risk of his life, fire in the ammunition dump at Lucy-le-Bocage. On June 7th, while the sector was under one of its heaviest bombardments, he visited all gun crews of his company, then posted over a wide section of front, cheering his men. On June 10th, single-handed, he attacked an enemy machine gun emplacement, and captured it by

the use of hand grenades and his automatic pistol. On the same date, during the enemy attack on Bouresches, he was brought in wounded under fire. At all times by his reckless daring, constant attention to the wants of his men and his unquenchable optimism, he was a tower of strength until wounded again by enemy shrapnel fire on June 20th. A peerless soldier of the old school, twice decorated for gallantry in China and Santo Domingo."

In mentioning additional exploits of our Marines, I do so with no intention to dim or slight the great achievements of other units of our American arms, nor to obscure the heroic services of our great allies. Each has its analysis and its secure niche of fame; and deservedly so. My narrative, though brief, is intended to commend to you the fortitude the Marine has shown in his devotion to duty, and the conduct he has displayed in our country's most trying and critical situations occasioned by conflicts with other nations.

The Marine Corps, on account of the great war, has become better known and more highly appreciated than ever before in its history. Not only are our own people better acquainted, but its fame has spread to all corners of the earth. The Marine Corps hopes in its continued loyalty and devotion to our flag to justify the high place it now holds in the affection and confidence of the American people.

The strength approximately at present is 15,000 men. They serve aboard ships of the navy, doing their part in maintaining the efficiency of our great fleet; manning the anti-aircraft guns, the torpedo defense batteries, and constituting a force ready to land and seize a port to be held for future military operations.

They serve at various Navy Yards and Naval Stations in the United States and our Island possessions. The Corps may be known as the 3-in-1 service; the land, the sea, and the air. At San Diego, California, and at Quantico, Virginia, expeditionary forces are always in training and ready to embark on naval ships to wherever duty may call.

Noteworthy incidents being so numerous in the history of the Marines, I shall therefore review only a selected few.

On June 1, 1805, a detachment of Marines marched across the desert of Derne, capturing the stronghold of the Tripolitans, causing the signing of a treaty of peace by Tripoli, thus ending a war of four years.

The report of this battle reads: "That the Marines passed through a shower of musketry from the walls and houses, took possession of a battery, planted the American flag upon its ramparts, and turned the guns on the enemy." This was the first time our flag had ever been placed over an Old War fortress, and the honor of this went to Lieutenant O'Bannon, of the Marine Corps.

During these four years of trouble with the Tripolitans one of the most unselfish and heroic acts I can recall took place. A recital of this incident will convey a strong impression of how devoted the Marines were to their country and their officers.

Everyone knows of the distinguished Stephen Decatur, one of the most illustrious naval officers of the American Navy, whose brilliant operations against the Tripolitan pirates made him world famous. In one of the naval actions, a captain of a Tripolitan gunboat, after he had struck his flag and surrendered, treacherously killed James Decatur, brother of Stephen.

The rage and grief over the death of his brother impelled him to make a furious assault upon the next enemy gunboat which



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he boarded. Decatur and his men fought like demons. One very large Corsair, whom Decatur was convinced was his brother's murderer, was singled out by Stephen. This man had a boarding-pike, which Decatur tried to cut off by a fierce stroke of his cutlass, when the cutlass itself broke short at the hilt. The Tripolitan made a leap at Decatur with his pike, but by a quick movement Decatur avoided the thrust except for a slight wound in the breast. Then there was a fierce hand-to-hand conflict, the two men falling to the deck, while their respective supporters fought around them, trying to aid them. A Tripolitan officer coming close up to Decatur aimed a blow of his cutlass at that officer. In an instant a Marine from the *Enterprise*, who had lost his weapons, thrust his arm between Decatur and his assailant, saving Decatur's life, but losing his own arm.

Another interesting incident, Lieutenant John Trippe was in a hand-to-hand encounter with a Tripolitan commander, and as he was finishing off his burly foe, Sergeant Meredith, by a vicious bayonet thrust, pinned to the mast another Corsair who was in the act of cleaving the head of Trippe. Meredith, three days after this, on August 7, 1804, was blown up in Gunboat No. 9. A destroyer is now named in his honor.

1814

Historians state that 3,000 Americans were hastily gotten together to defend the Capital of the United States against the British in 1814, but fled pell-mell before the enemy, hardly firing a shot, and in the most disgraceful manner surrendering the Capital. That on this occasion it was again the Marines who fought to save our Capital as well as our chagrin, until they were surrounded on three sides, and then they retired doggedly in the face of overwhelming numbers only after they were ordered to do so.

1836

In 1836 one battalion of Marines was despatched to the vicinity of Columbus, Georgia, to protect white settlers against the depredations of the Creek Indians. This required three months' field operations.

At this time a battalion was sent into Florida to suppress the uprising of the Seminoles under their famous chief, Osceola.

The battalion from Georgia joined this battalion and formed a regiment under command of Archibald Henderson, Colonel of Marines.

After several battles the Indians were scattered, having been severely chastised on Christmas day, 1837, by General Zachary Taylor, who surrounded them in the Everglades.

Finally, in 1842, a treaty was signed and the Indians moved to the Indian Territory.

1846

I wonder how many of you know that it was the Marines under Major Levy Meyers who stormed and sealed with ladders the perpendicular walls of the Fortress of Chapultepec, Mexico City, carrying that

stronghold and placed the American flag upon its ramparts. After this, the American army entered the City of Mexico, and for this exploit the Marines were accorded the honor to lead the American forces.

1857

In agreement with England to suppress the slave trade on the west coast of Africa, Captain Matthew Galbraith Perry, U.S.N., was ordered there with a squadron of American ships.

Upon his arrival he discovered that two small American trading vessels had been seized by the natives and the captain, mate, cook, and one other member of the crew of one ship were murdered; and the captain of the other ship was tied to a post and tortured for three hours by the native women and children.

Captain Perry at once went ashore with a detachment of Marines to locate King Crack O, although warned this negro dignitary was very treacherous. He located the king in a stockade and was invited to enter for a conference, which he did.

The king was a gigantic negro and had a spear with twelve notches, indicating the number of men he had killed with it. As Perry entered, the king seized him by the collar and was about to lunge the spear into his body, when a sergeant of Marines, who was on the alert for such an act of treachery, shot the king and also bayoneted him twice.

Following this, the Americans burned the town; and then the Berribee tribe was glad to make a treaty which thereafter made American ships safe on that coast.

The Marines then had occasion to wipe out a gang of Chinese pirates at Kuhlun, and participated with Commodore Perry in opening Japan in June, 1857, being the first English speaking people to land on the shores of that kingdom.

In the same year another detachment of Marines in the United States aided in suppressing riots at the polls in New York City, when the "Know Nothing Party," hoping to carry the local elections imported from Baltimore a number of men now known as "gunmen," but then as "Plug Uglies."

Again, in June, 1857, Washington City had one of the greatest riots in the history of our country. The Marines were called out to subdue it, and did so. Of this incident, the *Washington Chronicle* of June 4th, 1857, had to say:

"The rioters hauled a brass cannon up Pennsylvania Avenue and hauled it into position. General Henderson, Commandant of the Marine Corps, deliberately went up to the piece and placed his body against the muzzle, thereby preventing it from being aimed at the Marines, just at the moment it was about to be discharged. He addressed the rioters, saying: 'Men, you had better think twice before you fire this piece at the Marines.' They did."

1859

John Brown, of Assawatomie, Kansas, was a fanatic. He and his followers arrived at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, October 16, 1859, and seized the bridge across the



Potomac River, the arsenal and rifle factory, with the determination to incite the slaves to insurrection.

General Robert E. Lee, then Colonel, U. S. Army, who was stationed in Washington, with a select detachment of Marines and a company of Maryland Volunteers, proceeded by special train to arrest John Brown and his raiders and preserve peace, because volunteers from the surrounding country were arming to fight Brown.

Upon arriving, he sent Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart (later General in the Confederate Army) under a flag of truce to Brown, who had barricaded himself in the fire engine house, determined to make a stand. A storming party of Marines under Lieutenant Green was detailed to make the attack against the engine house if Lieutenant Stuart signaled that Brown refused to surrender.

When the signal was made the Marines rushed to the door, and one of their number, Private Quinn, was mortally wounded. Then they battered the door down by using a heavy ladder, and upon entering, bayoneted all who resisted except Brown, who was cut down by the sword of Lieutenant Green. The Virginia courts then took charge of the case.

1861-1865

In our great Civil War Marines manned the rifle guns of the *Kearsage* and opened the action against the *Alabama* and maintained, according to report, rapid and effective fire throughout that engagement.

At the first battle of Manassas, known as the Battle of Bull Run, the Union forces accompanied by the elite of the social life of Washington, and many distinguished men of that date, including members of Congress, were protected in their wild flight after the battle by a valiant rear guard action of the Marines from the Washington Navy Yard.

Again, at Fort Fisher, North Carolina, January 15th, 1865, it was a detachment of Marines who carried the palisades and stormed the sea-face of the fort, enabling the army to maneuver a surprise attack from inland.

1867

During the native uprising in the Island of Formosa, all the officers and men of the American Bark *Rover* were massacred. So, on June 13, 1867, Marines landed as a punitive force and administered just punishment to the natives.

1882

The Marines have on a number of occasions landed in Korea. And only a few years after Japan had entered into friendly intercourse with the outside world did this Hermit Kingdom of Korea break her hermetic shell after being persuaded by the action of Marines that a treaty with the U. S. would redound to her benefit. So in 1882 she signed one with us.

1892

Marines engaged in suppressing seal poachers in Alaska, and frustrated the Germans in Samoa. They enforced the quarantine regulations in New York harbor when Cholera patients arrived in 1892.

1898

On April 22, 1898, when President McKinley issued a proclamation to the neutral powers announcing a war with Spain, the General Commandant of the Marine Corps hurriedly assembled a battalion of six hundred and twenty-three enlisted men and they were embarked on the U.S.S. *Panther*, under escort of the U.S.S. *Montgomery*, sailing for Key West, and went into camp until June 7th, when they reembarked on the *Panther* and arrived at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on June 10th. At one P. M., same date, they landed on Fisherman's Point near the entrance of the bay and seized a base. They were under constant fire for seven days from a superior force of Spaniards who were in the high hills surrounding the camp of the Marines. Finally two companies of Marines penetrated the dense tropical growth and destroyed the only available water supply of the Spaniards, the wells at Cuzco, six miles from the Marines' camp. This caused the Spaniards to withdraw. The Marines were being supplied with water from the ships of the Navy.

The Marines thus landed were the first American troops in Cuba.

1900

Marines protected foreigners in Peking in 1900 when the Legations were besieged during the Boxer Rebellion, and were part of the memorable relief expedition to Peking. They have visited King Manelick in Abyssinia and have landed on numerous occasions in Panama, particularly in 1903 when the Panamanians rebelled against Colombia.

And on the Isthmus, before they ever heard of General Gorgas, and prior to this master of sanitation, cleaning up that strip of diseased and mosquito-ridden land, the Marines were performing duty. Sentinels wore mosquito nets over their heads and heavy gloves for protection against the stegomyia and anopheles mosquito. They garrisoned the Isthmus during the days when chagres fever was rampant; a number losing their lives in this assignment of duty. They remained on the Isthmus until the canal was nearly completed and sanitary experts had made it habitable. One battalion is now stationed at Coco Solo on the Atlantic side.

1921

When bandits seriously menaced the safe delivery of mails in 1921, Postmaster General Will H. Hays appealed to President Harding for government troops. The President after discussion with his cabinet called General Lejeune, Commandant of Marines, and Secretary of the Navy Denby, and ordered the Marines to this important assignment.

I herewith quote Secretary Denby's order to the Marines, which will convey some idea of the seriousness of the situation: "You must, when on guard duty, keep your weapons in hand, and, if attacked, shoot and shoot to kill. There is no compromise in this battle with bandits. If two Marines, guarding a mail car, for example, are suddenly covered by a robber, neither must hold up his hands, but must begin

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shooting at once. One may be killed, but the other will get the robber and save the mail. When our men go in as guards of mail, that mail must be delivered or there must be a Marine dead at his post of duty." An unequivocal order. No passing of the buck. One from a HE man, and, in my humble opinion, one of the very best Secretaries of the Navy we have ever had.

This duty was performed from November, 1921, to March, 1922. And Postmaster General Hubert Work, who succeeded Mr. Hays, wrote to Secretary Denby, highly commending the Marines for their most excellent performance of duty.

And in a final message to the Marines upon completion of this duty, Secretary Denby wrote as follows: "During the tour of duty as guards of the U. S. Mails no theft was reported and no attempts at robbery were successful."

It is interesting while on this subject to note that this was not the first instance of Marines performing this kind of duty. An authentic record relates that the Marines from Hartford, Conn., acted as mail guards in May, 1775, a few months before the regular Marine Corps was authorized by Continental Congress. Mail despatches and 500 pounds of specie, which had been captured from the British, were sent to Fort Ticonderoga and guarded by Marines through a country infested with hostile Indians and treacherous renegades. Silas Deane wrote to Jesse Root that Marines were "well equipped and well spirited and executed their task in excellent fashion."

Deane with John Adams and John Langdon constituted the first Naval Committee to draft rules and regulations for our Navy. They were occasionally called the Marine Committee. They were appointed by Continental Congress on October 5, 1775.

And again President Coolidge, at the urgent request of the Postmaster General, Harry New, honored the American Marine with this all important peace time duty of guarding the U. S. Mails, insuring safe delivery. From October 22, 1926, to February 19, 1927, the Marine was at his post of duty riding in the Mail cars with orders to shoot to kill, thus depriving professional bondsmen, spineless jurors, political dominated judges, and shyster lawyers from defeating the Laws of the Land.

I consider this assignment a genuine test,

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

(Continued from page 5)

U. S. Navy and U. S. Marine Corps who entered the service subsequent to November 11, 1918, and were attached to the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia or European Russia between November 12, 1918, and March 3, 1921, and the further recommendation made in its fourth endorsement dated July 18, 1932, that appropriate clasps be issued with Victory Medal for the above-mentioned service.

COMMENDATION

For the third consecutive year Observation Squadron Nine-M, has been awarded the Gunnery Trophy in the Observation and Scouting Plane Class of the Navy and Marine Corps.

The following officers of Marine Corps Aviation were awarded letters of commendation for excellence in aerial gunnery during the fiscal year of 1931-32, by the Secretary of the Navy:

Major James E. Davis.

Capt. Field Harris.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Walker.

Capt. Claude A. Larkin.

1st Lt. Calvin A. Freeman.

1st Lt. Theodore B. Millard.

ChMarGun, Michael Wodarczyk.

2nd Lt. Delbert W. Heath, U. S. M. C. R.

The following enlisted men received letters of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy:

Marines' reputation against bandit daring and cunning. The Marines won again because our criminal element knows he means business and cannot be bought off. Therefore, his newly acquired slogan, "A dead bandit is a good bandit," had a most salutary effect on our gangsters. Not one piece of mail was stolen during the time Marines were performing mail guard duty.

I wish in concluding these episodes to acquaint you with an unusual compliment and honor the Marine Corps received. During the World War, when secret dispatches were passing through enemy lines from one American Minister to another in the different parts of the War Zone and into the remote districts such as Archangel, Russia, it was the United States Marines, six Non-commissioned Officers, selected for this important and hazardous duty. Other countries had Commissioned personnel for this duty. Our State Department trusted and were rewarded by selecting these men. And not one secret dispatch was ever taken from these Marines.

I have selected these episodes from numerous others to show the varied activities of the United States Marine; to acquaint you with his valor and steadfastness on the field of battle, his usefulness in times of peace, his unquestioned loyalty, and how he has lived up to his motto: "Semper Fidelis—Ever Faithful."

I make no apologies for the evident pride I have displayed in this article, because I am impelled on account of my admiration and faith a long period of time has instilled in me, for the Enlisted Man of the United Marine Corps.

These Worthies have always moved toward the enemy, never retreating. They have bravely and loyally followed their officers, no matter at what hazard. In trying times of our Country's History, they have nobly done their full duty, and even in the face of overwhelming numbers their morale has never been shaken.

When they have given their all, their lives and gone West! they have done so with their faces toward their foe. In the World War they added another motto to their Corps: "Kill or be killed."

Today, while enjoying this wonderful country of ours, remember! the United States Marine has fought for over one hundred and fifty-seven years to preserve, and it is his heritage to you.

Master Technical Sergeant Clarence B. Kyle, for obtaining the highest score with free machine gun in the Observation and Scouting Squadrons of the Naval and Marine Corps Aviation.

Staff Sergeant Carl C. Long, for obtaining the highest score with fixed machine gun in Observation and Scouting Squadrons of Naval and Marine Corps Aviation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—First Sergeant, Pearl Harbor: Paragraph 2 of Marine Corps Order No. 41 directs that all privates first class and privates on their respective commands possess a familiarity with and a knowledge of the following, xxx. Does this include privates first class and privates who are enlisted for "Band duty only?"

Answer: It is desirable but not compulsory that men enlisted for "band duty only" be familiar with and possess a knowledge of the basic training as outlined in MCO. No. 41.

Q.—Private 1st, Haiti: Has the spelling of Porto Rico been changed to Puerto Rico?

Answer: Yes. Public Resolution No. 20 of May 17, 1932, changed spelling to Puerto Rico.

Q.—Corporal, Haiti: In only one edition of the service record book is there a paragraph 4 (d), which requires that promotions and reductions be entered on pages 4-9, with appropriate markings. As the current service record books do not contain this paragraph, should books be marked when rank is changed?

Answer: No.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—When will I receive my expeditionary medal with class for service in San Domingo (183rd Co., 15th Regt.) in the latter part of 1919, and Haiti (Brig. Hdgtrs. Co.) in 1923; and 2nd Nicaraguan Campaign medal for service (10th Co., 5th Regt.) in the early part of 1928; and Victory medal for service during the World War (Prison Detachment, MB, N.Yd., Portsmouth, N. H.) in May, 1918?—HALL V. CARTMELL.

Answer: Victory medal, expeditionary medal number 2873, and Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal number 2373 were forwarded on September 21, 1932.

Q.—I enlisted in the regular Marine Corps on April 7, 1925, was discharged on April 6, 1929, and assigned to Class III, Marine Corps Reserve. I enlisted in the regular Marine Corps on January 4, 1932. Upon completion of twenty or more years of Naval Service, to which class will I be transferred, II (d) or II (e) FMCR?—R. J. RUSSELL.

Answer: In the event that your service in the regular Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve is continuous from the time of your first enlistment in the regular Marine Corps, upon completion of the twenty years of active Naval service, you will be eligible for transfer to Class II (d), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Q.—I was aboard the USS "Richmond" in 1927 while in the service of the Navy. Do I rate the Yangtze Service Medal?—HAROLD E. BUMPUS.

Answer: Yes, you rate the Yangtze Service Medal for your service aboard the USS "Richmond" while in the service of the Navy. These medals are not ready for issuance, therefore, your name has been placed on file to receive it as soon as they are turned out.

Q.—I was in the Marine Corps from March until December of 1930. I was discharged by special order for my own convenience. I want to know if I can get in the Class VI Reserves or any other class, and how should I go about enlisting?—HUGH P. EDWARDS.

Answer: You should communicate with the nearest recruiting station to your home, relative to information concerning an enlistment in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Q.—I served in Haiti from October 6, 1923, to October 9, 1924. Do I rate an Expeditionary medal for this service?

Answer: I also served aboard the USS "Sacramento" from July 23, 1929, to April 13, 1931. Do I rate a Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal for this service?

Answer: I was awarded good conduct medal number 80918, March 7, 1927, but have never received same.—ALBERT KRUEGER.

Answer: Expeditionary medal number 2864 was mailed to you on September 28, 1932.

The Second Nicaraguan Medal number 2353 was sent on the same day.

Good Conduct Medal number 80918 was forwarded to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., on May 12, 1932.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT.—Arrived NOB Norfolk, 30 September. Will leave Norfolk 4 October, arrive Canal Zone 11 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Corinto 15 Oct., leave 15 Oct.; arrive San Diego 23 Oct., leave 24 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 25 Oct., leave 26 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 27 Oct., leave 17 Nov.; arrive Honolulu 24 Nov., leave 25 Nov.; arrive Guam 6 Dec., leave 7 Dec.; arrive Manila 12 Dec., leave 12 Jan., 1933; arrive Guam 17 Jan., leave 18 Jan.; arrive Honolulu 27 Jan., leave 28 Jan.; arrive Mare Island 4 February. Will leave San Francisco area about 16 February for regular trip to East Coast.

HENDERSON.—On Asiatic Station. Will leave Manila 10 Oct.; arrive Guam 16 Oct., leave 17 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 28 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive San Francisco 7 November. Will leave San Francisco area about 16 November on regular trip to East Coast.

KITTERY.—Arrived Norfolk Yd 26 September. Will make next trips to West Indies 26 October and 7 December.

NITRO.—Arrived Hampton Roads 25 September. Scheduled to depart Hampton Roads 3 Oct., arrive Philadelphia 4 Oct., leave 5 Oct.; arrive New York 6 Oct., leave 7 Oct.; arrive Newport 8 Oct., leave 10 Oct.; arrive Boston 11 Oct. Will leave Boston 27 Oct. on the following schedule: Arrive New York 28 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive Philadelphia 30 Oct., leave 4 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads-Yorktown 5 Nov., leave 17 Nov.; arrive Guantanamo 21 Nov., leave 21 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 24 Nov., leave 26 Nov.; arrive Corinto 28 Nov., leave 28 Nov.; arrive San Diego 6 Dec., leave 7 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 8 Dec., leave 9 Dec.; arrive Mare Island 11 Dec., leave 19 Dec.; arrive Puget Sound 22 Dec., leave 27 Dec.; arrive Mare Island 30 Dec., leave 4 January, 1933; arrive San Pedro 5 Jan., leave 12 Jan.; arrive San Diego 13 January. Will leave San Diego about 23 January for the Asiatic Station.

PATOKA.—Arrived San Diego 22 September. Operating with Base Force. Will leave San Pedro 1 Oct. for the East Coast on the following sched-

ule: Arrive Corinto 12 Oct., leave 12 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 15 Oct., leave 16 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 22 Oct., leave 24 Oct.; arrive Beaumont 1 Nov., leave 3 Nov.; arrive Melville 12 Nov., leave 14 Nov.; arrive Boston 15 Nov. for overhaul.

RAMAPO.—Sailed Tsingtao 7 September for Mare Island. At Mare Island for overhaul until about 3 December. Will depart San Pedro about 6 December for Manila.

SALINAS.—At Hampton Roads. Will leave Hampton Roads 6 October on the following schedule: Arrive Beaumont 13 Oct., leave 15 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads-Yorktown Area 22 Oct., leave 5 November, arrive Pensacola, Fla., 10 Nov., leave 11 Nov.; arrive Beaumont 13 Nov., leave 15 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads-Yorktown Area 23 November.

SAPELO.—Operating with Base Force. Sailed San Pedro 26 September for Pearl Harbor. At Navy Yard Pearl Harbor until about 23 Oct.

SIRIUS.—Arrived Corinto 30 September. Scheduled to leave Corinto 1 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 4 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 9 Oct., leave 9 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 13 Oct., leave 24 Oct.; arrive Philadelphia 25 Oct., leave 30 Oct.; arrive New York 1 Nov., leave 7 Nov.; arrive Boston 8 Nov. Will depart Boston about 15 Nov., and Hampton Roads about 10 Dec. for the West Coast.

VEGA.—Sailed Corinto 1 Oct. for San Diego. Due San Diego 10 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 13 Oct., leave 17 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 18 Oct., leave 28 Oct.; arrive Puget Sound 31 Oct. Will leave Puget Sound 5 Nov. for the East Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Mare Island 8 Nov., leave 16 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 17 Nov., leave 19 Nov.; arrive Corinto 28 Nov., leave 28 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 1 Dec., leave 2 Dec.; arrive Guantanamo 5 Dec., leave 5 Dec.; arrive Hampton Roads 9 Dec., leave 21 Dec.; arrive Philadelphia 22 Dec., leave 30 Dec.; arrive New York 31 Dec., leave 6 Jan., 1933; arrive Boston 7 Jan. for overhaul.

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RECENT GRADUATES, MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

(September)

Lt.-Comdr. (USN) Lowry, Elmer F.—Spanish. Captain Armstead, Frank R.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

1st Lieut. Dunkelberger, Harry E.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

1st Lieut. Enk, Willard R.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

1st Lieut. Hollett, George L.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

1st Lieut. Narum, Leslie F.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

1st Lieut. Twining, Merrill B.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Heil, John J.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Letcher, John S.—Spanish.

2nd Lieut. McPherson, Richard J.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Moe, Albert F.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Tavern, Joseph J.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Tyler, Lewis R.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

Sergeant Catchim, Douglas S.—French.

Corporal Brzozowski, William—Poultry Breeding.

Corporal Connors, David R.—Complete Radio.

Corporal Curtis, John E.—Airplane Maintenance.

Corporal Lakin, Earland J.—Traffic Management.

Corporal Rahberger, Lawrence J.—Fruit Growing.

Pvt. 1st Jankech, Frank L.—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. 1st Larta, William H.—Automobile Mechanics.

Pvt. 1st Morley, Samuel A.—C. S. General Clerical.

Private Bessey, David J.—Aviation Mechanics.

Private Frigon, Francis—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Gardner, Joseph, Jr.—Electrical Engineering Lighting Division.

Private Krueger, Lorne C.—Aviation Engines.

Private Mc Leroy, Earnest K.—Building Contractors.

Private Magula, Joseph J.—Spanish.

Private Matheson, Roger F.—Complete Radio.

Private Reese, Horace J.—Good English.

Private Stetson, Frank E.—Salesmanship.

Private Ward, Albert S.—Complete Radio.



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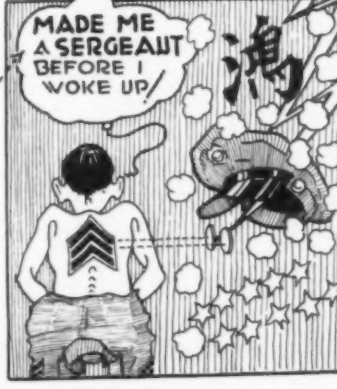
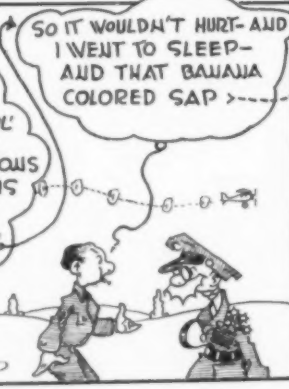
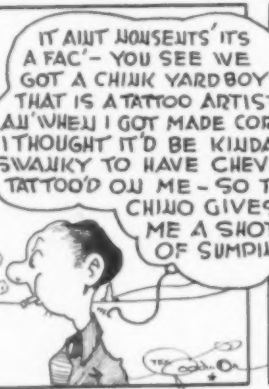
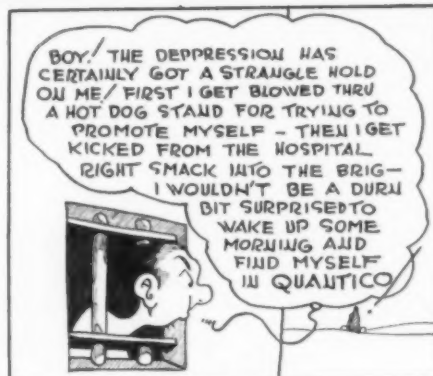
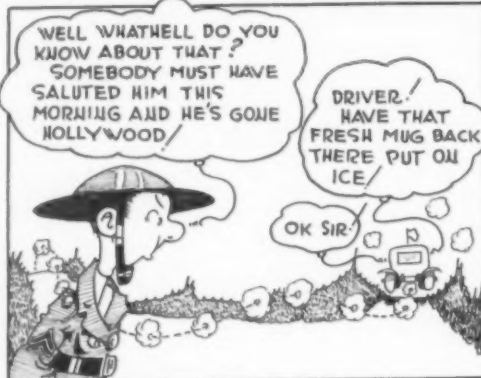
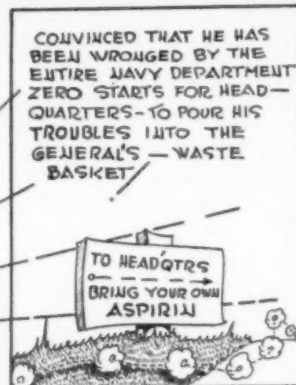
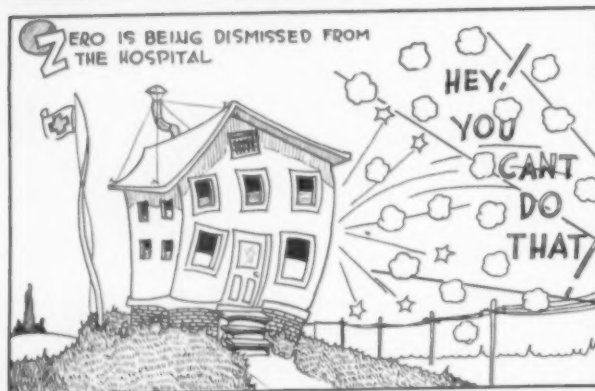
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